THE ILLINI

A STORY OF THE PRAIRIES

CLARK E. CARR

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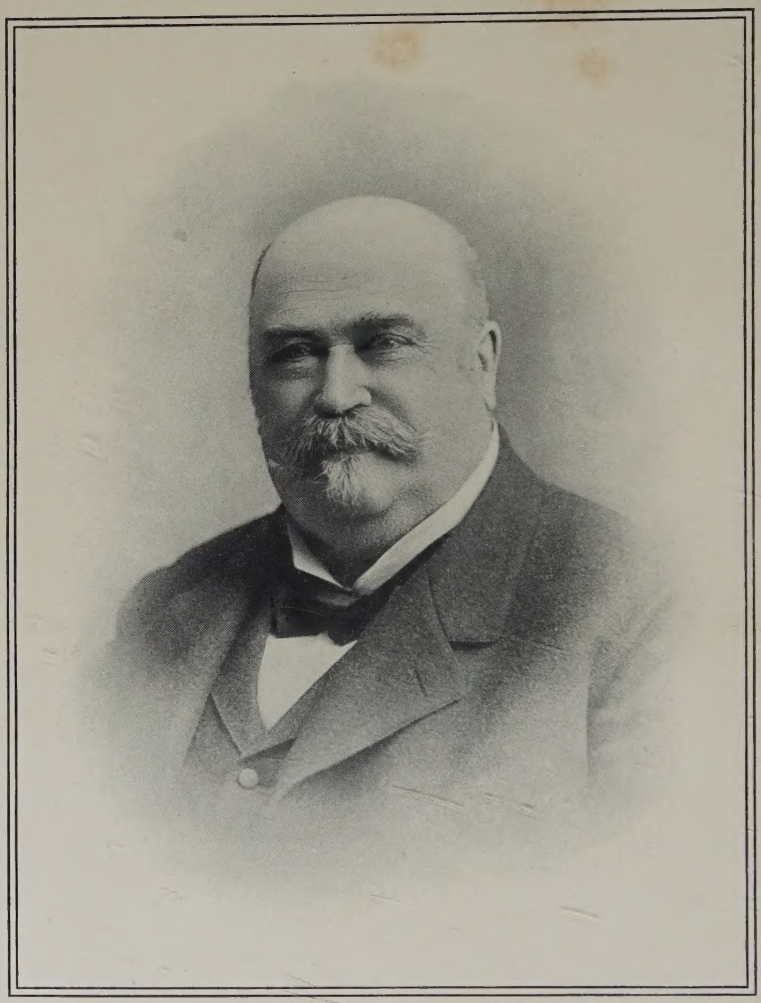

Faithfully Yours,

Clark E. Carr.

THE ILLINI

A STORY OF THE PRAIRIES

BY

CLARK E. CARR

WITH TWENTY FULL-PAGE PORTRAITS

The word *Illinois* comes from the Indian *Illini*, signifying a complete, finished, and perfect Man, imbued with the spirit and bravery of the men of every nation that ever lived.

FATHER HENNEPIN.

THIRD EDITION

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TO THE MEMORY OF HIS LAMENTED SON

CLARK MILLS CARR

THIS WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

JUST A WORD

THE author of the following pages has endeavored, by interweaving fact with fiction, to give his conception of the position and influence of Illinois among the sisterhood of States, as well as his estimate of events, and of those Illinoisans who were conspicuous actors in them, from 1850, when the Fugitive-slave law was enacted, to the opening of the Civil War. In considering this most important period, while he has given especial prominence to Illinois and to her sons, he has sought to show that their chief glory is in their relations with and devotion to the whole great Nation.

Availing himself of the license usually accorded a writer of fiction, the author has created situations in which he makes real characters appear, with the purpose of placing those characters more vividly before the reader than would have been possible had he confined himself, as must the historian, to a narrative of events and incidents as they actually occurred. He hopes, however, that these are so set forth that the reader will have little difficulty in distinguishing between those that are real and those that are created to make his purpose more effective.

In his treatment of historic events and personages, it must be understood that the author does not assume that his views and judgments are infallible. Living in Illinois for a full half-century, and during all that period connected more or less intimately with public affairs and public men, especially those of the Republican party, his studies have been made and his material collected chiefly at first hand. While with sincerity of purpose he has sought to make his treatment and portrayal fair and impartial, he recognizes the influence of personal relations and the fallibility of

human judgments. He will be glad to be corrected whenever he is found in error, and will always welcome just criticism in the hope that other survivors of the times of which he writes may be led to give their recollections and estimates of men and measures, and thus further illumine the grandest epoch in the history of our State and Nation.

C. E. C.

Galesburg, Illinois, October, 1904.

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THE ILLINI

BOOK I. — THE PIONEER

CHAPTER I.

"WHERE ARE YOU FROM?"

I WAS born in a beautiful valley of Western New York, — more beautiful to me than any other I have ever seen. In my wanderings I have visited the "Blue Juniata," the Yosemite, the Vale of Chamouni, and many other valleys of picturesque and sublime beauty; but I have never found another that held so much of charm for me as that in which I was born.

Before I was thirteen years of age, I had never passed outside the limits of that beautiful valley. I remember, when I was a boy, looking up from the valley which was my world, at the hills on either side, clothed with the verdure of growing grass and grain, and crowned by lofty pines and hemlocks and oaks and beeches, and wondering what there was beyond. In my wanderings since these happy days, there has often come over me an inexpressible longing for the old valley. I never hear such songs as "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Ben Bolt," "I wandered to the Village, Tom," "In the Valley I would dwell," and ballads of kindred nature, but they recalled to me the scenes I loved and revelled in as a boy, in that lovely valley.

At the time when my story begins, my father, like many of the people of that region, was seized with what is commonly called "the Western Fever," — a fever of ambition and unrest which has caused so many adventurous Americans to leave their homes and seek for better fortunes in the new lands lying toward the setting sun. He had read with eager interest many accounts of the wonderful regions of the West, and of the possibilities of their development. In his reading, he had become more interested in Illinois than in other States. He was impressed with the

advantages of her geographical position, extending from the Great Lakes down to the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, almost into the centre of the Southern States. Feeling, as he did, an abhorrence of human slavery, he was interested in the history of Illinois, a State dedicated forever to freedom by the Ordinance of 1787; and his interest was heightened by the fact that after she became a sovereign State, when it seemed to be for her interest to annul the sacred provision of that Ordinance, and when there were those who sought to amend her constitution so as to permit the iniquity of human slavery, her conscientious citizens arose and by their votes sustained the Ordinance and re-dedicated the commonwealth to freedom.

My father read also many interesting facts about the subsequent history of Illinois, — how, through a system of internal improvements, the building of canals and railways to develop her resources, the State had gone so far beyond her means as to become, as it seemed, hopelessly bankrupt; and when, in her dire extremity, it was declared that she could not pay her debts, and must repudiate them to avert inevitable ruin, the people arose and declared that "if it takes our lands and our homes, and strips us of everything, we will pay the debt, we will not live in a State that repudiates," and they put a provision into their constitution making it obligatory to pay off the obligation, and thus reëstablished the credit of the commonwealth, and saved their State from the blight of repudiation, as they had before saved it from the curse of human slavery.

The decision to "go west" was not made, in my father's family, in a day nor in a year. The question was considered at our fireside long and thoroughly. Other new States in the Mississippi Valley had their attractions and advantages, but whenever the question was considered my father would always finally declare in favor of Illinois.

At last the important matter was settled, and we prepared for our departure. I will not linger over the pangs of separation from relatives and friends. They have been the experience of most of the elderly men and women of Illinois, who have broken away from friends and kindred as dear to them as were ours to us. Those of us who have passed middle life still feel the same affec-

tion for the regions from which we were separated, — the New England, the Middle, and the Southern States, and even the countries of Europe, — that we felt when we were torn away from them. Men and women who have lived in Illinois for forty years or more still speak of the old places where they were born as "home." "I had a letter from home," "I was back home this summer," "I want to go back home next year," — such are the expressions indicating the old love and interest. And so our own children who have gone on farther west, even to the Pacific coast, still speak of Illinois as "home."

This "home" feeling cannot be overestimated in its effect upon the nation. The older States are bound to the new by their interest in their children who have gone so far away, and the new States are bound to the old by their interest in the dear ones who are left behind. Through our great lines of travel, the nation is bound together literally by bands of steel; but steel is not so strong nor so enduring as the "mystic chords of affection stretching from every hearthstone in this broad land."

There were no railways at the time of which I write, and my father decided to make the journey to Chicago by a voyage around the lakes. Accordingly, early in the month of March, 1850, we found ourselves on board the steamboat "Empire State," Captain Hazard, sailing out of the harbor of Buffalo.

To make the voyage "around the lakes" was a great journey in those days. I was interested in everything pertaining to what seemed to me a great steamship, and still more in the people whom I saw about me. In leaving for the first time the dear old valley where my life till then had been passed, I was entering upon a great new world of thought and action.

The passengers on the steamer were, most of them, like ourselves, emigrating to the West. I remember their greetings. Invariably after the first salutations came the question, "Where are you from?" In my life on the prairies I have often heard that question asked by those who for the first time greeted each other; for, as I have said, nearly everybody in Illinois, of advanced age, is *from* somewhere.

On the boat, after the question of "Where are you from?" was answered, came at once another: "Where are you going?"

And out of these questions came the consideration of matters that awakened the liveliest interest in my boyish nature. I had read little, but from the time I could run about I had attended school; I knew something of geography, and had a very good idea of the location and boundaries and the physical characteristics of most of the States of the Union, and had learned a good deal in regard to them from hearing my father read his newspaper.

To meet men and women and children from various places, who had just torn themselves away from their old homes, as we had torn ourselves from ours, was something marvellous to me. And the accounts of the new States to which we were going by those who had really been there, with the speculations as to what we should find there for ourselves, were intensely exciting. I dreamed every night of prairie fires, of wolves, and of the chase; and although the feats I then accomplished, in shooting buffalo, deer, antelope, prairie chicken, quail, and wild geese and ducks, were never half realized, yet I afterwards became fairly successful in the pursuit of game.

There were on board our steamer a few passengers for Northern Ohio and Indiana, others for Michigan, some for Iowa, a number for Wisconsin, and many who, like ourselves, were making their way to Illinois. There were two families going to California, attracted by the gold discoveries made there only a year before. I remember that my father was almost persuaded to cast his fortunes with them, and make the long journey across the continent to the new Eldorado, as so many did in those days of forty-nine and fifty; but he could not quite give up his long-cherished plan of making his home in Illinois.

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL SILVERTON, OF ILLINOIS

WHEN we first seated ourselves at the steamer's dinner-table, with the Captain at its head, my father and my mother and I were placed at his left, and a vacant place was reserved at his right, until the steward had conducted an impressive looking

gentleman down from the ladies' cabin and seated him there. The Captain, saluting him, presented him to the other guests, but few of whom he knew, as "General Silverton, of Illinois."

The General extended his hand to my father across the table, as he expressed his pleasure at the meeting, in the same breath directing the inevitable inquiry to my father, "Where are you from, sir?"

My father answered him, adding, "Then you, General Silverton, are of Illinois?"

"I am, sir," was the reply; "and I assure you I am proud of it. There is no such State in the Union. Illinois is certain to become a great State, sir."

"How about Chicago?" asked my father.

"A city, sir," replied the General, "a city already; and such trade! — teams coming in every day loaded with produce. Why, the very day I left there over a hundred head of cattle were sold in Chicago. You and I, sir, will live to see fifty thousand inhabitants in Chicago; and that boy of yours," looking at me, "will live to see it have twice that number. It has nearly twenty thousand now."

My father asked concerning the State outside of Chicago.

The General replied, "Now, sir, you are asking me of what I know something about. You never saw such land! — rich black soil, six feet deep. Talk about fertilizing land! — it will never be needed in Illinois. We never think of it."

My father asked about the timber.

"Plenty of timber," answered the General, "for all that come. There are groves in all directions, — plenty of them for people to settle in for a hundred years."

"But what about those great prairies?" asked my father.

"Blue sky, sir, only blue sky. Don't make the mistake of trying to make a home away from timber. You must have firewood. The prairies can never be anything but cattle ranges."

"So you think, General, that Chicago will be the great city of Illinois?" my father asked.

"Not at all, sir; not at all. Chicago will be *a* great city, but Cairo will be *the* great city. Look at her position, on the great Father of Waters, at its confluence with the Ohio! Think of the

trade and commerce that is already coming up the Mississippi, from New Orleans and all the ports of the South! Think of all that comes down the Ohio from Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, and the other cities, besides what comes from the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. Think of all that will come down from the upper Mississippi and the Missouri, — and all this to meet at Cairo! It will be the largest city on this continent; and the time is sure to come when Cairo will be the largest city in the world."

Thereupon the conversation became general, and many opinions were expressed; but no one ventured to differ from General Silverton as to the future of Illinois and of her two great cities.

I quickly became much interested in General Silverton. We learned that he was a very prominent man in Illinois, that he had a large property, lived in luxury for those days, and was famed far and wide for his hospitality. He had but a short time before been an officer in the Mormon war, and appeared quite distinguished. He was of medium height, and his figure was neat and trim. His face was full and florid; he had wavy thick auburn hair, quite long, which surmounted a broad forehead and kindly brown eyes. He always appeared at dinner in evening dress, and, according to the fashion of those days, wore an immaculate ruffled shirt bosom.

The favorite place for the gentlemen to assemble was in the smoking-room of the steamer. As I was allowed to go everywhere, I frequently found myself in that room. The General was usually seated at a table, with a decanter of whiskey before him, from which he poured out his libations, inviting everybody to join him. I noticed that he really drank sparingly of the liquor; he would pour out scarcely a spoonful, fill the glass with water, and sip for a long time. My father never indulged in liquor, but was glad to be in the room to hear the conversation and take part in it.

One afternoon, when a party was playing a game of cards, which I afterwards learned was poker, at another table, an animated discussion was carried on regarding the so-called "compromise measures" then before Congress. The General lauded the measures without reserve, as well as the men who favored them, especially Henry Clay, who had the measures in charge. My father had been for many years a supporter of the Great

Kentuckian, and was pleased to hear him so enthusiastically commended; but he was very decidedly opposed to one of the compromise measures, — the fugitive-slave bill. He ventured to show his disapprobation of this measure; whereupon the General expressed his surprise and regret that any intelligent gentleman should look with disfavor on so wise and just and necessary a measure, and went on at considerable length to tell of how much "property" the Southern people had lost during the last few years; how, even in Illinois, there were men ready to aid fugitives who had escaped from their masters to run away to Canada, and said that in Illinois there were regular nests of Abolitionists, — one at Galesburg, another at Princeton, another at Farmington, another at Geneseo, another at St. Charles, hundreds of them in Chicago, and at many other places, who made it their business to help negro slaves escape to Canada. He denounced these men and their acts, and declared it was high time they should be put a stop to.

CHAPTER III.

A POLITICAL OUTBREAK

AS General Silverton finished his outburst, my father said: "But, General, the difficulty with this bill is that it makes every one of us a slave-catcher. If a slave is running by my house or yours, the United States Marshal may, under this bill, call upon you and me to help catch him, and we must obey the summons. It's an outrage; and I am ready to give them all notice, now and forever, that all the power of the Government can never make me a slave-catcher! My sympathies are, and always have been, with the poor negro slave."

As my father made this declaration, everyone in the room looked at him with astonishment. The players at the table laid down their cards, and looked at him, with the rest. Finally one of those players exclaimed, "G—d d—n a nigger, and G—d d—n any man who won't d—n a nigger!"

My father sprang to his feet, and I expected trouble; but the

General arose and laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "My dear sir, don't mind it. You can't afford to fight Bill Hobbs. He 's my overseer. He 's now taking care of my cattle. He 's not a gentleman. I 'll attend to him," and turning to the man, he said, "Hobbs, go below and look after the stock!" And Hobbs obeyed.

The General and my father then quietly resumed the discussion. The General said, "My dear sir, I know something of your feelings, for this is not the first time I have met men from the North who have had no relations with Southern gentlemen and with negro slaves. I have discussed this subject at many firesides in the Northern States, and I may add in other lands. I do not expect to change or even modify your views, by anything I may say; but I do hope to make you feel that I, and those who think as I do, are as sincere and honest in our views as you are in yours. We are patriots, and loyal to our country; and we feel that such sentiments as you have expressed are disloyal in their tendency. I do not intend to imply that I look upon you as disloyal, or that you would not make as great sacrifices as I would for our common country; but I do say that in my opinion such sentiments as you express will, if they become general throughout the North, in the end disrupt the Union. You saw just now how they affected my man; and while not always expressed in that way, a similar feeling prevails throughout Illinois, where I have lived for years, and where you are going. We do not have slavery in Illinois, and we do not want it; but it is not because of any namby-pamby sentimentality in regard to the negro. We believe that he is far better off in slavery, with an intelligent master to care for him, than he can possibly be if left to shift for himself."

I had become deeply interested in this view of the matter, and wondered how my father would answer the argument. He did not reply for a few moments; finally he said: "General, I do not wish to be offensive, but I must say in all candor that, as it looks to me, this talk about the dissolution of the Union is absurd. We look upon it as simply a bluff by the slave-holders to frighten us. They have been openly threatening to dissolve the Union ever since the Constitution was adopted. This has been going on for more than a half a century. When the South wanted

more slave territory, or more concessions, these threats were always revived. This was the case in 1820, and again in 1832, when General Jackson so effectually put Mr. Calhoun down; it is the same now, when the South wants the fugitive slave bill, to make us in the North slave-catchers; it will be the same always when the South wants a new concession for slavery. It has been going on all these years; and still the South is no nearer secession than when the doctrine was first proclaimed. It has frightened many of our Northern 'doughfaces,' but the South should understand that the North cannot be intimidated in that way. You ask me to say nothing about the iniquity of slavery; but I am an American citizen, and have the right of free speech; and when you say or intimate that I may not fully and freely express my beliefs on this or any other political question, you deprive me of my liberty. Besides, if slavery is right there is more reason why it should be freely and publicly considered. It is the confession of the weakness of their cause for the slave-holders to object to having it talked about. Illinois, as you say, is a free State. When I get there, I expect to be free; and, with due regard for the rights of others, and to such courteous gentlemen as you have shown yourself to be, I intend to express my views as freely as I now express them to you. Illinois has shown her opinion of slavery by declaring against it. What first attracted me to that splendid people was the noble position they took on this question. Whatever may be the feeling of individuals, there can certainly be no widespread prejudice in such a State against the negro."

"You are right as to the sentiment of the people of Illinois regarding slavery," replied the General. "We recognize its evils now, as our earliest settlers recognized them. We are most of us from the South; yes, ninety per cent of our people are from that section, though the ratio is rapidly changing with the advert of people from the Northern States who are just now coming among us in great numbers. We know what slavery is, and we know what negroes are. You are entirely in error as to our feelings in regard to the negro race. While we don't want slaves, except those who have been in our families from childhood, we do not want and will not have negroes among us at all. The prejudice against negroes in Illinois is a hundred-fold more intense than it is

in the slave States. Why, my dear sir, we have only just now, within two years, adopted a new constitution, providing that only white men can become citizens; and so intense is the feeling that we have put into that constitution a provision forever prohibiting *free* negroes from coming into the State. We adopted this constitution by an immense majority, and to carry it into effect our Legislature has passed laws, called by the Abolitionists the "black laws," providing severe punishment for every free negro who shall set his foot upon the soil of Illinois, and for anyone who brings him there. You will understand how intense this prejudice is, when you yourself become a citizen of Illinois. You will find that the great mass of the people, however they may express themselves, are no less prejudiced against the negro than is my man Hobbs, who so rudely answered you."

CHAPTER IV.

HOBBS THE OVERSEER

WE had taken with us on the vessel our household goods, furniture, etc., which were carefully packed for the journey. We had also taken our carriage horses, which were placed carefully with other stock on the lower deck. I was very much attached to these horses, and as soon as opportunity offered I went below to pat and fondle them. They were ill at ease, but seemed to recognize me and enjoy my being with them.

Near the horses were the cattle belonging to General Silverton, of which he had spoken to us, — a fine short-horn Durham bull, and a half-dozen cows of the same breed. The bull was in a padded box-stall, securely tied by the horns; as he could not be tied by the ring in his nose, for the lunging of the ship would have torn it out. These animals had been bought at Buffalo of Hon. Lewis F. Allen, a friend of my father, and at that time the most noted importer and breeder of short-horn cattle in the country; and General Silverton was taking them to his Illinois farm. Hobbs had these cattle in charge, and looked after

them very carefully, with the help of a hired man, who, under Hobbs's direction, was constantly feeding them and watering them, and keeping them blanketed when it was cold. This man had a bunk near the cattle, and was sometimes up all night with them; while Hobbs, who was a cabin passenger, came down frequently to look after them. The General himself visited them but once a day, usually in the morning, leaving everything to Hobbs. Our horses were cared for by one of the vessel's crew.

In my visits to the lower deck, boy as I was, I took great interest in the deck passengers, and made many acquaintances among them. There were many more deck than cabin passengers. They had bunks made of plain boards, furnished their own bedding, and cooked and prepared their own meals, having brought with them such provisions as they could not obtain on board.

It was curious to me to see this rude housekeeping going on in such striking contrast with the luxury and splendor of the cabin. In fact, it was the first real example of extreme social distinction I had ever seen. There were emigrants from the Scandinavian countries, and a few Germans, none of whom could speak English; while the others had come mainly from New England and New York.

I became especially interested in a family named Earle, a father, mother, and son, from Vermont. The father was, as I afterwards learned, a graduate of Middlebury College, and had been for some years principal of an academy. He had decided that a better field for success was offered in the West, and though his means were limited he was emigrating thither. His wife was a stirring, active, ambitious woman, who evidently had not always been in a condition of life that would make it necessary for her to be a deck passenger. She was very much dissatisfied with her surroundings, and did not hesitate to say so. I heard her say to her husband that if he had thought more of his family instead of being so anxious about other people, they would all have been better off; that he had always talked morality, and prated about his conscience, while other people had got the plums. Her favorite maxim was, "Every man for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost." Their son, Dwight Earle, about two years older than myself, I found disposed to agree with his mother in her estimate of his father.

He was, like me, interested in the horses and cattle; and in my visits to the stalls I was very soon upon intimate terms with him.

I had never seen anyone like Hobbs. He was about thirty years old, of medium height, squarely built, and as strong as an ox. He said that he had only come in contact with one man who could beat him lifting, and that was Sam Anderson of Knox County, Illinois, who had won ten dollars of him lifting barrels of whiskey in Peoria, and then offered to bet him ten dollars that he could pull the nose out of a blacksmith's anvil and throw it over the court house; and after what Hobbs had seen he dared not take the bet. Hobbs delighted in baring his legs and arms and showing his great muscles. His face was full, with big cheeks and heavy mouth; he had coarse brown shaggy hair that grew almost down to his eyebrows, and almost hid his small cunning black eyes. But his most extraordinary feature was his round pug nose, which was so small as to be a deformity. He wore corduroy trousers, short black plush coat and vest, colored cotton "hickory" shirt, the bosom of which was ornamented with what I supposed was a big diamond pin, a red necktie and turn-down collar, and a slouch hat. From under his vest in front dangled a heavy watch fob, to which hung a key and crystal set in what appeared to be gold.

There was nothing Hobbs did not know about cattle, and the tenderness with which he cared for the valuable animals in his charge showed that the General's confidence in him was not misplaced.

At that time I had never heard anybody talk as Hobbs talked, although similar peculiarities of dialect have been familiar to me since then.

"That thar cow is powerful weak!" he exclaimed. "But git me right smart of bran an' a heap of hot water, and I 'll bring her to her milk direkly;" and he did.

"Speakin' of milk," said Hobbs, "I reckon nary of you fellers never had the milk-sick? You 'll git it in Illinois, shoo. You 'll git so skeered when you have it you 'll be afeared you 'll die; and the day after you 'll be so powerful sick you 'll be afeared you won't die. Talk about snakes in yer boots! It 's nuthin to the milk-sick."

"What causes it?" we asked.

"Don't know nuthin about it; reckon it 's suthin the cows git to eat on the perrarie. Don't make no difference how bad it is, everybody allus allows it 's wuss over in the next county."

"Did you ever have it?" we asked.

"No, I never hev, but I 've heared tell of it all my life. Ef ever I do git it, I 'll lay down my hand direkly."

On the afternoon of the third day after leaving Buffalo we landed at Detroit, where there was much freight to put off and some to take on. It was wonderful to me to see how rapidly the men worked, carrying the great bags and boxes over the gang-planks. But what struck me most forcibly was the second mate's profanity to the men. They were all working, it seemed to me, to the best of their ability, staggering under their great burdens as they hastened out upon the gang-planks, then running back for other loads; but all the while this mate was cursing them and swearing at them, calling them the vilest names and applying to them the most degrading epithets.

"You —— lazy, shiftless —— ——!" "What do you mean, there, you —— —— shirking —— ——?" "Why in —— don't you lift that box onto your —— back?" "Hell 's full of just such —— as you!" "Jump there, you ——!"

It seemed to me perfectly appalling; but the passengers generally paid no attention to it. The only comment was made by Hobbs, who remarked:

"The man lets on like he was drivin' niggers. Them men must be dreffful pore white trash, er they 'd cut his heart out."

I have since heard, on Mississippi steamboats, similar violent and blasphemous cursings of the crew by the mates of vessels; but in time I too ceased to be affected by it, as it seemed to be considered a necessary qualification of a mate. I became convinced that this boisterous brutality was necessary, and held to that view of the matter until I observed, many years after, that on the great Atlantic liners an order is scarcely ever given in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by a passenger, yet the discipline is perfect.

When we got into Lake Huron, there was a heavy sea. My father said he would go below to look after the horses, and I fol-

lowed him. They were frightened, but in their narrow padded stalls they were safe from injury.

The great bull had been thrown down, and was bellowing in terror. Two of the cows were also down. Hobbs and his man carefully covered the bull's eyes with a blanket, and he soon ceased bellowing, but was all in a tremor with fright; while the poor cows were being helplessly hurled against each other by the lunges of the vessel. Hobbs ordered the man to punch the bull and make him get up. This he tried to do, but found it could not be accomplished; whereupon Hobbs climbed over into the stall and by main force lifted the monster to his feet, first lifting the fore and then the hind quarters, and by occasional punchings the man kept him from again falling.

My father and I ascended to the cabin, which we found almost deserted, the passengers having found it convenient to return to their state-rooms. Soon Hobbs came up, and I found him pale as a ghost, holding on to the rail with one hand, and with the other pressing his capacious stomach. As I was not at all sick, I joined him at the rail.

"What's the matter, Mr. Hobbs?" I asked.

"Milk-sick, by G—d," he exclaimed. "Curus a feller can git the milk-sick jes' tendin' stock, an' from a bull, too! I've got it powerful bad," he whined, as he leaned over the rail and made his offering to Neptune. I could not help laughing at the grotesque monster; he noticed it, and I think never quite forgave me for it. He never would admit that his was not a case of genuine "milk-sickness."

The storm soon abated, and the passengers reappeared. We landed at Mackinaw, and then began our southward course on Lake Michigan. I was seated on the deck enjoying the freshness of the spring morning, when Hobbs, who had quite recovered, joined me. The first thing he said was:

"I've been talkin' to them folks below, and I allow that that feller Dwight's a mighty peart cuss. What he don't know ain't wuth knowin'. He can tell of Webster, an' Calhoun, an' Clay, an' everybody. He knows almos' as much as the General!"

There was a space railed off aft on the deck, to which the steerage passengers were admitted. We observed that the Earle

family had come up there, and we joined them, as the cabin passengers were permitted to go everywhere. The conversation, as usual, was soon directed to our destination — Illinois.

Hobbs, who had become interested in us boys, expressed great anxiety lest we should go wrong in politics in entering upon our careers in our new home. He said: "You uns'll find that the Democrat party is the thing for you! The Democrat party allus wins. You could'nt nuther of you, ef you was Angel Gabrel hisself, be elected dog-pelter ef ye were n't Democrats. When you land in Chicago, the first thing you do you must swing yer hats and hurrah for Douglis, and you 'll win all yer lives."

CHAPTER V.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

"DID you ever see Senator Douglas?" asked my father.

"See him!" exclaimed Hobbs, "see Douglis? Did n't I carry Hickory precinct for him? He wuz runnin' ag'in Brownin',—he'd been beat afore, jes' lied and swindled out of his offis, 'cause the Democrats wuz pore in spellin', an' did n't hev his name spelt like them fellers wanted it, though everybody knew that the people was for Douglis. But we fixed it, spellin' and all, next time."

"What was he running for?" I asked.

"Congriss," said Hobbs. "Hickory precinct did it. Brownin' came down thar and told us thet he was one of the people, and he made the oiliest and most palaverin' speech you ever heerd. He had on a plug hat an' a biled shirt with kinks in the bosom, like the General wears at dinner, an' he let on about Clay an' Webster, an' tariff, an' arged for two hours, an' then went off to take a drink with the General and the big fellers, all by themselves. Douglis came down nex' day and made the bigges' speech we ever heerd, for free-trade, an' sailors' rights, an' about 'fifty-four-forty or fight,' an' nigger 'quality, an' 'whole-hog Jackson,' an' everthin' you could think of; an' after speakin' he drank whiskey out

of a gourd, an' chawed terbacky with the rest of us, but all the time he was the dignifiedest man you ever saw, never cracked a smile, told a story, nor nuthin'. Jes' as solum as when he was a-sittin' on the supreme bench! At fust sight he looked like a spring chicken. He was no more 'n five feet four, did n't come up to a yearlin' steer; but when you looked at thet head, an' them eyes, an' heerd that deep voice, you seen Dan'l Webster an' Henry Clay an' Tom Benton all standin' there in that one little cuss. He did 'nt tell us he was one of the people, but he jist was one of the people. But when he talked about the Gov'ment, an' the Constitootion, an' the nigger, you knew he wuz squar, — a reg'lar constitootional Southron gentleman."

"Hobbs," interrupted Mr. Earle, "do you call Stephen A. Douglas a Southern gentleman?"

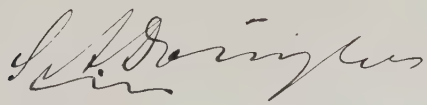
"Why, yes," said Hobbs, "a reg'lar Southroner'! You could tell it before he opened his mouth; you could see he had allus been used to niggers, and bein' waited on, he was so dignified and gentlemanlike, an' when he took a drink of whiskey, or talked about the constitootion an' nigger equality, you was sure of it."

Mrs. Earle smiled, and would have broke out laughing; but a wave of her husband's hand restrained her.

"What part of the South was Mr. Douglas from?" asked Mr. Earle.

"Dunno," answered Hobbs. "I reckon from old Virginny, or Kaintucky, or Tennessee. The great Southroners was allus from one or the other."

"Hobbs," said Mr. Earle, "Stephen A. Douglas is a New England Yankee. He came from the same town I am from, Brandon, Vermont. We were both born in that town. You talk about his being a Southern gentleman, and always used to negroes, and being waited on! Why, he probably never saw a colored man until he was twenty years old; and as for always being waited on, he was raised as a mechanic. He was a cabinet-maker by trade, and since he has been in the Senate he sometimes tells about his having, when a boy, learned to make cabinets and bureaus, — and it looks now as though there is no statesman in the country who is more successful in creating cabinets and bureaus than our Yankee boy from Brandon."



"That 's the fust time I ever heerd of that," said Hobbs. "But he 's a gentleman, anyway, and the people knows it."

"Yes," said Mr. Earle, "it looks as though the people liked him."

"I don't like his principles," said my father, "if you call them principles."

"Nor I," said Mr. Earle; "but never did a young man in this or any other country have such a career in politics. Being from my own native town, I've watched him. Listen: When only twenty years old, Stephen A. Douglas arrived in Illinois, without a dollar and without a friend, and without an acquaintance within a thousand miles. Since that day he has been State's Attorney, Member of the Legislature, Register of the Land Office at the State Capital, Secretary of State of Illinois, Judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, Member of Congress from Illinois, and now he has been for three years United States Senator from Illinois, — and a great Senator at that, with three more years to serve on his present term, and with almost a certainty of remaining in the Senate so long as he lives, unless he goes higher; and he is now only thirty-seven years old!"

While Mr. Earle was speaking, General Silverton had come through the gate that divided the cabin from the steerage passengers and had heard the account given of the career of Senator Douglas since he came to Illinois.

"It 's all true," said General Silverton. "It is indeed remarkable how that wonderful man has advanced from place to place, and from position to position; but you have not spoken of the great political measures with which he has been identified. He is a fine lawyer, and had he not been drawn into politics he would have been a really great lawyer. In our own State, before he went to Congress, he had a conspicuous part in a hundred important matters. I served with him in the Mormon War, in which, as a volunteer staff officer, he rendered some very valuable services. As a debater, he is not surpassed by either Clay, Webster, or Calhoun. No man has appeared in Illinois who could cope with him, and none ever will appear. In the House of Representatives at Washington he at once came to the front. His speeches on the Texas Boundary question, showing that after we

acquired that country our boundary extended to the Rio Grande, were masterpieces; especially the speech in which he locked horns with John Quincy Adams, and proved from that gentleman's official papers while Secretary of State the just claims of the United States. All his speeches in vindication of the attitude of our country in the Mexican War are also masterpieces. I believe that but for Douglas in the House, we could never have acquired all that vast new territory of which California is a part. His wisdom was also shown in the discussions regarding the Northwest boundary, or the 'fifty-four-forty or fight' question; and if the administration had had Douglas's energy and determination, we would now have all that Northwestern Territory from latitude forty-nine, the present boundary, to fifty-four-forty, clear up to Alaska, and out of this region could have been carved several States as great as Illinois. It would take hours to tell of all the great measures Douglas prepared and advocated, such as that of extending the Missouri Compromise line of thirty-six thirty to the Pacific Ocean; opposition to the narrow, sectional, abolition Wilmot proviso, and others. Perhaps the greatest thing he did for his own State was to get the appropriation for the Illinois Central Railway, by which we are to have a great railway line from one end of the State to the other, which will foster and encourage other railway enterprises, and make Illinois the greatest railway State in the Union. And Douglas has but just entered upon his great career, and is but thirty-seven years of age!"

My father took very positive and decided exception to what the General had said, especially as to Douglas's course in regard to the Mexican War, the Wilmot Proviso, and the Compromise measures, including the fugitive slave bill, — declaring that upon all these questions he had been upon the side of human slavery.

"He has won by it," said Mrs. Earle, "and the people of Illinois have stayed by him."

"Mighty peart woman, you are, Madam!" exclaimed Hobbs.

Dwight clapped his hands, and said he was "a Douglas boy" from that day forward.

"I said, "For shame, Dwight! I'd rather be one of these deck-hands, or a negro slave, than to be for Douglas!"

CHAPTER VI.

ROSE SILVERTON

WHEN our vessel reached Milwaukee, all were anxious to get papers to learn the news, particularly the proceedings in Congress on the Compromise measures, in which everyone was interested. While my father and General Silverton seated themselves in the ladies' cabin to devour the newspapers, Hobbs and I looked down at the scenes of hurry and confusion on the dock. Suddenly Hobbs exclaimed, "Jeams's Cousin!" and rushed as fast as his sturdy legs would carry him, into the cabin, down the stairway, across the gang-plank and out on the wharf, to a carriage from which a lady had just alighted and was helping out a little girl. Hobbs took off his hat as he left the gang-plank, and rushed to meet the lady, with such bowing and scraping as I had never seen before. The lady smiled recognition as he came up, but did not bow or extend her hand. The little girl ran to Hobbs and screamed with delight. Hobbs, still bowing and scraping, took their hand-baggage, and they came together to the gang-plank, he walking sideways so as constantly to face the lady. The mate ordered the line of roustabouts to stop work for a moment, to let the party pass. I peeped in at the cabin door, and saw them ascending the stairway. The little girl flew down the cabin to where the gentlemen were seated, knocked the paper out of the General's hands, jumped up on his knees, threw her arms about his neck and covered his face with kisses, crying, "Papa! Papa! Papa!" He drew her to his bosom and held her as he arose to greet the lady, who also threw herself into his arms. He embraced them both tenderly, and then turned to my father and the other passengers and presented them to his wife and daughter.

"But how did you get here?" he asked. "I expected to meet you in Chicago."

Mrs. Silverton replied that she had been told at the Tremont

House in Chicago that there was time for them to come up on the stage-coach to meet the steamer; and when Rose heard it she was so anxious to come that she yielded.

"Yes, Papa," exclaimed the little girl, "I could n't wait. I wanted to run all the way. I'd have fly'd if I could! I wanted to tell you that Slice had killed two deer, that one of them had a little baby deer and I've got it, and Mamma is teaching me to speak French, and old Strong has broke his arm, and Slice has killed five rattlesnakes and I've got the rattles, and I can ride Jenny all alone, and we've got lots of cunning little pigs, and there's prairie fires every night, and Slice shoots prairie-chickens off from the stacks back of the barn every morning, and you can hear the wolves howl all night, and——"

"But, my child," said Mrs. Silverton, "you cannot tell your father everything in one breath. Wait a while; you will have plenty of time."

"Well, Papa, honey, I was in such a hurry, and the stage-coach was so big and so slow, and it took so long to change horses, and"—she was out of breath, and stopped.

The General called me up and said to the little girl, "Rose, this boy has been with us on our journey, and I have made friends with his father and mother. They do n't quite agree with me in everything, but we get on well together."

The inevitable "Where are you from?" was asked by Mrs. Silverton, and was courteously answered by my mother; but to the question, "Where are you going?" she was not so definite, simply answering "To Illinois," and the conversation drifted to subjects relating to the journey and the prospects for the future.

While this was going on, the boat had cast off and we were again out on the great lake on our way to Chicago. In the conversation we learned that the family had been some time abroad, that Mrs. Silverton and her daughter had preceded the General several months in sailing for New York, that they had visited relatives in the South before their return to their Illinois home, and that the General had spent some time in the East after he arrived from Europe, and was now on his way to Chicago, where it had been arranged that his wife and daughter should meet him.

I had never before seen so beautiful a lady as Mrs. Silverton.

She had an exquisite figure, was graceful and gentle in her movements, and when she spoke her face was radiant with smiles, her rosy lips parting over white but not too regular teeth. She had a dimpled chin, rich black wavy hair held by a large tortoise-shell comb, and a soft olive complexion. But her principal grace was in her beaming eyes. She appeared only to see what was good and pure and holy, to think only the best thoughts, and to be moved by only the kindliest emotions; and when she spoke she had such a gentle, trustful, winning way, that she seemed to lead others into that higher realm in which she herself lived.

I had seated myself on a low ottoman, listening closely to the conversation, and was gazing, perhaps too intently, at the newcomers, the little girl on her father's knee, and her mother sitting near. Soon the maid came to tell Mrs. Silverton that her stateroom was ready. As she arose, the little girl came over to me and laid her hand in mine and said, "I never saw an American boy before who looked like you."

I was very much taken aback, and could not think of anything to say; when she continued, "Every American boy I ever saw before had long trousers coming down to his feet, a long coat when he had any, long hair and little eyes, and looked all around him instead of opening his eyes wide and looking straight at people as you do."

I had not thought before that there was anything peculiar in my make-up, but I did wear a roundabout coat and knickerbockers as was the custom with boys in those days, and my hair had been neatly trimmed, and they all said my eyes were large, and I am sure I could not help staring all the while at that interesting group.

I was not able to summon up courage to reply, when the little girl added, "And the boys I have seen, talk. Don't you talk?"

Before I could answer, she asked, "Can't you take me to see the boat? I was never on such a boat as this before. The boats are different on the ocean, and on the Mississippi and the Illinois. Mamma, can't I go around and see the boat?"

The General looked up from his paper, in which he was becoming again absorbed, and asked, "Where's Hobbs?"

That worthy, who had been standing at a respectful distance, came forward and answered, "Hy'er, sir."

"Go with these children," said the General, "and keep your eyes on them."

Mrs. Silverton put a little cloak around the child, who took my hand, and I rather awkwardly led her out upon the deck. We walked up and down for a while, she talking all the time; then we went back into the cabin to look through the plate-glass at the bright polished machinery of the engine in motion, the piston-rods sliding in and out, and above the great arms of the crane going up and down, and a man climbing about, oiling and wiping and polishing every part of the machinery. Then we again went out on deck, and climbed up the stairs to the wheel-house. I wanted to go down to the lower deck, but Hobbs objected. Not being able to think of anything else to say, I asked the little girl how old she was.

"Half-past ten," she answered; "and I can read fairy stories, and can write, and can spell to 'baker' and 'lady,' and can read in McGuffey's Second Reader, and can say most all of the multiplication-table, and can tell all the States and the Presidents, and Mamma has taught me French and drawing, and I can play all the first exercises on the piano, and am learning to embroider, and a lot of other things."

"Your Mamma! Can she teach you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said she; "my Mamma has been to the best schools in the North, and then she went to Paris, away over the ocean, with her brother who was a minister."

"Did your Uncle preach at Paris?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" she said; "I don't think he was that kind of a minister, for I've heard him say cuss-words, and that kind of a minister don't do that. He was a government minister."

We were leaning over the rail, and as we looked out upon the broad expanse of placid water she asked if I would like to go in a boat, with just someone I liked, and sail away and away and away forever.

I said, "I never thought of that."

She asked, "Don't you like to ride out on the prairie?"

I said, "There are no prairies where I came from. I never saw a prairie."

She said, "I have rode and rode and rode on my mare that my Uncle sent me from Kentucky. I named her Jenny, and I have thought and thought how, if I could have somebody with me I like, I would keep going and going, and never stop; but when I'm on the water I think it would be better to sail away all alone in a boat with somebody I liked better than anybody else in the world, and never, never stop, and maybe have Papa and Mamma just hovering about, so as to be near me if I wanted them."

"Yes," I said; "but nobody lives forever."

"I know," said she; "but you see the sky comes down all around us. You can see there, in the east, how it comes down to the water; but we have never gone far enough to get to it. I would keep sailing and sailing, and then, you see, we would finally reach the sky and sail right into heaven, and then Papa and Mamma would come to us, and we would see the dear Saviour, and live there always. Would n't it be splendid? But I'd want it to be somebody I liked with me in the boat, somebody I could talk to the whole day and night, and tell just what I thought, just as if I was thinking aloud or talking to myself, and who would listen and talk a little bit too. And I think I'd rather have you go with me in that boat than anybody I ever saw before."

I was so much encouraged by this expression of her confidence, that I was able to find words to ask her about the things she had told her father on their first greeting. She explained to me all about the baby deer, and about her speaking French, and about Slice whose real name was Slicer, about the snake-rattles, about her Kentucky mare Jenny, about the little pigs which I learned were Berkshires, and all the rest.

Of the baby deer she said it was only two days old when Slice caught it, and they all thought it would die, as Slice had killed its mother, and the poor thing could not eat or drink. She told how Slice put his finger in its mouth and made the little thing suck it, and then would press its head down into the basin of milk as they did with the calves, but it would not take a drop of milk. "And then," she said, "as they were all standing over it, thinking it must die, Aunty came along with her little baby in her arms, and said, 'You' do n't know nothin'! Give the pore little

starvin' thing to me,' and she took it up in her arms and sat down on the grass and held it to her breast, and it nursed just like the baby; and she nursed it every day, and it got well, and growed and growed until now it drinks milk out of a basin just like a calf. Aunty nursed me when I was a baby, and I love her very much. I always hugged her and kissed her until lately, but now Mamma won't let me any more."

"Is your Aunty your father's sister or your mother's sister?" I asked, innocently.

"My father's sister or my mother's sister!" she exclaimed. "Why, Aunty 's a nigger!"

I was very much astonished, as I had never before heard a colored woman called "Aunty" by the white people.

As we strolled about the deck, and came by the rail which separated the cabin from the steerage passengers, I saw Dwight Earle intently watching us. He was dressed better than he had been before on the voyage, I supposed on account of our approaching arrival at Chicago, but I was afterwards convinced that it was for the purpose of making a good impression upon my companion. I stopped with her at the rail, and the best introduction I could give was to say to her that this boy was Dwight Earle, and to him that this girl was Rose Silverton.

"Glad to see you," said Dwight; "hope to know you better. Where are you from?"

"I'm from Illinois," answered she. "I've come to meet my Papa, along with my Mamma."

"I know your father," said Dwight; "he 's got some fine cattle on board. Everything he 's got is fine. I know Mr. Hobbs too, he and I 's good friends. Ain't we, Mr. Hobbs?"

Hobbs answered, "Sho' we is, an' from what I've seen of Master Dwight, he 's a corker."

"Well, Mr. Dwight," said Rose, "my Mamma says I must be good to Hobbs, for he 's been a good servant for a long time; but Hobbs's friends are not nice, and they are not the kind of people for me to talk to."

Dwight bit his lip, but said nothing. Hobbs came to the rescue, and lifting his hat, said, "Beg pardon, Miss Rose, but Master Dwight is a gentleman. He knows everything, — g'og-

raphy, readin', hist'ry, an' politics. He 'll be a great man some day. He 's jes' our kind. He 's goin' to be a Democrat. I tell you, Miss Rose, Master Dwight is no Abolitionist."

"Do n't you like the Abolitionists?" I asked her.

"I never saw an Abolitionist," she answered. But I 've seen two horse-thieves. They had them tied to the back of a wagon, and they said they were going to drag them down into the brush to be tried before Judge Lynch. I never heard of them any more."

Dwight exclaimed, "Miss, you are mistaken. You *have* seen an Abolitionist. That boy's father is the rankest kind of an Abolitionist!"

Rose looked at him, and then at me, and again at him. I was speechless. I could not deny the charge made against my father, and after what she had said I had not the courage to confess that he belonged to a class which she regarded as criminal. She seemed about to speak, and I waited in breathless anxiety. With an effort, as it seemed to me, she restrained herself, placed her little hand in the big palm of Hobbs, and without a word led him away. I heard the man muttering something between his teeth, as they disappeared into the cabin. I left Dwight as abruptly as she had left us, and for the first time was glad that he was not a cabin passenger and could not follow me. I went directly to the spot where she and I had been together, and leaning upon the rail looked out upon the water. The great side-wheels were splashing, the engine was puffing. I looked up at the black smoke pouring in clouds from the iron stacks. I felt the groaning of the timbers, and the creaking of the planks, and the tremor of the vessel, as the mighty engines propelled her forward; and I felt that all hope of "sailing and sailing and sailing away for ever and ever and ever" upon a placid sea was gone, and that instead my life would be like the onward movement of that vessel, made up of struggles and buffetings and conflicts.

CHAPTER VII.

CHICAGO IN 1850

THE next morning, all was hurry and bustle. We were approaching Chicago, where we were soon to land. Everybody was packing up, and the freight was being carried out upon the decks to be convenient for unloading. We could see land on our right, and I was told that it was Illinois.

The city of Chicago, as it appeared from the vessel, was a great disappointment to me. It was low and flat, the buildings were small, and beyond them there was nothing to relieve the eye but more low flat land. As we entered the narrow river which is the harbor, we could see muddy streets along which were successions of small frame buildings, with a few of brick, no two of them of the same height, with board sidewalks on such differing levels that pedestrians in walking a single block were obliged to ascend and descend stairways a dozen or more times. The plank street-crossings were covered with mud, and only seemed to keep the foot-passengers from sinking out of sight.

The chief business of the city at that time seemed to be receiving emigrants bound for the West, and fitting them out for their journey across the country. There was occasionally a real-estate dealer, who tried to sell city and suburban property. One of them got hold of my father, and I thought at one time that he would induce him to buy a forty-acre tract three-quarters of a mile south of the wharf where we landed. The price was fifty dollars an acre; and the man urged that the land could be rented as gardens for enough to support our family. But it was low and flat, and my father said that with the two thousand dollars which the forty acres would cost he could go into the country and buy a whole section of land, six hundred and forty acres, and have a splendid farm.

Of those we met, very few, besides those who had taken up their residence there, had any faith in Chicago except as a place

to get through to more inviting localities. There were then, it was said, twenty-five thousand people in the city; but the population was uncertain, with so many people coming and going.

We were too much occupied in getting our goods and horses ashore to see much of our fellow-passengers as we landed. A carriage was waiting for the Silvertons, which I saw the General and his wife and daughter enter, assisted by Hobbs; they then drove away, leaving the latter worthy to look after the luggage and cattle. The Earles, with a load of household goods, got upon a lumber wagon and also drove away. Rudely as he had treated me, I could not help admiring the tact and address of Dwight. He not only got what he wanted from the men about the wharf, and paid less for it than anybody else, but he succeeded in getting the good-will of everybody. He spoke to me as pleasantly as if nothing had happened between us; but after he left, I learned that he and Hobbs had given them all to understand that my father and all of our family were dangerous abolitionists, to be shunned by every true patriot, and that he himself was a straight-out "Douglas Democrat."

We were several days in Chicago, preparing for our journey into the country. I went with my father to visit several sale-stables, at some of which were hundreds of horses, collected from the country. A pair of horses were finally bought of W. H. Eddy (afterwards distinguished as "Horse Eddy"), and a lumber wagon, which, with the team we had brought round the lakes, made us two full "outfits."

One day, as I was sauntering along Lake Street looking in at the shop windows, I heard someone call me. I turned around, and there, in an open carriage, alone except for the driver on the box, was Rose Silverton. I ran up to her. She arose and leaned out of the carriage, and putting her two little hands upon my shoulders, exclaimed, "I'm so glad to find you! I shall never see you again, — never, never, never; but I wanted to see you once more. I've cried, and cried, and cried. Papa says your Papa is a gentleman, but Mamma says she's afraid that he's just what that horrid Dwight said. You must now go right away, — you must n't let Mamma and Hobbs see you. She has gone into that store, and Hobbs with her."

The question that was uppermost in my mind found expression: "Don't you like Dwight?" I asked.

"Like him! that horrid boy!" she exclaimed. "I hate him! Now, do go away!"

"Do you hate me, Rose?" I asked.

"I hate anyone that is wicked," she said, "I thought you were so good, — and to think you would steal niggers, and want us to marry niggers, and try to get the niggers to murder us in our beds! Now, go away before Mamma and Hobbs come, or I will hate you too!"

I tried to answer her, but she turned away from me. I started to go. She called me, and as I turned she was still standing up in the carriage. She put her hand on my arm, and looking straight into my eyes said, "If you had not been — what that horrid boy said, — I would have liked you better than anybody I ever saw. There come Mamma and Hobbs! Please go away!"

I slipped around behind the carriage and mingled with the crowd. When certain I could not be seen, I stopped and saw Mrs. Silverton enter the carriage, followed by Hobbs carrying bundles, and he climbed up on the box with the driver. As they passed by where I was standing, I heard Mrs. Silverton tell Hobbs to have the man drive to the Clinton House. I knew the Earles were staying there, and, big as I was, I sat down on one of those steps in the sidewalk and cried like a baby.

The events of the last few days had made a deep impression upon me. Though but a boy, I felt that my lot had been cast among those who were not only politically unpopular, but were looked upon as dangerous fanatics. Even for a strong man, it is an awful thing to feel that in the society in which he lives and moves he is an object of suspicion and dread; but to a young and ambitious boy, of tender sensibilities, to be rudely awakened to the realization that he must take his place among those who are objects of suspicion and dread, and be derided and scoffed at, shunned and despised, is indeed appalling. I could not understand it; I had done nothing, and said very little. My father had expressed his abhorrence of what seemed to him a great wrong; he had not proposed to harm anybody, but had simply given utterance to a feeling of sympathy for the oppressed and of hatred

of tyranny; and because of this, not only he but his family were considered unworthy of respect or consideration from those around them.

Presently I began to analyze this, — to consider how this prejudice against us had been caused. It was not by General Silverton, — he respected my father highly, and notwithstanding that they differed so widely in opinion, I felt sure that he would have befriended him. The more I thought about the matter, the more I was puzzled. Finally I became convinced that this whole feeling of prejudice against our family was aroused by Hobbs. My first thought was that this could not be. I said to myself, "How can this coarse, ignorant, brutal man influence anybody?" But he it was. Through a word here and a word there, he had done it all. Strange as it seems, such men can frequently do more to influence the action of those about them than the most cultured and refined can do. Just such men aroused and led the "Kuklux" of the South to commit their strange barbarities.

There was an influence behind Hobbs and such as he, working upon ignorant men, and through their prejudices inflaming their brutal instincts. It is not too much to say that in Illinois the most potent influence in keeping the Democratic party in power in national affairs, during the decade preceding the Civil War, was the constant and persistent picturing of impending calamities to come from what was called "nigger equality." To be a Democrat and declare against "nigger equality" gave opportunity for place and position, and opened the door to distinction. This same hue and cry of "nigger equality" closed every avenue of success and distinction to those who would not take it up and join in the crusade. To be an Abolitionist meant political ostracism, and in many localities those so branded were social outcasts. I became satisfied that the man who had done more than any other to arouse and inflame this prejudice was Stephen A. Douglas. Of course I did not realize this so fully at that time as I did afterwards; but I had learned enough of him to detest him.

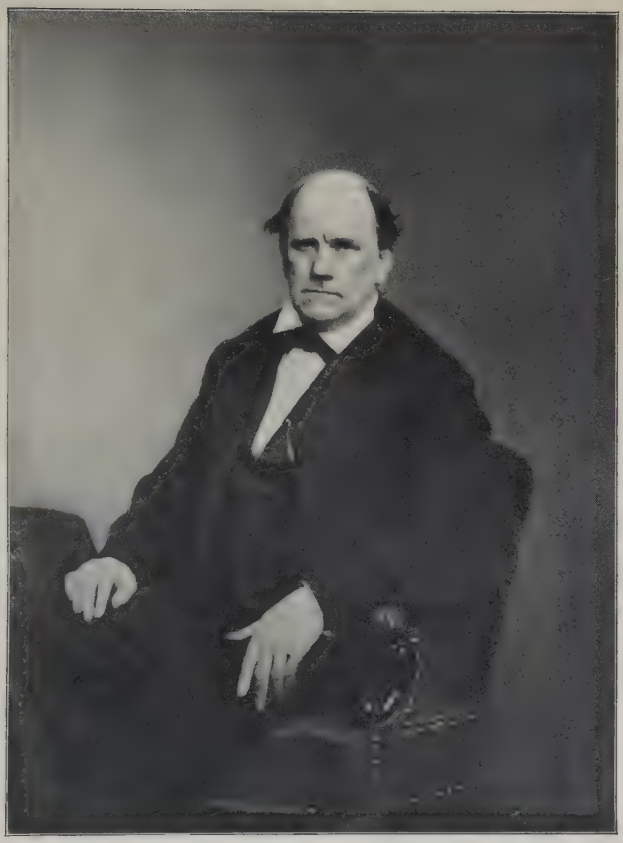
Soon after my adventure at the carriage, I met Dwight Earle. I expected to find him in high feather; but he too seemed in low spirits. Notwithstanding his rudeness to me, I greeted him as

though nothing had happened. He said his family had decided to remain in Chicago; that his father had been offered a position as teacher, with a fair salary; that he himself could have employment from General Silverton in helping drive his Durham cattle, for which position he had been recommended by Hobbs, but that his father insisted upon his remaining in the city. He said that the Silvertons treated him just as they did Hobbs, — as a servant, — for which he declared he was indebted to me, charging that I had prejudiced them against him. I replied by asking if he had read Æsop's fable wherein the wolf accused the lamb of roiling the water; and said that it was he who had done the harm, and now he was accusing me of it. Notwithstanding he had been thus offered employment, he was very bitter against the Silvertons, and said, "Some day I will show them they cannot tread on me!"

We walked together to our hotel, in front of which, on the sidewalk, we found my father and Mr. Earle engaged in conversation, discussing their plans for the future. Mr. Earle had told my father of his decision to remain in the city, and my father told him that we had already made arrangements to buy an additional team of horses and a wagon, to start out on our journey through the country. People passing and repassing frequently stopped to speak to each other, exchanging the usual greeting of "Where are you from?" They were generally strangers to each other, but did not wait for the formality of an introduction. All seemed to recognize the fact that most of those they met were like themselves, just then *from* somewhere, and "going West."

Chicago seemed to me only a transition city, a place of meeting and separating, of hail and farewell. It was the *woodenest* city I could ever have imagined, — nearly every house a tinderbox of wood; and I have always wondered that it did not burn dozens of times before it did.

As I was looking down Dearborn Street, I saw approaching us in the distance what appeared to be a giant. He walked a few steps upon a level with us on the sidewalk, then descended, his legs, his body, and finally his head disappearing, and then his head and body reappeared, but not his legs, when he descended again, and again rose, revealing his whole great frame, and again de-



John Wentworth
Chicago

scended until lost to view, and so appeared and disappeared, until finally he came up the steps to where we were. He was simply walking the street towards us, up and down stairs, on a Chicago sidewalk as then constructed. He stopped before us, and looked at us with a smile and then a grimace. He had a way of drawing back the corners of his big mouth, giving him a fierce look, and then relaxing the muscles of his face into a grin. When his mouth opened, I was really alarmed lest he should swallow me, as I was the smallest one in the party. Then, before speaking a word, he gulped great quantities of air into his lungs and belched it forth, constantly looking down at us. Finally he put the usual interrogatory, "Where are you from?" My father answered him politely, — to my astonishment calling him by name.

When the name was pronounced, Mr. Earle exclaimed, "Are you Mr. Wentworth, — 'Long John' Wentworth? Of course I might have known it."

"Yes," answered the giant, affably, "I am from New England, as well as yourself." Then he went on to tell us about Chicago and Illinois and the West, and we soon discovered that he was strong in intellect as well as in stature. He urged us to remain in Chicago, declaring, as General Silverton had done, that it would be a great city, and that some of us would live to see it have a hundred thousand inhabitants.

"Hello, Judd!" he suddenly exclaimed, to a passing gentleman, a little below the medium height, who stopped, and Mr. Wentworth introduced him as Mr. Norman B. Judd, declaring he would agree with him that we had better stay in Chicago. Mr. Judd we soon found to be a very entertaining and able man. Mr. Wentworth informed us that he was a prominent member of the State Senate at Springfield, working in the interest of Chicago. These two gentlemen were then Chicago's most prominent citizens, — Mr. Wentworth being the more prominent of the two, he having served in Congress for several years.

In the meantime Mr. Earle had become engaged in conversation with a tall, spare gentleman, whom I afterwards learned was Mr. E. C. Larned. Upon joining our party, Mr. Larned at once launched out in denunciation of the fugitive-slave bill, which he characterized as a "brutal outrage upon the American people."

I noticed that while neither Mr. Wentworth nor Mr. Judd had anything to say in approval of Mr. Larned's position, they did not take issue with him. They both were, as I was told, Democrats in politics.

"Larned," said a dark keen-visaged gentleman who had just come up, "you are always talking politics. Let 's drop the nigger, and get these people, so many of whom are passing through here, to stop in Chicago. We 've got enough to do to build up our city. You and Doctor Dyer have too important interests in Chicago to be always talking about slavery and abolitionism."

Just then, General Silverton came out of the hotel, and with him a gentleman whom he introduced as Mr. James H. McVicker the actor. I had never seen a real actor in a theatre before, but in after years I gained a very high regard for this gentleman. Both General Silverton and Mr. McVicker agreed with the dark-visaged gentleman, that there were too many things of importance in the development of Chicago and the Northwest for men of sense to be worrying about politics. I was curious to know who the dark-visaged gentleman was, who led off in this line of argument; and learned that he was Mr. Ira Couch, one or the most public-spirited men in the city, who was then completing its greatest public building, so great and imposing and expensive, and apparently so far beyond the city's needs, that it was known as "Couch's folly." It was the Tremont House, which proved to be the finest and most successful hotel west of the Alleghanies, and the wisest investment that could have been made.

These gentlemen were nearly all Democrats, and admirers of Senator Douglas; but I noticed that their admiration of him was not on account of his position upon political questions so much as his advocacy of measures for the development of Chicago and the West.

Several other gentlemen joined the party while we were present: — Mr. W. B. Ogden, the first Mayor of Chicago, a dignified and able man; Mr. J. Y. Scammon, an earnest, public-spirited, prosperous, demonstrative lawyer; and Dr. Charles H. Dyer, a noted anti-slavery man of literary tastes, and withal a great wag whose witticisms were the talk of the town.

My interest in these gentlemen deepened as I learned more of them in after years. I had not then, and have never since, seen another figure so imposing as that of Mr. Wentworth. He stood six feet and six inches in his stockings, and wherever he appeared upon the street or in a public assemblage he attracted general attention. All those I have named were men of force and character, whose names are forever identified with the city's history.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A CURIS YOUNG FELLER"

WE remained in Chicago several days. In the meantime, Hobbs and his man had started on with the cattle, driving them across the prairies, and the Silvertons had gone to visit friends in the city. Finally our family, in our emigrant wagons, — "prairie schooners" as they were called, — started on our journey westward.

Although Illinois had then been a sovereign State for more than thirty years, much of the northern half, now its most opulent and populous portion, was still but sparsely settled. Frequently we travelled several miles without seeing a human habitation. The roads were mere trails across the prairies, leading from town to town. There were few bridges, and we were obliged to ford most of the streams. The greatest difficulty was in crossing what were called "slews," which abounded throughout the journey; they could neither be called brooks nor rivulets, although the water percolated through the low ground which formed them, with usually a narrow ditch in the lowest part. They were miniature swamps, miry and sticky, and extremely difficult to cross with teams and wagons. When we came to them we were frequently obliged to double our teams and take the wagons through one at a time, each with four horses urged on by the whip as they sank into the mire. It took their united strength to get through. Sometimes the horses were stalled, and we were obliged to wait for an approaching emigrant train with additional

teams to help us out. These "slews" are all drained now, with culverts over the ditches to collect and carry off the water; and the traveller who drives rapidly along the highway scarcely notices that which caused the early settlers so much annoyance and delay.

There was an abundance of game, — deer, prairie chickens, and quail, which we frequently saw but had no time for shooting. At night we always heard the sharp barking and whining of hungry prairie wolves.

We took a road leading out through Dupage County, until we came to the Illinois River, the valley of which we followed, through Ottawa and LaSalle and Peru; but I remember very little of this part of the journey. Soon after leaving Peru, near Hennepin, we ascended the bluff to the high prairie, and made our way to Princeton, then a thriving and promising town, the county seat of Bureau County. We had left Chicago on a Tuesday, and had been nearly all the week making a journey which is now performed in a little more than two hours. My father would not travel on Sunday, and so we stopped at Princeton for that day.

At the hotel in Princeton we fell in with a man who, as we learned by the usual salute, "Where are you from?" had emigrated from Tennessee, but had lived in Illinois many years. He told us that his name was Green, William G. Green; and added that "the folks down thar on the San Gammon whar I live call me 'Slicky Bill.'" He was very droll, very queer, and withal entertaining, — the best story-teller I had ever met. When we complimented him on his talent in that line, he said:

"I ain't a primin' to a curis young feller who used to keep a grocery down whar I live, on the San Gammon. He kin make a cat laugh. I've seen the hull neighborhood turn out to hear him tell stories. They ain't all jes' the kind fer women to listen to, but they 's always a pint to 'em. This young feller used to tend sawmill, an' at one time he run a flatboat down to New Orleans; but he was n't satisfied, but must go inter bizness for himself. He was honest, but kind o' happy-go-lucky; an' when he was n't tellin' stories, he was readin'; an' whilst he told stories, an' was readin', his pardner was drinkin' up and stealin' the profits, until finally they broke. I backed the concern, and had to pony up; an' he owes me a thousand dollars now."

"What sort of business was it?" we asked.

"It was a grocery. They had a sign, made out o' a board, an' on it was painted,

Coffee	Ginger	Gin	Molasses
Sugar	Pepper	Brandy	Beef
Tea	Rice	Wine	Pork
Spice	Rum	Potatoes	Tobacco

an' a lot more; but the principal thing they sold was n't on the sign."

"What was that?" we asked.

"Whiskey, — that was the principal thing. Ef it had n't been for that, they 'd a broke in thirty days. But you oughter hear him tell a story! He 's a great big feller, with a big mouth, an' he kinder acts it all out, smilin' and laffin'."

"He must be a clown, isn 't he?" was asked.

"I never seed a real clown," said Green, "but he 'd make one. But I've seen him when he was the solumest man in ten states. He got in love once with a gal down thar, an' she died, an' we thought he 'd lose his mind. He tuk it pow'rful bad. Finally he got amusin' agin; but it was n't safe for nobody to mention that gal when he was about. Then thar was another thing he got solum about. When he kem back from New Orleans, ef anybody said anythin' about niggers he would git so solum, an' tell about a nigger auction he seed in New Orleans, — how they sold a fambly, the man to one planter an' his wife to another an' passeled the childern out among the highes' bidders, an' he thought it was awful; but it was the most nateral thing in the world, fer who down thar, whar thar is work to do, could think of buying up a whole fambly of niggers? I've seen him when talkin' about this here auction," continued Green, "turn pale, and seem to take sick to his stomick, and then begin to cuss and take on; an' I've heerd him say he 'd ruther tend sawmill all his life than to sell niggers, an' he 'd ruther do all the work on a plantation hisself than to buy a nigger boy or girl away from its mammy. I never once heerd him swar excep' when talkin' o' that nigger auction."

"He must be an Abolitionist," said my father.

"Ab'litionist! Ab'litionist!" exclaimed Green. "You bet he ain't. He is a true loyal man, who loves his country. He

went right inter the Black Hawk War, jes' as soon as it broke out; an' though he didn't see much fitin', he showed his loy'lty all right. No, he's no Ab'litionist.

"I jes' want to tell ye about his goin' inter the Black Hawk War. He was workin' fer a gentleman named Kirkpatrick, an' one day somebody said to Kirkpatrick, 'You oughter git a cant-hook for that young feller to move logs with. It's too bad to make him roll them 'bout without one.' The young sawmill tender asked what a cant-hook would cost, an' they said a dollar an' a half. The young feller said, 'If you'll give me the dollar an' a half, I'll go on tackling the logs as I do now, with a wooden spike thet I make myself.' 'Done,' said the boss, an' he didn't need to buy no cant-hook. But do you know thet the boss was thet mean thet he beat thet poor boy out o' thet money, an' said seven dollars a month and his grub was good pay enough for him? Thet feller went on tendin' sawmill, an' tellin' stories, an' never let on about the cant-hook. Presently came the Black Hawk War, an' they pitched in and raised a comp'ny, an' Kirkpatrick set all his pins to be Cap'n; but thet young feller hadn't forgot about the cant-hook, an' he jes' become a canderdate fer Cap'n hisself, an' when the comp'ny come to vote he was thet popular thet he beat old Kirkpatrick four to one! I helped to 'lect him, an' when he got 'lected he turned to me an' said, 'Bill, I've got even on the cant-hook,' an' I know he felt prouder on it than if he'd been 'lected Pres'dent. He is the curisest feller I ever seed! He could ask more questions than a Philadelphia lawyer could answer. Thar never kem a man inter the neighborhood, but he'd find out jes' the things he knowed. He'd make friends with him by tellin' him stories, an' then he'd pump him. I've seen him pump a down-east Yankee 'bout Boston, till he knowed more 'bout Boston, and Plymouth Rock, and Bunker Hill, than the Boston feller hisself. Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, he never let have any peace arter he found he knew grammar, until he larnt all the grammar he knew; an' when he heerd of a grammar-book he walked six miles to git it, an' when he got through with it he knowed more grammar than the schoolmaster. He found a feller who knowed how to measure off land, an' sure as you live this feller quizzed him an' quizzed

him until he larnt the trade, an' then he got some tools an' went out hisself a settin' section-corners an' makin' lines an' settin' stakes to show people whar to put their fences."

"What became of this young man?" we asked.

"Wall," said Green, "he went an' larned law, made speeches, run fer the legislatur, set up in Springfield, an' got to Congriss. But he's only a kind of a Jackleg lawyer, — an' as fer Congriss, he could n't git 'lected agin, an' now he's kind o' played out."

We were about to ask Mr. Green the name of this singular young man, when he broke out with, "He's as good a feller as ever lived; but he's kinder common,— sorter jes' like everybody, — no better no worse, — jes' a good feller. Thar's another feller in that country who beats him, — Dick Yates of Jacksonville. He's a feller who can beat anybody as a talker. He is thet eloquent thet he'll make you fergit yer own name. Talk about the American Eagle an' the Star Spangled Banner! He can jes' lift you off your feet, an' make you soar an' yell, an' hurrah, an' swing yer hat, an' holler, — think ye're Patrick Henry, an' George Washington, an' Andrew Jackson, an' Henry Clay, an' Bunker Hill, an' everything. I've seen him make people hold their breaths, an' wipe their eyes, an' blow their noses, jes' by his talk. He'll be Pres'dent some day!"

"But you have not given us the name of this funny young man whom you have told us so much about. What is his name?"

"Abe Linkern," replied Green.

And thus was first introduced to me the name of Abraham Lincoln, a man whom I afterwards came to know quite well, and who became the first citizen of Illinois and the greatest of American Presidents.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRAIRIES

BEAUTIFUL as is Illinois to the people of the present generation when they travel through the country upon established highways, among cultivated fields, by meadows and pastures and orchards and gardens surrounding luxuriant homes, they can

scarcely realize how resplendent these prairies were fifty years ago. The broad expanse upon which we found ourselves, as we travelled on in that early spring-time, so far as we could see had no beginning and no end except as bounded by the horizon. There were very few houses, and these were usually far away from us; and in their isolation they seemed to be phantom abodes for disembodied spirits, if occupied at all.

Where fires had come and swept away the decayed vegetation of the preceding year, fresh grass of emerald green had sprung up in the midst of vast areas of that which was dead and dry and withered, whose deep brown, surrounding and fringing the green, made luxuriant tapestries of a thousand hues, which, constantly irradiated and illumined and modified by successive sunshine and shadow and humidity and drought, presented more variegated and beautiful tints than any that have been attained by the handiwork of the Orient. The carpets spread out upon the prairies have never been equalled in beauty by the deft fingers or the looms of Turkey and Persia.

There was no sound save the rumbling of our own wheels; and when they ceased to revolve, one realized the sublimity of silence. The vast expanse, extending as far as the eye could reach, was bounded by the horizon, which, rising into the firmament and arching the heavens, formed "a majestical roof fretted with golden fire," a mighty dome canopying all beneath, and constituting what seemed to be a vast pavilion of which the prairies were the floor. This expanse of prairie was relieved here and there by a stream of water, and at intervals by groves of trees, whose cool and refreshing shade seemed always to beckon the wayfarer to approach and enjoy their sweetness and repose. As the season advanced, flowers bloomed more freely, delighting the eye and filling the air with fragrance. Singing birds made melody. The prairie chicken and bobwhite, still unconscious of the wiles of the sportsman, hummed and whistled; while in the distance the graceful doe and the stately buck, unconscious of danger, lifted their heads high in air to gaze with wistful and curious eyes at the passer-by.

Overhanging clouds presented a thousand fantastic forms, — temples and obelisks and pyramids, architecture of every conceiv-

able kind. We made out the Acropolis surmounted by the Parthenon, the Cathedrals of St. Peter's and St. Paul's and Milan, and the Mosque of St. Sophia, as we had seen them in pictures. There were innumerable animated creations, elephants and camels and rhinoceroses and lions and tigers, and every kind of beast. In the distance, as it seemed on our own level, appeared lakes and rivers, interspersed with islands, so realistic that we had to approach them before being fully convinced, as they faded away, that each was only a phantom, an optical illusion known as a mirage. Wonders of evanescent forms and colors, of dissolving views, painted and erased by the mystic power of refraction, can be found nowhere else in such splendor as upon the great prairies. At the setting of the sun there was a brilliant array of constellations, with the Northern lights, the Milky Way, the Pleiades, the Dipper, and all the glories of the starry heavens on every side as well as above us,—for the sky bent down to the level of the prairie.

It is the custom to speak with rapture of the grandeur of mountain scenery, of high altitudes and great gorges. Illinoisans who have ascended the Himalayas, climbed Mont Blanc, traversed the defiles of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and of the Yosemite, still declare that none of the works of the Divine Architect are quite so majestic and sublime as were our prairies in their pristine beauty.

CHAPTER X.

THE ABOLITIONIST PREACHER

AT Princeton, we attended Divine worship in the Congregational Church, and were surprised as well as pleased to find ourselves among as intelligent and cultivated a people as we had ever seen, most of them emigrants from New England and New York. But when the pastor ascended the pulpit, we were even more surprised. Instead of a backwoods preacher, such as we had read accounts of in the West, it was apparent that this pastor was a man of both culture and character. He was a little

above the medium height, of sturdy but not too stout figure, full face, broad and massive forehead surmounted by heavy brown hair, large kindly beaming eyes, a large cheery mouth, and broad and strong chin. His head was well set upon broad shoulders, and his whole bearing was such as to indicate that while his was a merry and even a jovial nature, he was one of those strong characters who can do and dare.

I do not remember the text, nor do I remember much that the preacher said, except that he talked of the fugitive-slave law, and described the poor panting fugitive whose only crime was that he was black and fleeing for liberty, and denounced the law that made it the duty of the officers of the United States to pursue him, and that gave them authority to summon and require every citizen to join in the chase, "making slave-catchers of us all," declaring that there was no power upon earth that could make a slave-catcher of him, and that he would never obey the law, quoting text after text from the Bible to sustain him. He made the most thrilling appeal for the poor fugitive, but his denunciation of the slave-catcher was appalling. He characterized the President of the United States as the chief slave-catcher of all.

One of his figures was so striking, that I recall it almost as he made it. He was referring to those preachers who had nothing to say in denunciation of slavery, and said, "Suppose a general should march a great army to the field of Waterloo, dispose his forces, plant his cannon, and fire into the bones of the heroes who fell there nearly a half-century ago. How ridiculous would that appear? But how much more ridiculous does it appear for ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to fire their long-toms at that old serpent that disturbed the peace of Eden, and constantly tell of the sins of the Jews who have been dead for thousands of years, while they have no words of censure for men who can make and execute such a brutal enactment as the fugitive-slave law!"

As we passed out of the church I came upon our new acquaintance, Mr. Green. Before we could say a word, he exclaimed, "They 'll kill him, sho', jes' the same as they killed his brother 'Lijah. That 's what they 'll do! I saw a man this mornin' thet would sooner kill him then he would a dog!"

"Did they kill his brother?" we inquired.

Yours truly
Owen Lovejoy

"Yes," he said, "down at Alton, where he run an Abolitionist paper. This preacher was thar an' seen it all when only a boy; but it only made him wuss."

"What was the brother's name?" I asked.

"'Lijah P. Lovejoy," he answered; "an' this preacher's name is Owen Lovejoy."

"Did you say you saw a man this morning who would like to kill him?"

"Hobbs, Bill Hobbs," he answered.

"Hobbs!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered; "he was drivin' Silverton's fancy stock. Left here this mornin'. Druv them all the way from Buffalo."

I explained that Hobbs came with us around the lakes, and asked if we should see him.

"Yes," he said, "you'll foller the same trail, an' overhaul him, for you git along faster then he does. He 's mighty keerful o' them cattle, for he knows they're wuth their weight in gold."

"Did n't you like the sermon, Mr. Green?" I asked.

"Like it?" he said. "I'm a loyal man! I'm fer the Constitution an' the Union! I ain't fer niggers! I do n't want no slavery,—my father came 'way from Tennessee to git shet on it; but I ain't no nigger-stealer. I'm fer my country."

"Do you think Hobbs would kill an Abolitionist?" I asked, in consternation.

"Jes' as quick as he 'd kill a dog," he repeated. "He 's one o' the same kind o' fellers thet killed 'Lijah Lovejoy."

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ROMANCE

WE were late in getting off the next day. My father had begun to look for a location, and was making inquiries about the country and considering where to locate. After what Green had told me, I started upon the journey with misgivings. I was curious to see Hobbs again, because he was connected with the Silvertons, in whom I took a deep interest. I knew he

was a man of brutal instincts, but had not dreamed that he would be a murderer. I now anticipated meeting him with terror. Green did not accompany us on our journey.

In a short time after leaving Princeton, we saw in the distance a top buggy, before which some cattle were moving very slowly, leisurely grazing as they advanced. We found Hobbs in the buggy, half asleep, while the man who had been with the cattle was on foot, slowly urging the cattle forward.

Hobbs awoke with a start, as we drove along beside him, and greeted us in a rather surly manner. We asked how he was getting along. He said nothing about himself, but talked about the cattle, and how they had stood the journey. He said they had been fifteen days on the journey of a hundred miles, and thought they had got along well.

"Ye see," he said, "them kind o' cattle can't travel like Texas steers. I've druv Texas steers forty mile a day, an' they stood up to it better than I did on hossback. The Gen'ral is mighty tender o' them cattle, an' ruther I'd make a mile a day than ten. I got a letter from him at Princeton, an' a feller read it to me; but he said he was late fer church, an' he read it at such a gait I could n't keep up. Here it is. Would yer mind gettin' inter this buggy and readin' it to me?"

I squeezed myself in beside him, and all the time I felt pressing against my body the great revolver in his hip pocket. He brought the letter out of his trousers pocket, all crumpled up. There were no envelopes in those days, and I found the letter was written upon a sheet of paper the back of which had been scribbled over by someone else. There was a twenty-five cent postage-stamp upon it, and it had been sealed with a wafer. Notwithstanding it had once been opened, as I spread it out some of the blotting-sand which had still adhered to the ink marks fell out. I remember all this, as the letter afterwards became very precious to me. It read as follows:

"Illinois & Michigan Canal, near La Salle,
April 15th, 1850.

"Hobbs.

"*Sir:* — Taurus the bull is worth his weight in gold. I was offered six thousand dollars for him by John Wentworth in Chicago. If I get him home, he will be worth twice that much. The cows and heifers are very valuable.

I hold you responsible for them. Don't overheat them, if you don't get along a mile a day. Remember what I told you, that short-horns are not Texas steers. Be careful about the slews. Only let one animal go through at a time, and if that gets down, both of you together can lift it out. Always stop at night, but don't ever both go to sleep at once, as the cattle may get stampeded. Go to the Post-office at Knoxville and ask for a letter.

"Yours truly, SILVERTON.

"P. S. — They have no letter-paper on the boat, and I have to write on this, which has been scribbled on."

I turned the letter over, and to my astonishment I found scrawled upon the sheet, over and over again, my own name, written with a pencil. At the top of the page there was some writing in pencil, some of it on that part of the sheet which had come outside when it was folded, and had been nearly obliterated. Resorting to that which has so many times been a very present help in time of need, — a lie, — I said to Hobbs that I was not sure that I had made out all the words just right, and I would like to study the letter and read it to him again; and I put it carefully in my pocket, with which proceeding he was entirely satisfied.

When opportunity offered, I looked over the scrawls, and was appalled to find also the name of Dwight Earle. But for its not belonging to me, I would have torn the letter into shreds. I put it back into my pocket and walked the ground in misery. I knew that those scrawls were made by Rose Silverton. When I saw that she had written my name, I was in ecstasies; but when I saw that she had also written the name of Dwight Earle, I was in despair. There was some little consolation in the fact that she had written my name many times, while his appeared but once; yet it was some time before I dared try to decipher the remainder of the letter. Finally my curiosity overcame me, and I again drew it out. There was my name as before, scrawled over and over again by itself; and there was Dwight's name, occurring in written lines, which proved to be only portions of something which had been written on another sheet of paper. I soon made out a few words and fragments of sentences, — such as, "did not admit he was . . . what that fellow said . . . don't believe it's true . . . wish I'd asked him . . . know he can't lie to me . . . wouldn't believe that Dwight Earle if he swore to it on a stack of Bibles."

How precious General Silverton's letter about his bull and cows and heifers had become to me! I would have given more to keep it than I would have given for the whole herd of cattle! But as I could not keep it I did the next best thing,—I copied it, and learned it word for word, of course mentally filling the blanks in a way very pleasing to my boyish self-esteem.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE PRAIRIE

WE were not inclined to adopt the slow movement of Hobbs with his herd, and bidding him good-bye we drove on. But an incident soon occurred which brought us together again. After leaving Hobbs, we found ourselves approaching a deep valley, between very steep hills. Through this valley ran what is known as Bureau Creek,—from which Bureau County takes its name. The descent into the valley was very abrupt, and we found it necessary, as we had no brakes, to chain the hind wheels of the wagons. This took considerable time; and while we were thus engaged, Hobbs with his train passed on down the hill. Our descent was quite difficult, although the chains held the wheels from turning. The valley was about a quarter of a mile wide, and in it there was a rank growth of heavy grass, dead and dry from being exposed to the weather since its maturity the summer before.

As we came down to the creek bottom, we saw approaching us, on the other side of the valley, a man driving a gray team of horses attached to a lumber wagon. He forded the stream and came on to meet Hobbs and his cattle; and, following the custom among pioneers, they stopped "to tell the time of day," as the phrase was. When we joined them, the stranger, a very intelligent and prepossessing young man, was telling Hobbs how he had been looking over lands in that country in the interests of a company that wanted to buy; that his name was George Davis, and that he was going to Princeton to look up the records and see if the land-titles were all right. I noticed that he had his wagon-box filled with bundles of oats, which it was the custom to carry on a journey to feed the horses.

All this time the cattle were browsing in the grass, that came up to their bellies. The wind was blowing from the south-east quite briskly, but not strong enough to be particularly noticeable. Suddenly Hobbs's man shouted, "Great God! look there!" and pointed to a cloud of smoke which seemed to be miles away. The man started instantly to "bunch" his cattle, to drive them along the road; but they were enjoying themselves, and could not at once be brought together. Hobbs, apparently in great terror, applied the whip to his horse, and tried to aid in moving the sluggish cattle. Not having the faintest conception of what was the matter, we were startled by the excitement of Hobbs and the cattle-driver. I started up our horses, but in my haste I struck the hub of the stranger's wagon, breaking my double-tree and one of his harness-tugs, which stopped us both.

It was not until that moment that I heard what seemed to be the deep, low, far-distant roar of thunder. I turned in the direction toward which everybody else was looking in terror, and saw along the horizon deep black clouds of smoke, which brightened and radiated in the sunshine as it arose. I did not realize what it all meant, until I heard the cattle-driver, with a volley of oaths surpassing even those of the steamboat mate, cursing Hobbs, who seemed to have collapsed in terror, at the same time calling for some matches, and declaring that Hell was let loose upon us and we should all be burned up.

I have seen many prairie-fires since then, but none so appalling as this one. The grass was dry and burned like tinder, and was so thick and heavy that it made an intense heat. The fire was coming from the south, while the narrow trail ran east and west through the high grass. It was plain that before we could reach the hill on either side the fire would be upon us. Great clouds of smoke were already rolling near, and must soon stifle us. Through the rifts of these smoky clouds we could see bright flames steadily approaching, with a frightful roaring. Many kinds of wild fowl, intent upon escape, were flying by over our heads, — ducks and geese, and prairie chickens and quail; while an occasional wolf and smaller prairie animals ran across the road near us. A herd of deer sprang up and bounded wildly past, less terrified by the sight of us than by the approaching conflagration.

For us there seemed to be no means of escape. It was appalling, stifling, sickening.

Suddenly there appeared before us a young man whom we had not noticed before. Had he come down the road from either direction, it seemed we must have seen him. Whether he came down from the skies or up out of the ground, we did not know, and we had no time to ask. He ran out into the tall grass to the north, and seemed to fall down overcome, as was nearly the condition of most of us in those awful moments. I heard from his direction a *click*, *click*, *click*, sounding like the pecking of the stones in the old grist-mill of my native valley. This sound continued for some seconds, when suddenly a fire sprang up just at the spot where the young man had disappeared. As the fire blazed out it showed him upon his feet with burning wisps of dry grass in his hands, with which he ran toward the east, lighting the dead grass until he had a line of fire several rods wide. It looked as though he intended to make our destruction even more sure; for now we had fire upon both sides of us, — the north as well as the south. Not so! The fire kindled by that young man was our only hope, and proved our salvation. As it burned away, leaving the approaching fire nothing to feed upon, the young man beckoned us to come to him, which we did as quickly as possible. The fires he had kindled were burning *from* us, carried by the wind; while the fire that seemed our destruction was coming toward us with all the fury of a whirlwind. He had kindled the fire with flints, the sound of which I had heard as he struck them together. Then I comprehended what his man wanted of the matches, when Hobbs was so frightened that he had not the physical strength to take them out of his pocket. Scarce as Lucifer matches were in those days, we could have furnished them had we known what use to make of them. It was a lesson I never forgot, and more than once it was useful to me when traversing the prairies afterwards. I then learned what it means to fight fire with fire.

Our friendly fire was now burning the grass away from us, almost as fast as was that which approached us; and we had only to move along with our horses and wagons, as fast as the dry grass was burned off. With considerable difficulty, Hobbs's man got the cattle upon this bare space; but we helped him to move Hobbs,

whose horse we had to lead. Hobbs said he had "tuk sick in the stummick," and that it was "most as bad as the milk-sick."

My mother fell upon her knees and thanked God fervently for our deliverance. We had no musical instruments, nor anyone skilled in playing; but our songs of praise and gratitude could not have been surpassed by those of "Miriam and all the women who went out after her, with timbrels and with dances." We overwhelmed our deliverer with thanks. Among all those whose exploits I had ever read, it seemed to me that this was the real hero; he had saved us all. Of course we were desirous of knowing something about him, and plied him with questions. When we asked him from which way he came, he simply said, "I came down the hill," and discouraged us from pursuing our inquiries. He was formed like an Apollo. His figure was lithe and trim, his complexion rather dark, with dull red shining in his cheeks. His eyes were dark brown, his hair black and a little wavy. He had full red lips, which displayed the most exquisite teeth. But what struck us most were his refined and gentle manners. It was evident that he had seen more than some of us of polite society. Then he was modest and retiring, disclaiming any credit for what he had done, seeming to prefer to withdraw into the oblivion from which he had so mysteriously and opportunely appeared. His clothing was very plain. He wore a slouch hat; his coat and trousers were made of what was then called "jeans," colored yellow, as I afterwards learned, from the juice of butternut rinds. He wore no vest, and had on a woollen shirt with turn-down collar. Around his waist he wore a buckskin belt. I noticed on his left cheek, from just below the corner of the eye, a straight raised line in the skin, running back to the ear.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A RUNAWAY NIGGER"

HOBBS laid himself down upon the ground, blowing like a porpoise. We put the lap-robe of his buggy under him, and took one of his cushions for his pillow. We noticed him eyeing our deliverer with peculiar interest; and he did not join in

our expressions of thankfulness. I thought it was because, having himself been so utterly useless, he was perhaps jealous of the young man who had saved his life, and what seemed almost as dear to him, the cattle. But in this I was mistaken. He kept eyeing the young man, who seemed annoyed by the attention. Finally he sat up and asked the young man where he was when the fire broke out. The young man replied that he was asleep in the grass.

"How come yer to be thar sleepin' in the daytime?" asked Hobbs.

"I was tired," answered the young man.

"Come hyer," said Hobbs, rising to his feet. "My eyesight ain't what it used ter be. Come hyer!"

The young man timidly approached, when Hobbs, stepping forward, threw his left arm around him and held him as in a vice, while he critically examined the mark upon his left cheek. Then, placing his left foot upon the hub of a wagon which stood near, he bent the struggling captive over his knee, pulled his coat over his head and his shirt out from the buckskin belt, thus exposing his bare back. Such a sickening sight none of us, excepting Hobbs, had ever seen before. The poor fellow's entire back was black and blue, and crossed with great welts like the one we had observed upon his cheek, but worse.

"Look a hyer!" Hobbs shouted as we gazed in pity. "Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Jeams's cousin!"

"I do n't see anything to laugh at," said my father.

"Do n't see nothin' to larf at!" shouted Hobbs, as he set the young man on his feet, still holding him in his powerful grip. "Can't ye see? He 's a runaway nigger, by G—! an' he 's a fine piece o' property. I 'll get enough to buy a hull section o' land when I turn him over ter his master, an' I 'll hev the credit o' doin' my dooty besides!"

"You would n't put that poor boy back into slavery, after he has saved all our lives, and those of your cattle too, would you, Mr. Hobbs?" asked my mother.

"Inter slavery!" exclaimed Hobbs. "Ain't he a slave? Do n't his master own him, body and soul and breeches? W'y, he 's wuth most as much as thet ar bull! Cud I see my master's

property runnin' away an' not stop it? He knows he belongs to his master. Ain't his runnin' away from his lawful owner stealin'? I'll do my dooty, an' he'll git a lesson that'll make him quit stealin' hisself, I reckon. That's wuss than highway robbery; an' when the overseer gits through with him, his hull body'll match his back."

I have never seen such indignation as was manifested by all in our little company. Everyone was determined that this young man should be free, and that before he should be taken back to slavery we would die, if need be, in his defense. Not a word was said as to how we would act, but there was no mistaking our temper and meaning. I noticed especially the stranger who had driven the pair of gray horses from the west. He held in his hand, under his coat, a knife with a heavy pointed blade, which I afterwards learned was called a bowie knife; and I saw him watching Hobbs with a menacing expression. My father was lightly holding a long-handled axe, as he leaned against the wagon. Even my mother was preparing to take a hand,—she had grasped a hatchet, which lay in a feed-box behind the wagon. For my own part, I had picked up a piece of the broken doubletree. We were all ready for the big brute, had he started to move away with his capture. Hobbs realized the situation, and put his hand upon his revolver. I reached over and seized the shot-gun with which I had been shooting prairie chickens, and, cocking it, laid it across my left arm. Then Hobbs called loudly to his man for help, but it happened that the latter, who had heard enough of the excited talk to understand the situation, had just then all he could do in taking care of the herd, which was ready to be stampeded. He shouted back, "Come and help take care of the stock, and let the d—d nigger go!"

All this time Hobbs was holding to his captive like grim death. Suddenly we heard a strange buzzing sound. Hobbs released his hold upon the young man, and jumped, big as he was, ten feet as it seemed to me. He had been standing almost upon a prairie rattlesnake, which had saved itself from the fire by crawling under a great clod or bunch of earth and grass and roots, such as are common in the bottom-lands. Quick as thought, the young man darted away. Almost as quick, Hobbs drew his revolver; but

before he could fire I was behind him, and just as he fired I gave him a running shove with all my strength, which sent the bullet wide of its mark. Strong enough to lift a bull, as I had seen him do on the vessel, yet he could not run; and now that the boy was free, there was no possibility of overtaking him. The young man ran like a deer, and before Hobbs could recover himself for a second shot no rifle then in existence would have sent a ball far enough to reach him. Turning around the point of a bluff, he quickly disappeared from sight.

Fortunately, the man now came up from the herd of cattle, which had become quiet, as Hobbs turned to wreak his vengeance upon me. I had been careful to keep out of his way; for after what I had seen, I did not care to get into his clutches. The man faced Hobbs squarely and gave him a volley of oaths and curses for having forgotten his cattle, and everything else, "jist for a d—d nigger."

"Now," he said, "you want to git up a quarrel with these folks! Hain't ye sense enough to understand that they know the General, and will tell him all about how you thought more on a nigger than ye did o' the cattle? There hain't a heifer in the herd thet hain't wuth more 'n any nigger; and the bull 'll sell fer more on the auction-block than a half-dozen such niggers as thet! Do n't ye know the grass is all burnt off here, and the stock has got to have feed? If we do n't move along they won't have any all night, and then they'll surely stampede afore mornin'."

The speech was effectual. Hobbs gathered up his belongings, got into his buggy, and drove on, flinging at us, as a parting imprecation, what to his mind was probably the bitterest epithet that could be applied to a human being: "Ye 're all d—d Abolitionists!" and added, "if I had some good bloodhounds with me, I'd have the d—d nigger yit!"

Scarcely had Hobbs and his man gone, when the young man Davis insisted upon going also. We had become attached to him, and urged him not to hasten away. My mother said we would drive down to the creek where there was water, and there she would give us supper. But nothing could stop Mr. Davis; he said he had to meet some men about a land-trade that night in Princeton, and must hurry. My father said I could not go on

with my team with a broken whippletree, and proposed that I take the broken pieces with the irons upon them and go with Davis back to Princeton and have a new one made; that in the meantime they would go down to the creek and camp for the night, and I could join them in the morning. With what appeared to me considerable reluctance, Davis consented that I should go; but I was convinced that if he could possibly have formed a plausible excuse he would not have consented to take me.

As the sun went down, we were climbing the hill on our way back to Princeton. The shadows of night soon closed around us, and the stirring events of the day were in my mind. I could not help talking. Davis answered me in a low tone, and cautioned me not to speak loud. My recollections of the terrible prairie fire still filled me with awe; and the appearance and work of our deliverer seemed to me a special interposition of Providence. The thought that this brave and manly fellow was a negro slave, whose back was scarred from cruel floggings, seemed unendurable; and I said to Mr. Davis that I always had been an Abolitionist, although I did not really find it out until a few days before, and that, if I never had been one, such a sight as that poor young man's wounds would have made me one forever. Then I expressed my anxiety as to the poor fellow's fate. Where had he gone? Would he not be in danger of running into other men as bad as Hobbs? Could he ever regain his liberty? Where on the face of the earth could he find friends? My heart went out to the poor outcast. He had committed no crime; he had as much right to liberty as I; and I asked my companion if there was no way I could help to reach him. I begged Mr. Davis to drive in the direction he had taken, and see if we could not find him. He simply answered, "Wait," and drove on.

We rode in silence for a time, when I asked Mr. Davis what he had intended to do with the big knife he had in his hand at the time of the trouble with Hobbs.

"I intended to kill that beast with it," he answered; "and I felt that it was fortunate for me, as well as for him, that he hit that rattlesnake with his foot. Had he persisted in taking that boy away, I would have killed him. I do not care so much that his life was saved, as that I was saved from taking the life of a

fellow-man. What would you have done, my boy, with that shot-gun?" he asked me.

"Killed him in his tracks," I answered; "and I almost wish now I had done so. From what my father whispered to me, I know he intended to get ahead of me and kill him, to save me from doing so."

Then I told Davis all about our voyage around the lakes, and how Hobbs had insulted my father in the smoking-room of the vessel because he was a friend of the negro, and how in every way in his power he had sought to injure us.

Mr. Davis seemed much relieved by what I told him. "Now," he said, "I know I can trust you. You must not feel hurt that I did not at once take you into my confidence; but it is a serious thing in this State for a person to be known as an Abolitionist and help black men to freedom, and we must make every possible trial of a stranger before we give him our confidence. If for nothing else, I ought to have trusted you from the moment I saw the look in your eyes as you seized your shot-gun. Now that I know your experience with that man on the voyage, I am satisfied, and will tell you the whole story. The boy was not hidden in the grass at all; he did not come down from Heaven, nor up out of the ground, when he appeared to you and to us as our deliverer ——"

"*Whoo!*"

The horses stopped, and he exclaimed, "Listen!" I listened, as did he. We heard simply a *tum*, *tum*, *tum*, a kind of drumming, with which I had already become familiar.

"It 's only prairie-chickens, over yonder toward that clump of hazel brush," said I. "We hear them every evening."

"Wait," said my companion. Soon we heard from the same direction a short, sharp, snappish, spiteful bark, accompanied by a whine.

"That," I whispered, "is a prairie-wolf; we hear them every night."

"Wait," he said again. "Listen!" and then we heard from the same direction the "ha-hoo, ha-hoo, ha-hoo" of an owl; whereupon my companion, instead of again cautioning me to be quiet, set up a series of barkings, in very good imitation of a dog, and so loud that it could be heard a long distance.

All this had taken considerable time, and it seemed to me that we ought to move on.

"Wait," said my companion; "wait, and I will present you to a friend of ours."

Soon I heard a rustling of the grass, and then a footstep from the direction of the hazel brush and presently I discerned in the darkness the figure of a man approaching.

He stopped about twenty feet away, and asked if we had met a wagon going west, loaded with hoop-poles.

"Ho!" answered Mr. Davis; "it 's all right, now come and get in."

The man approached timidly, but started when he saw me.

"It 's all right," repeated my companion. "He 's a friend, and will help us."

The man came toward us, and, dark as it was, I recognized his movement, and was soon sure of what I had begun to half suspect, that it was the poor fugitive. With a bound he sprang into the wagon, and placed himself upon the sheaves of oats behind the seat upon which we were sitting. I cried out, overcome with surprise and wonder.

"Hush!" said Mr. Davis. "You must make no noise,— speak very low, if at all." Then after a pause, he proceeded to explain to me some very interesting matters.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY IN ILLINOIS

"WE are now," said Mr. Davis, "on the route of what is called the Underground Railway in Illinois. Along it many a poor slave has made his way from Missouri to Canada, from slavery to liberty. It is the only railway now successfully running in Illinois. As a matter of fact, it is not a railway at all, but only an imaginary line, and is called a railway merely because of the speed and success with which it runs, scarcely ever failing to deliver its passengers at their destination. The line has several branches and a considerable number of stations. The main trunk-line through this part of the State, after leaving the Mis-

sissippi River, runs through Galesburg, Wethersfield, Princeton, and St. Charles, to Chicago. Galesburg is the most important station after leaving the Mississippi. If a fugitive can get to Galesburg, he is reasonably safe. That place is known by the colored people all through Missouri as the first and most important point for them to reach; they know that if they once get there they will find friends who will hide them and help them. Galesburg is where I live."

"How do they find out about Galesburg?" I asked.

"It's a mystery even to me," he answered; "but I think they get the information chiefly through the denunciations of the place by those who have learned to hate it. The colored people are very quick of apprehension, and when they hear a place denounced as an "abolition hole" they know they will find friends there. All along the river, from Warsaw to St. Louis, and even down to Cairo and up the Ohio, there are good and brave men and women who are willing to help them, and they somehow manage to find out who these friends are."

"You say you live at Galesburg?" I inquired.

"Yes," he said; "there is where I live."

"Are you a farmer?" I asked.

"No," he answered; "I live with a man named John West, one of the founders of the town. He, and other good men and women, came there from the East to establish a religious town and a college; and it may be said that the chief corner-stone of the town is liberty. Hatred of slavery and opposition to it is one of the most marked characteristics of the place."

I was curious to learn about my new friend's relations with the young man who had saved us from the fire, and inquired if he had ever seen him before he appeared to us so opportunely.

"That was what I was about to tell you," he replied, "when I stopped the horses to listen to what you thought was the drumming of a prairie-chicken. Last Wednesday night a man drove into our yard, and as we came out we recognized him as a friend, whose name was Heiser. We knew he had a fugitive with him, as he had come before with others. When he learned there were no strangers about the place, he spoke a few low words and a man crawled out from under some sheaves of oats in

the wagon-box, just such as I have back there in this wagon; and this is the man. Mr. Heiser had found him weary and footsore and almost famished. We gave him food, and hid him that night and until the next afternoon, when I started with him in this wagon for Princeton. We had a long rest at Wethersfield, in Henry County, and felt that our journey was about completed, when we met you, and the fire burst upon us."

"But," I exclaimed, "where was the fugitive all that time?"

"Lying under those sheaves of oats, where he is now."

"But when we found him," said I, "he was lying on the high grass, out of which he came."

"Not at all," said Davis; he was lying in this wagon, covered up with those sheaves of oats, just as he is now. When the fire burst upon us, and our whole attention was given to our danger, he slipped out of the wagon,—and you know the rest. In all this he risked far more than we did. He could easily have run away and saved himself, but he saw our danger, and risked his life, and more than his life, to save us."

"But how did he find you afterwards?"

"That is easily explained," answered Mr. Davis. "I noticed that the boy was an extraordinary mimic; he can mimic almost any sound that is made by a living thing; and so it was arranged between us that should we be pursued and likely to be overtaken he should take to his heels, and if he eluded his pursuers he should take the direction in which we were travelling, get as near to the trail as possible, watch for passing wagons, and as one came near if it was at night he should give the sounds you heard,—the drum of the prairie-chicken, the bark and whine of the wolf, and the screech of the owl,—but if it was in the daytime he should give the coo of the mourning-dove, the whistle of the quail, and the pipe of the robin. His hiding-place would be where he could see me in the daytime, and when the coast was clear after I should hear the signal I was to beckon him to come out. I had a special signal for the night, and it was agreed that I should give the only one of which I am capable, an imitation of a barking dog."

"But how could he find the direction to reach the trail across these wild prairies?" I asked.

"This road we are travelling runs east and west; hence our general direction is toward the east."

"How could he tell which way was east?"

Seeing that Davis hesitated for an answer, the young man who was sitting up on the bundle of oats close behind us answered the question for himself. "Do you see that bright star over there to the north?" he said. "Every colored child knows that star before he is old enough to run about. The first lesson his mother gives him is about that star; it is the North Star; and hence to the colored people North means liberty, freedom, deliverance, while South means degradation, despair, and death. Do you wonder that the poor slave worships the North Star? As soon as I felt safe from being overtaken, in the friendly shades of the night the North Star appeared, and then I had all the points of the compass. I knew that I was south of the trail leading to Princeton, for I crossed it when that friendly rattlesnake set me free, and ran south. I knew that Mr. Davis would soon drive east on that trail; and so I had only to make my way east, and then come north until I struck the trail. When I came upon it, I sat down and waited for you half an hour. When you appeared, not being sure who you were, I went off a little way and gave the signals, which were quickly answered, as you know."

"What made you run away from slavery?" I asked.

"It's quite a long story," he replied.

"As it is too early for us to drive into town," said Mr. Davis, "we will turn away from the road a little and wait to hear the story."

CHAPTER XV.

THE STORY OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE

WHEN we had stopped, the young man proceeded as follows: "My master was a rich man, who went from Virginia to Missouri in 1824, taking with him most of his movable property, including slaves and horses and cattle, besides considerable money. My mistress wanted to locate near her brother, in Pike County, Illinois; but as they could not hold slaves in Illinois, they settled in Missouri, as near as possible to her brother's plantation,

across the Mississippi River. My master took up a large tract of land, much of it at the government price. Pike County, Illinois, where my mistress' brother had located, just across the river from us, then embraced all the region where we now are; in fact, Chicago was then in Pike County.

"Among the slaves brought from Virginia by my master and mistress was a young woman, almost white, and very beautiful. She had been my mistress' maid, but was more of a companion than a servant. She had spent several winters with the family in Washington and New York, had travelled with them in the Eastern States and in Europe, and had shared in the education given the sons and daughters of the family. She became not only an associate but an instructor of the children, teaching them their ordinary school lessons, besides French, German, music, embroidery, and other accomplishments.

"My mistress' brother was a bachelor. He often used to come over and visit her, crossing the river in a skiff. He was a kind and generous man; and though he did me the greatest wrong that can be imagined, I still love him. I remember him as he came when I was a little child, and how kind he was to me and to my mother. I remember how they talked together, and how sad he would become, and how my mother would seek to comfort and cheer him. I never suspected, until I was told the real truth, that he was *my father*."

"And who was your mother?" I asked.

"Who was my mother? Who was my mother?" he exclaimed, with a tremor in his voice that thrilled me. "Who was my mother? She was the beautiful, angelic woman of whom I have been telling you."

He paused for a moment, and then continued: "In her duties in the family, mostly as tutor, she did not neglect me. I was employed about the house, went upon errands, and made myself as useful as I could. My mother gave especial attention to my education. She taught me all the common branches,—French, which she spoke like a native, German, Latin, Greek, and history; and placed in my hands good books from our master's library.

"When I was a little more than sixteen years old, my mother died. She was sick only a few days, and I was constantly at her

side. One summer afternoon, as the sun was going down in the west, she held my hand, and with quivering lips told me of my father, of her love for him and of his for her, and she gave me some vague hints regarding herself and her relations to him, but said she could not tell me more without his approval, which he would be sure to give sometime. She told me of how devoted he had been to her, and was sure he would hasten to her if he knew of her illness. When I offered to send for him, she forbade me, saying she loved him too much for that, and that although her heart went out to him, and she longed to see him, it could not be. Then she told me that I was free, that the papers had been made out and signed and sealed, and that my father had them, to give to me whenever he thought best.

"When I asked her about her marriage to my father, she turned her face from me with a sigh and a look that I can never forget. After a time she slowly turned toward me, and, gazing in my face a moment, said that although my father had often urged her to tell me, she had not intended to do so; yet now that I asked it I had a right to know; that she was privately married to my father, in Trinity Church in the city of New York, where my master and mistress were visiting, she under the name by which she had been called when a child, before she was bought by my good master and mistress."

Mr. Davis here asked the young man what the name was, and he pronounced it; but it was a French name, and I did not remember it. Then the young man went on.

"She said the time would come when my father would tell me all about it, but it could do me no good to have it publicly known that he had been married to a slave, while it would ruin him. Then she took two parcels from under her pillow and handed them to me, saying they were for my father; that she had hoped to place them in his hands; that they contained papers and mementos for him and for me, but that she wished the parcels to remain sealed until I should be a free man. She wanted me to be free, she said, but hoped I would stay with my kind master and mistress while they lived.

"The next morning I found her, very weak, writing a letter which she carefully folded and sealed and directed to my mistress'

brother, and handed it to me to deliver to him in person, with the parcels. That was her last act on earth.

"When my mistress' brother came back, I gave him the letter and parcels. He read the letter over and over again, and was deeply affected by it. Upon each of the parcels was some writing asking him to open them in my presence after I should become of age, or in the presence of someone of her own name should such ever appear to take an interest in me.

"My mother was buried under a large cypress in the cemetery, just on the line separating the graves of the white people from those of the colored folks. My mistress' brother visited the spot very often, and I could see that he grieved deeply. I had been there every day, but I did not presume to join him there. During most of the time he was with us, he kept me near him,—driving for him, walking with him, and riding with him on horseback. He was always sad, but kind and gentle to me. I had a long talk with him, or, rather, he talked a long time to me. He told me that my mother had given him in her letter a full account of what she had told me. On the last day he was there, he said he wanted to arrange to take me with him, but that his sister needed me and he could not think of taking me from her. Remembering my mother's injunction, I said nothing of my relation to him; and he went away.

"The rest is soon told. I went on as before for three years, when my master died. My mistress' brother came over with the lawyers to settle the estate, which gave an ample fortune to the family. I learned that two years after my mother's death, my mistress' brother had again married. He had me with him as before, whenever he visited us. Just before returning to Illinois, he again told me that he would like to take me with him, but was sure that as he was now situated it would not be as agreeable to me to be with his family as with his sister. I remembered my mother's counsel, and told him I preferred to remain with my good mistress; and so I went on as before, for several years more. I read books from the library, and improved myself in every way; and, for a slave, I was happy.

"Finally the overseer, a good Christian man who had been in charge of the estate for many years, died, and my mistress wrote

to her brother asking him to recommend a man for his place. He at once sent a man with a letter, saying that he was highly recommended by his own overseer, who had known him in Missouri. He was for all the world just such a man as the one from whose clutches the rattlesnake delivered me; he was not so strong, but he was more devilish. Never was there such a change on a plantation as that man brought about. My mistress was sick and weak with palsy, and finally became bedridden. The new overseer had set up a regular whipping-post for both men and women. He took a dislike to me from the first, and I knew that my turn would come. My mistress' brother had gone abroad, as I learned, with his family; hence I could not appeal to him, and I would not if I could.

"At last my poor mistress died. I was overwhelmed with grief, and rushed into the room and fell upon my knees beside the bed, sobbing like a child. The overseer, finding me there, seized me by the collar and dragged me away. I could not resist him in the awful presence of death, but when in the open air I gave him a blow that broke his nose and closed one of his eyes. Then he had me seized and whipped, the marks of which you saw upon my cheek and upon my back. I was in bed for several days; but as soon as I was able I made a dash for liberty. I crossed the river at midnight. I have often thought of what a blessing the great river is to such as I. Through the river, bloodhounds cannot keep the trail. I found friends, whom I knew I could trust, known to all the colored people in Northern Missouri; and they put me on the Underground Railway line for Galesburg. The rest you know."

"What is the name of your mistress' brother?" I asked.

"I cannot tell even you," he replied. "He now has a family, and I would not bring trouble upon them, nor dishonor upon him. You must not ask me to name him. Knowing as I do how my mother would feel, I would rather go back into slavery than injure him. Besides, I still love him more than any other being in the world. I never expect to see him again; but I would like sometime to hear from him, and to have him know that I faithfully kept the trust."

"But you must go to him," I urged.

"No," he slowly replied, "I cannot go to him now. This would be just what my mother would not wish me to do. I could not say who I am without doing him harm. I am even now, no doubt, pursued; and if I should turn back I would be retaken and returned to a fate worse than death. There is but one refuge for the poor fugitive slave: it is on British soil. My free papers would not save me here,—there might be some flaw in them, and these are always construed against the slave. Besides, where could I go? Free negroes are not allowed in Illinois. I, and those like me, are outcasts. In my own country, the land of my birth, and for whose honor I would die if permitted to defend her, I am a hunted man. I must hasten to Canada."

It was time to move, and we drove on in silence. We realized that we must soon separate; and it was arranged that if the fugitive should reach Canada he should send his post-office address to George Davis at Galesburg.

It was midnight when we drove through Princeton, where all the people were asleep. A mile east of the town, we stopped. Mr. Davis got out of his wagon and walked away. He said he would not drive up to the house, for fear of being watched. After a while he came back, but not alone. A gentleman was with him. It was too dark to see more than the outlines of his figure, but there was no mistaking the voice that had thrilled me from the pulpit on the Sunday before, as the gentleman cordially greeted us in a low tone. It was Mr. Lovejoy.

"Since this iniquitous fugitive-slave bill has been up," he said, "we are watched very closely; and while I would be glad to entertain all of you, I think it hardly safe for you to drive to my house. You had better bid the young man good-bye here, and I will take him to a place of concealment for the present, and as soon as practicable I will speed him on his journey." And with a benediction, he bade us good-night.

The young man was so overcome with emotion that he could only press our hands, when they walked away together in the darkness. And thus came the parting between me and the young man whom I had so strangely met and in whom I had become so deeply interested.

CHAPTER XVI.

A HOME IN ILLINOIS

MR. DAVIS and I stayed that night at a hotel, and as soon as my whippletree was repaired the next morning, we drove back to join my people. I did not need to ask an explanation of Mr. Davis about his real-estate business in Princeton, for now I understood it all; but we arranged that as soon as we were settled in Illinois I should write to him.

We found my father and mother anxiously awaiting our arrival. Hobbs and his man, with the stock, had driven over the hill soon after we left the evening before, and, as we understood, were to take a southerly direction, while we kept our course more to the westward, in the direction of Rock Island. I did not regret parting with Hobbs.

Pioneers regarded it as a duty to kill every rattlesnake that crossed their paths. When I asked my father what was the fate of that particular rattlesnake which so frightened Hobbs, he replied that it was unmolested further, and added that if anyone had presumed to attack it he would have felt it his duty to defend it.

Mr. Davis, having discharged his "freight," soon took leave of us. He had no load, and could make better speed than we. I had become very much attached to him.

My father bought a farm in Henry County, upon which we were soon settled. The house comprised but one large room, above which was an attic or garret. This attic was made by rude rafters resting on the top of the walls and supporting a roof made of staves. These staves had been split from logs and smoothed with a draw-shave. In this attic it was possible to stand erect only in the centre, under the ridgepole, where the rafters met at the top. The room below was floored with rough boards. There was a great fireplace, with chimney projecting outside the wall. From this room, the ascent to the attic was by a rude ladder made of strips of wood hewed out of young saplings. I slept in the attic,

as did the "help," both male and female, the partitions being made of cotton muslin cloth. The height of the room did not admit of bedsteads, and the beds were made on the floor.

The one room below served as parlor, library, dining-room, and kitchen, and bedroom for my father and mother, with a "spare bed" curtained off for company. The house was not built of logs, as the houses of pioneers usually were; but the walls were built of a kind of clay called "rammed clay." These clay walls were nearly two feet thick, and were similar to the adobe walls of New Mexico and Arizona houses, but better. I was not surprised at the scarcity of boards, when I learned that when the house was built the only sawed lumber available came from what was known as a "saw-pit," in which logs were sawed into boards by hand.

The man from whom my father bought the farm wished to move away; and our purchase included the horses and cattle and hogs,— in fact, everything on the place.

We did not "join farms" with anybody, as our farm was isolated upon the open prairie. Nearer the grove, about a mile away, there was a series of inclosed farms; but upon the open prairie there was only here and there an improvement. The roads, or trails, led directly across the prairie, from settlement to settlement, from farm to farm, the courses of which were gradually changed to get around the farms, as the country became settled, until they finally became established upon section lines.

In those days people who lived within two or three miles of each other were near neighbors, and others living twenty or twenty-five miles away were still neighbors. We attended church at a settlement six miles away, and the congregation assembled from a radius of twenty miles.

In all this wide world, there is no hospitality so generous and so cordial and sincere as was that of the pioneers of Illinois. Meagre as were our conveniences for entertainment, there was always room for visitors and for the belated traveller who asked if he could "git to stay all night." Time and again have I seen a whole household give up its beds to perfect strangers, driven by stress of weather or overtaken by the darkness of night to seek its hospitality, and themselves sleep on the floor.

In our rude habitation there was always a long wooden latch on the inside of the door and reaching across it, to which a string was attached and passed out through a hole above. With this string, the catch could be easily raised from the outside; while to securely lock the door from the inside, it was only necessary after latching it to pull in the string. I have heard sentiments and declarations of hospitality in many lands, but I never heard or read of one that seemed to be quite so expressive and cordial as that of the pioneers of those days, "Our latch-string always hangs out for you." The capacity of those rude cabins for entertainment, such as was satisfactory in those days, was immense. There were no separate bedrooms, but there was the great wide floor of that one room, and many could lie down before the fireplace upon skins of animals and upon blankets.

Markets were remote and money was scarce, but of everything raised upon the farm we all had plenty. Indian corn could scarcely be sold at all for cash, and when exchanged at the village store for coffee and sugar and molasses and salt, which comprised nearly all the family groceries, ten cents a bushel was considered a good price. Our hogs fed most of the year upon mast in the grove, and were fattened upon Indian corn. Pork cost little more than the labor of butchering and curing and dressing, and beef was almost as plenty. Milk and butter and eggs and poultry, we had in abundance. One of the chief troubles was to get our grain ground. I have gone twenty-five miles over to Green River to mill, carrying my own provisions and blankets, and feed for the horses, and stayed over two nights, sleeping in the mill, waiting my turn to get my grist run through. There was plenty of timber for fuel; and the expense of cooking, which was all done at the fireplace, was but little.

Who can forget the savory fragrance that came from the pots and kettles that hung upon the crane, and from the "Dutch oven," and the frying pans, and the spits and the griddles, and all the accessories of the great fireplace? I have never been able to find in a London grill-room, or in a Paris or Vienna or Copenhagen *café* viands that began to equal those prepared by good Illinois pioneer women at those fireplaces, seasoned as they were by good cheer and good appetites. Think of the corn-bread and

johnny-cake, baked in the Dutch oven; the hoe-cakes and pancakes baked on the griddle; the hasty pudding, the hulled corn, and the hominy, boiled in the pot, with all the savory meats cooked in a dozen different ways! Who that has tasted such fare would not wish to go back again and live in a pioneer's cabin?

CHAPTER XVII.

"MOVERS"

A GREAT many people were coming into the country. Every day "movers" passed, many of whom stopped at our house. Most of them travelled in wagons covered with white muslin. Somehow I have never been able to have quite as much respect for a palace car as I felt for these "prairie schooners" which brought across the country the men and women who laid deep and strong the foundations of our great State.

Through these emigrants we on our secluded farm were brought into relations with the outer world. Those that passed through our section came chiefly from the East and from the Middle States; but there were many from Europe, and some from Virginia and other Southern States. In the narrow limits of the valley from which we came, we had known of other peoples only through our reading. Now we came into personal contact with men and women representing many lands, and bringing with them the customs and creeds and tastes and prejudices that had been common to them there. We came to Illinois, feeling that no people could be quite so good and wise as those among whom we had lived. We were at first a little inclined to ridicule the ways of most of these new people,— their ideas, their peculiarities of manner, and especially their dialects. But soon we found that they had about the same feeling toward us. Then we began to study them; and we found that while in some things we excelled them, in many others their ways were better than ours; and thus we all began to benefit from each other. We found that here upon the prairies of Illinois were assembled representatives of the best races of the earth, — Scandinavians,

Germans, English, Irish, French, Yankees, New Yorkers, Pennsylvanians, Virginians, Carolinians, Kentuckians, Tennesseans, and I know not how many others, bringing into this new society the customs and manners and traditions of each, and making them a part of the common stock. Men and women whose ancestors had fought with Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the Twelfth, with Frederick the Great and Blücher, with Cromwell and Wellington, with William of Orange, with Henry of Navarre and Napoleon, met and mingled here, as did also those from all the older States of the Union. Such a combination of all the better elements of mankind could hardly be found elsewhere upon the face of the earth. With all their differences and various peculiarities, these people have come into closer and closer relations, their children have inter-married, and in their descendants are represented the highest and noblest characteristics of advancing civilization.

Sitting about the great fireplace of the pioneer cabin, those stalwart men and women would discuss political, social, philosophical, and religious affairs; and it was astonishing to find how well-informed they were. I remember a man who could not read, nor write a word except his own name. He was from Kentucky. When I heard that he could not read or write, I was much astonished that a grown man could be so ignorant. When I heard him talk, however, I found him far from ignorant. He knew more of the Bible than any man in the company. He could quote freely from many of the best public addresses. He had several times heard Henry Clay, Tom Marshall, John J. Crittenden, Stephen A. Douglas, and Thomas H. Benton, and remembered every argument they made, and quoted from them word for word. He had a very good knowledge of the Constitution and laws of the United States. While he could not read, he could hear, and when important questions were discussed, he remembered every word uttered and every idea advanced. He was a high-tariff Whig in politics, and thoroughly informed on the question. Any ordinary free-trade Democrat who attacked this man, assuming him to be ignorant, very soon found that he had "caught a Tartar."

The men who assembled around the fireplaces of the Illinois pioneers had something to say that was fresh and new. From

them we could learn more in a week about foreign countries and the older States of our own country, the character and opinions, the literature and religions, of the people of many different lands, than we could have learned in a year in the quiet, respectable, but secluded society of the old valley from whence we came. And thus, besides the delights of the viands that roasted and baked upon the hearth, or steamed and simmered in the pot, there was always a true "feast of reason and flow of soul." We had never heard of an after-dinner speech, but with us the speeches began when the party assembled and continued until it broke up.

The great characters that Illinois has given to the world could never have been evolved from any other than a pioneer life. They will never again be equalled in our country, until there appears some equally potential pioneer movement; it may be in morals, it may be in politics, it may be in society; but it must be such an awakening as takes men out of themselves, and beckons them toward new and unexplored regions of thought, enterprise, and aspiration.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOME DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

OUR first winter in our new home passed quickly away, and spring found us actively engaged in ploughing and planting and in the many and various activities of farm life in a new and unbroken country. I had my full share of these activities, and had almost forgotten my friend George Davis, when one day I received a letter from him, postmarked at Galesburg. In it he told me many interesting things; but the most interesting related to our old acquaintance Hobbs. He had lately met Hobbs at Knoxville, and learned from him that General Silverton was in Missouri, looking after the affairs of a sister who had died there; that he expected to remain away a while longer from his Illinois home, and had written Hobbs some instructions about the care of his valuable stock, and other things. He also wrote of the escape of a slave from his sister's farm,— a young man almost white, who was supposed to have made his way north through

Illinois; and he instructed Hobbs to watch for any news of this young man, and if any was found to advise him as soon as possible. Hobbs was quick to guess that the runaway was the same one that had escaped him at the time of the prairie fire; and he asked Mr. Davis to help him in the search, promising to divide with him the expected liberal reward for the capture of the "nigger." To this Mr. Davis had readily assented; adding, in his letter to me: "From what you know of me, you will understand just how much I shall be likely to do to help return that poor boy to slavery. If the matter is left in my hands, he 'll have plenty of time to get to Canada. Is it not curious that Hobbs should have never even suspected that I had anything to do with the boy?"

My father had promised General Silverton that when we got settled he would write to him. A few days before the letter came from Davis, he fulfilled this promise, and had written, telling General Silverton of our journey, of our falling in with Hobbs, of the prairie fire, and of the heroism of the young man who saved us and the cattle; and how the young man, although apparently white, was suspected of being a runaway slave, and was brutally treated by Hobbs, who tried to return him to bondage; and how, fortunately, the young man had escaped, as my father hoped, forever from the curse of slavery.

Within a week after my father's letter was posted, General Silverton was at our house. He came up the Mississippi River on a steamboat, and across the country from Rock Island. With him was a gentleman whom he introduced as Mr. Orville H. Browning of Quincy. This gentleman, while dignified and elegant, was most affable and suave. I scarcely ever have known or seen a man who seemed to fill so completely my idea of a "gentleman of the old school." He was a great lawyer, standing in the front rank of his profession; he had at one time sought political preferment, but now was devoting himself to his law practice. We learned that he had come with General Silverton, to assist him in a professional way, if opportunity offered, but as a friend and adviser rather than as a lawyer.

The two gentlemen came in a carriage, with a driver, from Rock Island. The team and carriage were put away for the night, and we all sat down to supper; but not until after the

Very truly yours
O H Browning

cloth was removed did they give us an intimation of the object of the visit. It was to learn something of the young man who had been delivered out of the clutches of Hobbs.

My father was a good deal disturbed at the situation. There had been going on in Chicago for some time the prosecution of a man who had assisted in the escape of a runaway slave, and who, although defended by some of the ablest lawyers in the State,—such men as Joseph Knox, I. N. Arnold, and S. A. Goodwin,—was finally convicted. Mr. E. C. Larned, whom we had met in Chicago, had only a few days before made a great speech in denunciation of the fugitive-slave law, in the old Market Hall on State Street in Chicago; this speech had aroused the "Free Soilers," and Senator Douglas was making speeches in defense of the measure, denouncing all who opposed it as "Black Abolitionists." So intense had the feeling become that Senator Douglas was not permitted to speak in Chicago, but after standing for nearly an hour before a large audience who interrupted and jeered him every time he attempted to speak, he was obliged to retire from the stand.

My father feared that if my aiding in the escape of the young man should become known, I would be made to pay the penalty of the crime of which, under the law, I had been guilty. He felt that he had been very indiscreet in writing the General anything about the matter. Upon being questioned, he simply related the facts as to the great prairie fire, our consternation and distress, the apparent certainty that we, as well as all of our property and the General's, would be destroyed, the timely appearance of the young man, our deliverance by him, etc. My father would gladly have stopped here; but the General pursued the matter, and asked him to explain how he had learned that the young man was a slave. My father was thus obliged to go on and tell the whole story, but confined himself to what he had seen, and made no mention of what I had told him about Davis and myself again finding the young man. Yet he told of my preventing Hobbs from killing or wounding the fugitive, by throwing myself against him when he fired.

When my father came to relate the circumstances of Hobbs seizing the young man and baring his back and exposing his horrible wounds, General Silverton groaned audibly, and was so over-

come that for some moments he could not speak. Mr. Browning asked my father several questions, but could learn no more than had already been related. Then the General turned to me, and asked me several questions. I was very guarded in my replies, and gave no intimation of having seen the young man after he disappeared around the point of the bluff down the valley, where he escaped. I felt that I had no right to bring Mr. Davis or Mr. Lovejoy, or anyone else, into the matter without their consent.

The General seemed greatly disappointed that he could get no clue from us as to the whereabouts of the young man, and my father bluntly asked him why he took such an interest in the matter, and added, "General Silverton, I cannot for a moment believe that you would be a party to any plan for returning that poor boy into slavery!"

"Return him to slavery!" exclaimed the General. "I would lay down my life for him!" Then, as if collecting his thoughts, he exclaimed, "What was I saying? That boy is free, as free as any of us. He is no fugitive," and drawing a bundle from his pocket, added, "Here are his free papers. I have had them in my safe for a long time. I want to find him, to save him, to give them to him, and to let him know that I will defend him with my life."

After listening for some time to the conversation, in which I was deeply interested, between General Silverton, Mr. Browning, and my father, I ventured to say that there was another man with us when the boy first appeared, and I told how this man afterwards met Hobbs at Knoxville, and suggested that possibly the fugitive might have passed through Galesburg, and some clue as to where he had gone might be obtained there.

"Do you think you could find this young man in Galesburg?" Mr. Browning asked; and before I could reply he answered the question himself. "Surely you can find him. Galesburg is a little town, of only six or seven hundred people. But you have not told us the young man's name!"

"I cannot give it to you," I replied. "I have no right to do so."

"That is true," said General Silverton, "and it only confirms the opinion I formed of this boy when we met on our voyage together around the lakes. And this reminds me," he added, "of

something I had nearly forgotten. I have a letter for you. It is from my daughter Rose." He drew from his inside pocket a dainty letter sealed with a wafer, with my name written on the outside just as I had found it on the letter to Hobbs written on the canal-boat, which in the excitement of the fire and the escape I had not returned, and was now my most sacred treasure. My hand trembled as I took the letter, and as soon as possible I found an opportunity to slip away and read it. When I came back, I found that the gentlemen had been speaking of me. Mr. Browning told me that they had persuaded my father and mother to let me go with them to Galesburg, and explained that they thought I could help them in their search for the young man. It was a great event for me, and I could not refuse to go; but I was determined in any event not to get Davis into trouble.

My sleep that night was troubled. With the excitement of the proposed journey to Galesburg, and with that precious letter under my pillow, I could scarcely close my eyes. When I found myself dozing, there came dim thoughts of prosecutions by those great lawyers for aiding fugitive slaves to escape; of my Galesburg friend in prison, and of my being the cause of his arrest; of my entreating the lawyers to help him, and of none of them daring to do so. Once it seemed to me that I saw the poor fugitive on a boat ready to cross to Canada, and I was happy in the thought that he was about to reach the goal of liberty, but as the gang-plank was about to be drawn in I dreamed that Dwight Earle appeared with a band of ruffians and seized the poor boy and dragged him back to slavery. Afterwards I thought I was out on the deck of a vessel with a beautiful child, and that she was asking me to sail away with her forever and forever; and I was very, very happy.

CHAPTER XIX.

EARLY TIMES IN ILLINOIS

WITH the earliest gray of dawn I dressed myself and descended the ladder, first taking my precious letter from under the pillow. I went out noiselessly, hoping not to awaken anyone. After an early breakfast, we got away. I rode on the front seat

with the driver. We made our way through Red Oak Grove, a mile or so in width, from which we emerged upon the open prairie. There were farms and improved places nestling about the grove; but after leaving its shelter there was a broad expanse of waving grass as far as the eye could reach. A wagon-trail ran through the grass, and we followed it in the direction of Pilot Knob, an abrupt rise of ground covered with trees, ten miles away. Early as it was in the morning, there was an abundance of game in sight, prairie chickens flying up in flocks, quail running ahead in the road, and in the distance we saw herds of deer. Some herds of cattle were seen, lying at rest or rising to begin the day's feeding; and in these General Silverton took great interest, pointing out the special characteristics of the various animals, with their wide horns, large frames, and big development of muscle. Knowing his interest in the short-horn Durhams, I expected to hear him sneer at these bony animals. He did nothing of the kind, but said that really these Western cattle had qualities of health, strength, and vigor, that made them of great value; that their big frames would, when properly developed, produce splendid beef, and that it was his ambition to engraft upon our prairie stock strains from the best beef-cattle of England; that he had begun with the short-horns, and was studying other breeds.

"You are the pioneer in importing short-horn cattle into Illlnois, are you not, General?" we asked.

"Oh, no," he said, "I am not entitled to that distinction. It belongs to Captain James N. Brown, of Island Grove, in Sangamon County; but he is not very far in advance of me. He brought his cattle from Kentucky, and they are, like mine, very finely bred. I value mine very highly, because they came from Mr. Lewis F. Allen, who is the best authority in this country, and whose herd-book will always be an authority on short-horns."

"You must be careful," said Mr. Browning, "or your fate will be like that of the authors of what was known as the 'little-bull law.'" They both laughed at this suggestion, and I asked for an explanation.

"Why," answered the General, "at one time there were those who wanted to improve the cattle of Illinois, and a law was passed by the Legislature prohibiting 'little bulls' from running

at large, and prescribing heavy penalties against the owners of any such animals who permitted it. There was a storm of indignation against the 'little-bull law,' which swept from office and from public life everyone who favored it. The law discriminating against 'little bulls' was denounced as intended to favor the rich, who had become possessed of big bulls; and there was a feeling in the hearts of the people of Illinois in favor of equality of privileges, even among bulls."

From this the two gentlemen went on to relate other incidents of the early times in the State, which interested me very much.

"Speaking of the action of the Legislature," said Mr. Browning, "do you remember the incident of John Hanson and Nicholas Shaw in the Legislature of 1822 and 1823? Hanson and Shaw were both from the county of Pike, which then included all this territory where we now are, as well as most of the northern part of the State. It was during that legislative session that a constitutional convention was proposed, for the purpose of submitting to the people the question of establishing slavery in Illinois. Hanson and Shaw both claimed to have been elected to the Legislature, and there was a contest between them. The slave party wanted to elect Jesse B. Thomas to the United States Senate. Hanson was for Thomas, but Shaw was not; so they admitted Hanson, and by his vote elected Thomas. But Hanson was not for slavery; and as it took a two-thirds vote to adopt the slavery amendment, it could not be adopted without Hanson's vote. Shaw, however, was for slavery, and would vote for the constitutional convention; and so, after they had got Thomas elected to the Senate by Hanson's vote, they reconsidered the disputed election between him and Shaw, and turned Hanson out and seated Shaw, and by Shaw's vote carried the measure to call an election to decide the slavery amendment. Fortunately for Illinois, the measure was defeated by the people at the polls, and the State was re-dedicated to freedom."

I was interested in their talk of the early French settlers. They spoke of "Kasky," which I learned was "short" for Kaskaskia, the first capital of the State, the site of which is now being swept away by the encroachments of the Mississippi river. They spoke of the peculiar customs and manners of those French

people, of their politeness, of their houses built of hewn timber set upright in the ground and "chinked in" with stones and mortar, and of how these houses were covered with vines and surrounded with shrubbery and fruit-trees and gardens, with shady walks and lawns, which made them very inviting; of the peculiar dress of these French people, men as well as women wearing cotton handkerchiefs folded about their heads like night-caps, neither men nor women wearing coats, but a sort of blanket-gown which was drawn over the head with a cape at the back of the neck called a capote. They spoke of the French horses, so small and yet so strong; of their oxen, that pulled great loads yoked by the horns instead of the neck; and of their carts made entirely of wood. They told of every village having its priest, who was looked up to as the father and adviser and director of the community in which he lived, all of the people being Roman Catholics; of the reverence and affection with which the community regarded the good father, and how tender and compassionate he was to them, ever sympathizing with them in their sorrows and sharing in their joys; of what a gay place of resort the church was on Sundays and holidays,— of how these happy people sang and danced and made merry, cultivating at the same time their little gardens and patches of ground, and hunting and fishing and supplying their simple wants. This was my first information in regard to these French people who were the earliest settlers of Illinois.

The gentlemen saw how deeply I was interested in these matters, and were so kind as to answer all the questions I asked. I remember their explaining how Illinois people came to be called "suckers,"— that when the lead-mines were opened at Galena, the Southern Illinois men, or "Egyptians," would make their way up the Mississippi to Galena and work in the lead-mines, for which they received good wages, and then they would descend the river to cultivate their lands. About the same time that these men ascended the great river, the fish known as suckers would make their way up; and as nearly all the population of the State was at that time in its southern portion, when these men began to appear from the south it was said, "The suckers are coming up the river," and thus Illinois people in general were called "suckers."

CHAPTER XX.

GALESBURG

AS we ascended a rise, known as Center Point Hill, the village of Galesburg came into full view. As we saw it, it consisted of a few low one-story or story-and-a-half houses on a broad prairie, huddled around what seemed an enormous church building, so much larger than any other building in the place that it had the appearance of being a cathedral. St. Peters at Rome, as I have seen it since, never seemed quite so large as did that church. The farms on the outskirts of the village were picturesque. The owners had bought prairie land covered with wild grass, built rude cabins, and broken up with a plough as much as each was able to do, in most cases only a few acres; and these cultivated lands surrounded by waving grass seemed like oases in a desert or islands in the sea. The area of cultivated land gradually extended, until finally it comprised the whole great State. The patient farmer and his more patient beasts have slowly but surely continued to turn the sod, until all the land has been brought under cultivation. So complete has been the transformation of what a little more than a half century ago was an illimitable prairie, that it is now scarcely possible to find in all that region enough native prairie grass to feed a horse.

There were no idlers in the village; men and women were all at work, some of the men building houses, others cultivating and developing the farms. Through the prairie grass the roads or trails ran diagonally, or as happened to be most convenient, without regard to the streets that had been staked out, in which wild grass was still growing. There were no sidewalks, and no one dreamed there would ever be pavements.

We drove up to the Galesburg House, the only hotel in the place. As we alighted, a gentleman came along, carrying some books under his arm. He was apparently about sixty years old, of medium height, of rather slender build and graceful carriage. His straight dark hair was turning gray, and his face was lighted

up with a kindly, benevolent expression. He and Mr. Browning recognized each other, and he was introduced to us as Reverend George W. Gale, the founder of Galesburg. We learned from the conversation that Mr. Browning was a trustee of Knox College, and was much interested in the institution. Mr. Gale escorted us into the hotel, and gave us some vivid accounts of the development of the village and the prospects of the college which was its special pride. I learned that the town was conceived and laid out, and its whole polity of government, secular, moral, and religious, established by its proprietors and founders, in the village of Whitesboro, New York, before it was known where the town would be situated; and after all this was accomplished, a committee was sent out to determine its location.

There was a meeting that evening at the big church of which I have spoken, which was called the "First Church"; and this meeting I attended. It was a missionary meeting. With all the expense and labor of building up a new town and making farms, and with all the outlay and sacrifice incident to the building of this great church away out here on the raw prairies, these people still had such devotion to their religion that they systematically and generously carried forward considerable missionary work. I was very much interested in the exercises of this meeting. The music consisted of grand old hymns, I had been familiar with all my life,—"Old Hundred," "Hebron," "Elgin," "Ortonville," "Uxbridge," "Hamburg," "Duke Street," "Antioch," "Coronation," "How Firm a Foundation," "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and many more "compared with which Italian trills are tame." There was a large choir of well-trained voices that had been cultivated in the churches of the East. Instrumental music also was not wanting; such a thing as a pipe-organ, or an organ of any kind, had never been dreamed of, but there was a violin, a bass viol, and I think a flute. I afterwards became acquainted with all of these musicians, for whom I came to have a great regard. Most of them are dead, but a few still linger. I have wondered if they ever realized how strong an impression they made upon those who, like me, came from another region to be charmed by them.

There was more cultivation in the preaching than I had been

accustomed to, and more earnestness. It was plain that those pioneer men and women had other aspirations besides cultivating the land; that their church and their college were more to them than anything else.

The exercises closed with Bishop Heber's missionary hymn, which seemed to arouse the congregation to a high pitch of enthusiasm. I am never at sea but I find myself, while tossed upon the billows, singing to myself the closing stanza of this grand old hymn:

"Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole."

As these words were resounding through the church, I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and, turning, recognized George Davis. He had come in from his work to attend the service, with no idea of seeing me. We were both overjoyed at the meeting. We walked together out on the prairie, and had a long talk. I noticed that he was very careful that we should not be overheard; and I understood this perfectly, as there had recently been several prosecutions for harboring fugitive slaves. I told him frankly of my having come with General Silverton, and of his deep interest in ascertaining the whereabouts of the fugitive; but that I had given the General no information, and would give none that would compromise Davis. The latter, however, had heard nothing more from the fugitive. He expressed regret that he could not come and spend the morrow with me, as he was obliged to work to keep the men and teams going. It was arranged that I should go out to see him the next day; and he accompanied me to the hotel, and then walked away in the darkness across the prairie.

CHAPTER XXI.

WORK AND PLAY

THE next morning I had breakfast soon after daylight, and then made my way to the "West Farm," where I found several men with their teams at work building a sod fence. A strip of sod about eight feet wide was turned with a "breaking

plough," and the men with teams and scrapers drew the sod and dirt upon the grass beside the ditch thus marked out, which was deepened by repeated ploughing and scraping, while the dirt was thrown up beside it, thus making a bank of earth with a deep ditch outside, a miniature moat and wall, all around the enclosure. This, if the ditch was deep enough and the bank high enough, made a fence that would itself turn cattle; but it was usual to surmount the bank with a wooden rail, supported upon crutches made of short stakes driven into the ground, which made an excellent fence, and when the bank of earth became covered with verdure it presented a picturesque appearance. The vestiges of these sod fences, which were common in those early days of scarcity of timber and of labor, may still be seen sinking gradually into the earth.

There were then no hired men or regular farm laborers who went out to work, as was the case afterwards. In all labor requiring several men and teams, the farmers would help each other, "changing work" as they called it. They "changed work" in this way for raising the frames in the building of houses and barns, in haying and harvesting, in butchering, and in various kinds of work where several men were needed. At these gatherings there was always a social and fraternal spirit; questions of public interest, religious, political, and economical, were discussed, and thus was created and maintained a healthy public sentiment.

At about nine o'clock there came up a drizzling rain, and work had to be suspended. The ploughs and scrapers were left in the field, and we mounted our horses and rode to the house for shelter. On the way one of the young men exclaimed, "This is just the day for quail! I'll get my net, and we'll go out and get a covey. I know just where to find one, for I saw them this morning," and suiting the action to the word he cantered away. When we got to the house, Davis found an old suit of working clothes which he brought out to me at the barn and insisted upon my putting them on to keep mine from being ruined. We unharnessed the horses, only keeping on the bridles, and were ready to re-mount whenever the young man appeared with the net. I wondered if they expected to get the quails into that net by putting salt on their tails; but I asked no questions. I knew of

the "snipe-bagging" sell which was often played upon "green-horns" from the East. This consisted in inducing the victim, late at night, to hold an open bag in the narrow ditch of a little gulch, the rascals assuring him that they would go up to the head of the stream and start the game, which would run down the ditch right into the bag, and that if he held it long enough he was sure to have it filled with birds; and when they got the poor fellow fixed there, holding the bag, they would stealthily make their way up the gulch and out of his hearing, and the party would break up in great glee and go home to bed. I have known a poor fellow to stay all night holding the bag, never suspecting the trick that was played upon him; and I know also that one of the leaders of a band of "snipers," if still alive, is yet suffering from the effects of the punishment he received from a victim who held the bag.

So I thought of "sniping," and was wary; but, trusting to Davis, I felt that so long as I was not set to hold a bag I would be safe. We rode on horseback in the rain, about a mile, to the edge of Barnett's Grove, our guide in advance with his net upon his arm. When we heard the shrill "Bob White" whistle of several quail, we all dismounted, and the net was set on the ground. This net was a long cylinder, in a frame of hoops about a foot in diameter and perhaps twenty feet long, closed at one end and open at the other. From the opening of the net, and extending on each side, were "wings" of netting, perhaps two feet high, like a woven-wire screen, supported by stakes hastily driven into the ground. How so wild a bird as a quail could be caught by such a device, I could not understand; but I was not long in finding out. When the net was all in place, we remounted our horses, it still raining, and made a wide detour until we came upon the covey of birds. We were very cautious in approaching them, moving as slowly as possible. To my surprise, they did not fly up, but ran on ahead of our horses. I found that in a drizzling rain they could be driven like a flock of sheep, if we did not hurry them. Quietly and carefully we directed their course, heading them off and turning them here and there until they came to where the net was placed. Here the upright wings of the net intercepted them, and they ran along the wings, never offering to fly over, till they came to the

opening of the round net, into which they ran, and down to the other end, which was closed, and thus the poor things were all captured. This sport is no longer practised, and under our present game-laws there is a severe penalty for netting quails.

After this the members of the party dispersed to their own homes, Davis and I returning to Mr. West's house, where we put on dry clothes, I resuming my own. As it was not yet noon, we made our way to the hay-loft in the barn. "Here," said Davis, "the poor fugitives hide and sleep during the day, until we can take them on their journey. The boy in whom you are interested was brought here and stayed until I started on with him. He was the brightest young man I ever knew, and so kind and amiable that I became very much attached to him. The idea of that brute Hobbs thinking that for a few paltry dollars I would help to return him to slavery!"

I had been thinking of how to present the matter of General Silverton's mission to Galesburg, and decided to hold back nothing, but to tell Davis the whole truth. I had become convinced that General Silverton was really the fugitive's own father; but this I withheld from Davis. I wished to have him form his own opinion on the subject, after talking with the General.

After I had explained the object of the General's visit, and stated that he had with him the "free papers" for the young man, Davis plied me with questions as to what I knew of the General's character. I told him of our voyage around the lakes, and of all the incidents that would throw light upon the matter. After talking it all over and carefully considering what course was best, Davis finally said that there was one of two things for him to do, either to politely excuse himself from seeing the General at all, or frankly to tell him the whole story; that he was inclined to adopt the latter course, as it might be the means of having justice done to the young man. I said that this seemed to me to be the best thing to do; and so it was agreed to.

The rain had ceased, but the ground was still too wet to resume work; so, after a substantial farmer's dinner, we made our way to the village and to the tavern, in front of which a group of people had assembled to await the arrival of the Peoria stage-coach. There is no such interest nowadays in the arrival and

departure of trains at the stations of the great railways as was awakened by the pioneer stage-coach. We had no telegraph, and our only means of learning of the great world was through the mails and passengers that two or three times a week came on the coach. That coach might be the bearer of intelligence of great importance in public affairs. It was sure to bring missives to us from the old homes we had left, dearer it seemed after our separation from them, messages of cheer and joy and hope, or of sorrow and sickness, death and despair.

As we joined the group in front of the hotel, we found them talking of the gentlemen with whom I had come. I found that everyone had a high estimation of the character of Mr. Browning. He took great interest in Knox College. He had been a candidate for Congress, years before, against Stephen A. Douglas; and this had made him a man much talked about. Surprise was expressed at his being there with General Silverton, who was well known as a Douglas man; but it was presumed that he was employed by the General as his attorney in some law case.

"Browning is no politician," remarked Colonel Finch, who I afterwards learned was the leading Whig politician of the county. "He don't know the A B C's of politics, but he's the finest political speaker in the party. He can beat anybody making a speech, except Ned Baker; but he can't hold a candle to Abe Lincoln in a caucus or a convention. I've seen Abe go into a convention with the whole bilin' agin him, and jist git up and talk kind of honest-like, with no sort of fuss or eloquence, but jist plain sense, windin' up with a story or an anecdote, right square to the point, and carry the whole outfit, bag and baggage, along with him."

"I don't care for any of them," said Ralph Skinner; "they're all tarred with the same stick,— Browning, your Lincoln, Silverton, and all the rest of the Whigs and Democrats. They're all doughfaces and weak-kneed politicians, and the minute the slave-driver cracks his whip they drop on their marrow-bones. I warrant every man we've named is now hollering for the fugitive-slave law,— Browning and Lincoln just the same as Silverton. I've always been a Whig, but I don't care to vote the ticket any longer."

"Nonsense!" broke in Mr. Pardon Sisson. "See how much Henry Clay has tried to do for the colored man! He would have been glad to have him colonized in Liberia, where he could be free. And see how he has fought Calhoun on the tariff, the most important question before the American people!"

"It's all well enough to let the nigger drop, as you say, Mr. Sisson," said Sam Shannon, "and you can talk tariff or anything else; but I tell you what we farmers want is cheap ploughs and cheap harrows and cheap cradles and cheap clothes and cheap hats and cheap boots, and we can have them with free-trade. What difference is it to us, away out here on the prairies, whether they are made in New England or in Old England? No tariff for me! I want cheap goods; and the only way to get them is through free-trade. No tariff for me!"

"You're right, allus," exclaimed Peter Frans. "Free-trade and sailors' rights! I'm a whole-hog Jackson man. No nigger equality, no Yankee tariff, no abolition nigger-thieves."

At this moment we heard the shrill notes of a horn, and looking away down East Main Street we saw turn into it from the Knoxville road the great rockaway stage-coach, the four horses breaking into a run, the driver, half erect, cracking his whip with one hand and holding the reins and the horn in the other, men and women and children and cattle and swine and fowls scrambling to get out of the way, the horn blowing, the whip cracking, the horses' hoofs clattering, the mud splashing, the body of the great vehicle swinging and creaking, people running out from their houses waving hats and handkerchiefs and aprons and dish-cloths and whatever was available, as the great coach thundered by. I thought the horses must have been on a keen run all the way from Peoria, and that stage-coaches travelled all the time at such speed; but afterwards, when I took passage on one of them, I found that on the long distances from village to village the horses walked, reserving their wind for such displays in town as we had witnessed. I remember that "Frink and Walker," the name of the stage-coach line, seemed to me to have some special significance as to the speed of the coaches; and that I acquired a high regard for a stage-driver, whose position seemed most enviable.

The speed of the horses was not slackened until the stage

reached the public square, when it swung around to the little one-story frame post-office on the southeast corner, where the mail was delivered. Then it was leisurely driven back to the hotel, where the passengers alighted to wait for supper and a change of horses.

CHAPTER XXII.

ABE LINCOLN

RAPIDLY as the coach had swept by the hotel, I had noticed that the driver was not alone on his high seat. He had a companion; and before any of the other passengers could alight, this companion had alighted,—stepping, as it seemed to me, from the high coach box clear to the ground, he was so very tall and his legs were so very long. My first impression was that he was the homeliest man I had ever seen; but as he moved and spoke, this impression was gradually changed. He was awkward and ungainly, bony and angular, his body abnormally extended, his long legs and arms terminating in big feet and large bony fingers. His neck was long, and seemed to be intended especially to lift his head high enough to survey every object about him. His head was covered with thick matted brown hair; his forehead was not high but wide, his nose was prominent, his mouth large, his jaws widening back from his mouth and chin, and his cheek-bones high. He had dark gray eyes, well set in his head, heavy eyebrows, a large expressive mouth, and dark complexion.

Colonel Finch sprang forward to greet the tall stranger, when a swarthy ruddy-cheeked man with a whip in his hand, who had just come up, slipped in front of the Colonel and grasped the stranger's hand, exclaiming, "Abe Lincoln, by G—d!"

"Yes, Governor, here I am," replied the stranger, cordially shaking hands; "and I'm glad to see you and to be in Knox County. How are you, Colonel Finch? I hear you are keeping these rascally Democrats level here in Knox! And here is my old friend from Sangamon, Squire Barnet! How are you, Squire? You and I and the Governor are as black as ever!" And shaking hands with all the rest of the bystanders,—including me, boy as I was,—he said, "That's a good story we had on the Governor,"

and addressing the whole party, he proceeded to tell the story. "You see," he said, "an Irishman had a bill before the Legislature for some imaginary service he had performed on the canal, which the Governor here squelched in the Senate. The Irishman's account of it was that his bill had passed the House and he was watching it from the gallery of the Senate; that it finally came up, and 'jist as it was about to pass, a big nayger named McMurtry, from the Military Thract, got up an' motioned that my bill be laid under the table till the Fourth of July; an' that killed it sure.'"

The story on the Governor, much better told (as was the case with all of Mr. Lincoln's stories) than anyone could reproduce it, was received with shouts of laughter, as the party made their way into what was designated as the "bar-room" of the tavern,—a misnomer, as up to that time there had never been a bar in Galesburg, nor a glass of liquor sold in the town.

I was curious to know who the swarthy and dark complexioned man was who had greeted Mr. Lincoln so cordially, and at whose expense the story had been told; and I learned that he was the Honorable William McMurtry, Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, who lived on a farm on Henderson Creek, a few miles north of town,—one of the most prominent and best known Democrats in the State, a rough diamond, but genuine and true.

As the party entered the hotel, Mr. Lincoln continued to tell stories, the drollest and most ludicrous that were ever heard. One of these stories was located at New Salem, on the Sangamon river; and it then dawned on me that this could be no other than Wm. G. Green's friend, "Abe Linkern," who told stories, tended saw-mill, kept grocery, and went to the Black Hawk War. I wondered whether he had ever paid Green that thousand dollars!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LETTER FROM CANADA

IN the midst of one of the best stories, Davis came to the door and called me out. He had in his hand a letter which had come by the stage-coach. Davis had only time to tell me that the letter was from our friend the fugitive, when General Silver-

ton and Mr. Browning came into the corridor where we were, and asked us both to come up-stairs with them. When we were seated in General Silverton's room, Mr. Browning said:

"The General here wants to learn something of one concerning whom perhaps Mr. Davis can give us some information."

"It is a very delicate matter," replied Davis, after some hesitation. "If I knew anything of the person you seek, I would not divulge it unless satisfied that it would not bring him into trouble. I don't care so much for myself, but I would not for the world betray him. I don't want to be fined a thousand dollars, and condemned to serve six months at hard labor in prison, but I would stand even that before I would betray that noble young man."

"I assure you," said the General, "that beyond everything else my greatest anxiety is to befriend and aid that boy. I would give my whole fortune, even my life, to save him; and if the person I seek is the one you have befriended, as I now feel sure is the case, you have placed me under obligations which I can never sufficiently repay."

"I have faith in you," replied Davis, "not so much from what you say, although I feel that you are sincere, but from what this boy friend of mine here has told me of his acquaintance with you on your voyage together around the lakes; and I feel that I can trust you."

"There is one question," remarked Mr. Browning, "that has given me a little anxiety. Should you divulge anything criminal, — excuse the word, I mean that would be criminal in law, — and either of the parties present should be called before a court of justice, I have thought he might be obliged to testify as to any statements or confessions that may be made by you. But now I have in mind the proper solution of this problem. I am an attorney and counsellor-at-law. The General here has retained me as his counsel in this matter. It may be arranged for him to retain me also as counsel for both of you young men; and when so retained, no court of justice could or would attempt to make either of us reveal anything that is said here. Under our jurisprudence, the relations between a lawyer and his client are sacred, and there is no power on earth that can compel either to reveal

what passes between them. Is it understood that I am so retained, General Silverton?"

"It is," replied the General; "and I will gladly pay any fee that you may name."

"There will be no difficulty as to the amount of the fee," responded Mr. Browning. "I only wish to have the relations of attorney and client clearly established."

Thereupon Davis proceeded to tell the whole story about the young man's coming into his charge, of the journey to the north, of their falling in with us, of the prairie fire, of the brutality of Hobbs, of the boy's terrible wounds, and of his miraculous escape. During all the recital, the General walked the floor, and as the horrible details were given he would cry out in agony, "Oh, God! My God! How could I have left him in the hands of such brutes! It is all my fault! It is my sin, my crime! God can never forgive me, and I can never forgive myself!"

When Davis came to the account of Hobbs raising his revolver, he cried out: "He killed him then and there! Hobbs never misses his aim,—I've seen him, with his revolver, kill a deer running away from him at thirty yards. He killed the poor boy!"

"No," replied Davis, "he did not kill him." And then he told how I had thrown myself against Hobbs just as he was about to pull the trigger, and thus sent the bullet wide of its mark. The only answer the General made to this was to come and lay his hands on both my shoulders, and imprint a kiss upon my forehead, declaring that he loved me as much as if I were his own son.

Davis went on with his story, telling of how we again found the young man, but did not speak of what he had told us, and gave no information with whom we had confided him or where we had left him. When pressed to do this, he replied that it was enough to say that the young man was now safe beneath a flag that would protect him from cruel and murderous overseers, and from such brutes as Hobbs.

"Do you know where he is?" demanded the General.

"I do," replied Davis. "He is safe in Canada."

"How do you know?" asked he.

"I have a letter from him received by this day's mail. Here it is."

"Read it, please," said the General; and in a clear voice, but not without emotion, Davis read aloud the letter. It told of the fugitive's adventures after leaving us, and finally of his safe arrival in Canada, where for the present he was earning a livelihood by teaching French in a public school. It gave his address there, and asked the favor of an early reply. The letter added that no one there suspected the writer of ever having been a slave.

During the reading of the letter, General Silverton's emotion was so great that Mr. Browning frequently begged him to calm himself. When it was concluded, he could not sufficiently express his gratitude to Davis; and he was profuse in his thanks to me. Finally, Mr. Browning suggested that it might be better for us to leave the General and him together for a while; whereupon Davis and I withdrew. I tried to get my friend to stay with me to supper, but he excused himself, and quietly went his way. At the table Mr. Lincoln joined us.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN APPARENTLY HOPELESS STRUGGLE

MR. LINCOLN, as we learned, had some law business in Warren County for the next day, and was to go out there in the morning. He told us that his business there was to try a case of "forcible entry and detainer," and expressed his satisfaction in learning that Mr. Browning was not to appear against him. I then for the first time learned the importance of these "forcible entry and detainer" law-suits, which, although tried before country Justices of the Peace, had become most important in deciding who was in possession of land, as the title often turned upon the question of possession. In those trials in the Military Tract, as it was called, possession was not only "nine points of the law," but frequently *all* the points.

"I take no part in politics," said Mr. Lincoln, "and never again expect to do more than vote."

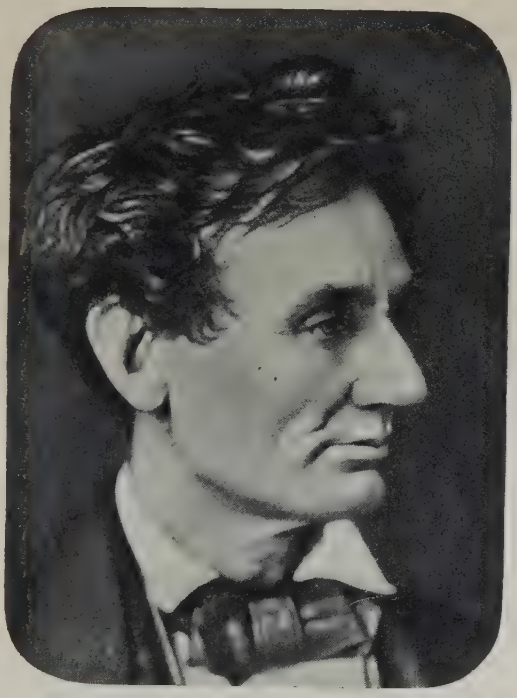
"But you used to," said General Silverton; "you seemed to think of nothing else."

"I've served my time at that," said Mr. Lincoln; "and now

there is nothing going on in politics that I care about, and so I am pegging away trying to get a living practising law. I've taken Billy Herndon as a partner, and we are doing enough to make a living. Of course I can't help giving you Democrats a dig when a chance comes to me, but I do n't go gunning for you. I'm afraid I shall never be more than a 'jack-leg lawyer' at best; but I have a high regard for a great lawyer like Mr. Browning here, although I can never hope, with my start, to become one. I feel all the while my lack of early education; for I've seen, when I have come in contact with these men who have had advantages I have not had, that in the practice of law, as in everything else, the longest pole takes the persimmons. I feel sometimes now, and I used to feel all the time, that in court I was a sort of bull in a china shop; but after I got to going I was too poor and too proud to stop and too old to learn any other trade. Did you ever hear the story of the man who sold 'the best coon dog in the world'? Well, after a few nights out with that wonderful dog, the purchaser brought him back to the man he had bought him from, cursing and swearing and declaring that a coon would stand a better show of treeing the dog than the dog would of treeing the coon. 'You do n't think anything is made in vain, do you?' asked the vendor. 'No, I do not,' was the answer. 'Well, that dog is certainly good for nothing else, and as there is nothing made in vain I thought he must be a good coon dog.' So on that principle," added Mr. Lincoln, "I thought I might be a good lawyer."

"John T. Stuart and Stephen T. Logan both tell me you are having good success in your practice," said Mr. Browning.

"That 's only because I've won a few cases against them," said Mr. Lincoln. "I have been in partnership with each of them, but they knew so much more law than I did that it was embarrassing. Billy Herndon, my present partner, knows more about some things than I do, but in others I know as much as he, and so we even things up. The fact is that the way I began to win against these men was, when I had a case where one of them was opposed to me I 'd get the other to help me; but now I have n't the face to ask them, and I have to pole my own flat-boat, but it 's all the time up-stream, and it 's hard work. You see," he continued earnestly, "at the age when all these men,—



A. Lincoln

John T. Stuart, and Stephen T. Logan, and Mr. Browning here, and Sidney Breese, and David Davis, and Stephen A. Douglas, and Cyrus Walker, and Archie Williams, and all these big men in the profession,— were ready to begin practice, I was tending saw-mill and running a grocery on the Sangamon; and when I did finally get hold of a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries, and began to study it, everybody in the neighborhood laughed at the idea of my studying law. By the way, Mr. Browning, I want to ask you,"— and he proceeded in clear terse language to state a hypothetical law-case, asking Mr. Browning his opinion of the law in the case, and the best course to take in trying it on the part of the defendant. It was the very case he was to try the next day in Warren County! Mr. Browning cheerfully answered all the inquiries, which were very numerous, each one suggesting another, adding reflections of his own, until the case was quite clear to me, young as I was. I was surprised at the simplicity of some of Mr. Lincoln's questions. He asked for information upon matters which, even to me, seemed self-evident. The questions were all put in such a deferential and respectful manner that one could not be displeased; in fact, they showed evidence of such profound respect and admiration for Mr. Browning, such a delicate recognition of his attainments and abilities, as to imply a high order of compliment. I had never before seen a man of so much apparently native ability and good sense, who so seemed to appreciate the abilities and acquirements of others, and was so earnest and persistent in an endeavor to elicit information, and who pursued his inquiries with such frankness and candor and appreciation as not only to succeed in what he was after, but to gain confidence and good-will and friendship.

From questions of law, the conversation drifted to politics; and all congratulated themselves upon what they regarded as the happy solution of the problems that had lately confronted the public. All were pleased at the admission of California into the Union without slavery. All were equally satisfied with the fugitive-slave law, although I noticed that General Silverton was not so enthusiastic in his expressions as he had been when we were coming around the lakes. Both Mr. Browning and Mr. Lincoln highly commended this law as a constitutional measure and as a

matter of justice to the South. In the conversation, all the gentlemen felicitated themselves upon the final settlement of the slavery question under the splendid leadership of Henry Clay. In the years which followed, I have frequently recalled the satisfaction of Mr. Lincoln with the condition of affairs. Deferring, as usual, to Mr. Browning, he asked if that gentleman did not think the situation most gratifying, as through the admission of California as a free State the North was satisfied, and by the fugitive-slave law, the South was satisfied; and he laid great stress upon the statement that now there could be no more controversy, as the Missouri Compromise line forever prohibited slavery north of the parallel of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes.

In the course of the conversation, Mr. Browning again asked: "Lincoln, how can you keep out of politics? You used to be a very active politician."

"I am trying to become a lawyer," was the reply. "Now that we have got the hot-headed Southerners and the Abolitionists where they can do no more harm, I am not needed in politics, and shall attend to my business."

"But suppose the South should try to break down the Missouri Compromise line?"

"They can never do it," was the reply. "All of the great statesmen of both the North and the South are irrevocably pledged to it. Can you think for one moment that men who have declared, as did Stephen A. Douglas, that 'the Missouri Compromise line is canonized in the hearts of the American people, and no ruthless hand will ever dare to disturb it,'— men who, like him, have sought to extend it to the Pacific Ocean,— do you think they will ever dare disturb it?"

"We cannot tell what men will do," answered Mr. Browning.

"Well," replied Mr. Lincoln, "if anybody should attempt such an outrage while I live, I think I'd want to take a hand in politics again"; and rising from the table, he withdrew.

After he had gone, Mr. Browning remarked that in one respect Mr. Lincoln was the most remarkable man he had ever seen. "I have known him," he said, "for ten years, and every time I meet him I find him much improved. He is now about forty years old. I knew him at thirty, and every time I have seen him I have ob-

served extraordinary improvement. As you know, most young men have finished their education, as they say, at twenty-five; but Lincoln is always a learner. He has already become a good lawyer; and if he keeps out of politics, as he seems determined to do, he will in another ten years stand at the head of the profession in this State."

Before we were up the next morning, Mr. Lincoln was gone. When Mr. Browning and General Silverton came down, they announced that they had decided to take the stage for Oquaka, and to send the team back to Rock Island, leaving me at the farm on the way. The General again expressed his satisfaction at finding the whereabouts of the fugitive, and said that now he knew he was safe and comfortable, he would take his time in relieving him. He offered me a sum of money, to pay for my time and assistance in the matter; but I declined to accept it. What pleased me most was, that he invited me to visit his family at "The Grange," as he called his Illinois home. While we were talking Davis came in, and the General again sought to recompense him. Davis was much hurt at the suggestion and so expressed himself; ending by saying, a little bitterly, that he could not consent to permit the General to become a culprit like himself, through paying him for the crime of rescuing a fellow-man from the bloodhounds of slavery.

On my way home, I was not in a mood for talking with my only companion, the driver. Boy as I was, the events of the last few days had made a deep impression upon my mind. I felt that I had, through the assistance of Davis, greatly relieved General Silverton, with results that could not fail to be of benefit to the poor fugitive. I had enjoyed the association with those earnest men, from whom I felt I had learned much.

I had, as a boy, formed a poor opinion of lawyers. In fact, I had been led to believe that honest and worthy men could not be successful in that profession; but the character of Mr. Browning was a revelation to me. That he was a great lawyer, seemed apparent from the first; and if more evidence was needed, it was found in the deference paid him by our new acquaintance, Mr. Lincoln. I had not seen enough of the latter to form an estimate of his character and abilities, but I was greatly impressed by his frankness and apparent sincerity. My first crude impression of

him had been that he was a sort of clown, whose highest ambition was to make people laugh, and his greatest pleasure to laugh with them,— for I noticed that he laughed with great glee at his own stories as well as at those told by others. After seeing more of him, in the conversations between him and Mr. Browning which I have tried to repeat, he seemed candid, earnest, serious, and at the same time modest and simple-minded, apparently approaching an important subject with misgivings as to his ability to comprehend it, seeking support and approval of the views toward which he inclined, with no pride in his own opinion, but a sincere determination to reach the truth regarding any matter in which he was interested. It was especially curious to see to what an extreme he carried his habit of inquiry. After I, as it seemed to me, had been able to comprehend the whole law-case in which he was just then interested, he continued to ask questions. It was almost pathetic when he referred to his lack of early advantages of education, and it seemed to me deplorable that a man of his age should come to a point where he could realize how much he might have been, to what position and power he might have attained, and what avenues of usefulness might have opened before him, and yet should feel compelled to accept the probability of being only, to use his own words, "a jack-leg lawyer." It almost seemed to me a misfortune to him that he had not remained in content and ignorance in the saw-mill and the grocery. Certainly, I thought, he could never hope to be the peer of Mr. Browning, John T. Stuart, John M. Palmer, Senator Douglas, Judge Breese, Stephen T. Logan, U. F. Linder, Lyman Trumbull, or the other leading Illinois lawyers of whom I had heard so much, and among whom at that time his name was not even included.

CHAPTER XXV.

PEOPLE AND POLITICS IN 1852

THE autumn and winter passed away without special incident. I remember that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was then being published, in weekly installments, in "The National Era," printed at Washington, for which my father had subscribed; and with what impatience we awaited each number, and when it came how

we all gathered about the fireplace while my mother read aloud the pathetic story of Uncle Tom, of Little Eva, of Cassy, and of the brute Legree.

I remember also the interest taken in the Illinois Central Railway at that time, and how highly Douglas was commended for his support of the measures for the development of that great enterprise. I remember men coming through the country "pioneering" and prospecting for railway lines, and what interest my father took in those matters, seeming then so far from realization; while to-day one can scarcely find a spot in all Illinois where he may not see the smoke and hear the whistle of the locomotive.

During this time a correspondence had continued between Rose Silverton and myself. I noticed a gradual improvement in her spelling and grammar; but as she improved in a literary way there seemed more restraint, and instead of the frankness and artlessness of her first productions, there was more of reserve and dignity. Her letters were, however, most kind and cordial, and gave me a great deal of pleasure. She now had a governess, she said, under whose instruction she was constantly improving.

One day I had a letter from my friend Davis, giving welcome news of our fugitive in Canada, who had lately had a visit, he said, from a New York notary, who came especially by direction of his former mistress' brother, and brought him his free papers, so that should he ever have occasion to cross the border into his own country he would be safe from being dragged back to bondage. The notary also brought him a generous sum of money, which he declined to accept, being able to earn his own living by teaching French and doing some work in translating; and through this work he was also learning considerable about the Creoles of Louisiana, in whom he took much interest.

The fugitive added that Davis had never given him the name of the young gentleman who saved his life and afterwards rode with him into Princeton; and said that whenever it seemed proper he would like to have the name and address.

My life was uneventful for the next year, although I was fully occupied. The Presidential election of 1852 attracted comparatively little attention in that sparsely-settled country. Senator Douglas was a candidate for the nomination as President in the

Democratic National Convention held at Baltimore in June. Illinois Democrats were enthusiastic in his support, and had high hopes of his nomination. His vote ran up on one ballot to ninety-two, and on several ballots he ran ahead of such prominent men as Lewis Cass, James Buchanan, and William L. Marcy. Franklin Pierce was not named in the convention until the thirty-third ballot, when he received fifteen votes. Finally he was nominated, with William R. King as the candidate for Vice-president. Three weeks later the Whig convention, held at the same place, nominated General Winfield Scott for President and William A. Graham for Vice-president. Both these great parties in their platforms endorsed and supported the Compromise measures of 1850, including the fugitive-slave law. The "Free-Soil Democracy," which was organized on a basis of open hostility to slavery extension and all pro-slavery compromises, nominated John P. Hale for President and George W. Julian for Vice-president. In the election which followed, Pierce was overwhelmingly elected; he carried twenty-seven States, while General Scott only carried four — Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee,— and Hale carried none.

Seldom have the signs of a period of political calm been more favorable than when Franklin Pierce was inaugurated, on March 4, 1853. The country had quieted down with a general acceptance of the Compromise measures of 1850 as a final settlement of the slavery question, and there was a prospect of general quiet and prosperity. While earnest anti-slavery men continued to denounce the fugitive-slave law, and in some cases resisted its enforcement, even they could see no hope of a triumph of their views and principles. Had anyone then declared that slavery would be abolished in a hundred years, he would have been regarded as a visionary enthusiast. California had come into the Union as a Free State, and all of the region north of the parallel of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes had been, by the Missouri Compromise line, forever dedicated to freedom. To the South had been given the fugitive-slave law, under which they could seize their fugitives wherever they could find them, in any State in the Union, and return them to their masters, aided by all the power of the government.

Henry Clay, the great statesman of the South, died in June of that year. Of the many triumphs of his long and brilliant career, the Compromise measures of 1850, which he carried through Congress, were the last and greatest. He was called the "Great Pacificator"; he had been foremost in bringing about the peaceful and, as was fondly hoped and believed, the final settlement of the conflict between the North and the South. But Clay was not the only one who had taken an active part in formulating and carrying through Congress the famous Compromise measures of 1850. Of the six distinct bills known as the Compromise measures, three were framed by the hand of Stephen A. Douglas, and reported by him to Congress. These three were: the bill for the admission of California as a free State, that for the creation of the Territory of Utah, and that for creating the Territory of New Mexico.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT TRIP

THROUGH my relations with Davis and my correspondence with Rose, I had kept track of the movements of General Silverton. Davis had been to see us, and from him I learned that the General had visited our young friend in Canada, and after much persuasion had induced him to accept assistance in entering upon a course of study, with a view to preparing himself for a profession. I learned from Rose that after his visit to us the General had been rather depressed; that he had somehow taken a great dislike to Hobbs, and had finally dismissed him from his employ.

Rose had frequently spoken of my proposed visit to them, and her father had written asking me to come early in June. After much persuasion, my father and mother consented; and at the appointed time I set out. I went to Rock Island and there waited for a Mississippi steamboat coming down from St. Paul. The next morning, while we were at breakfast in the tavern, we heard a hoarse whistle, and soon thereafter "The Champion" landed at the levee. I went on board, and was soon descending the mighty river.

There was comparatively little freight to be put off at the various landings, but much to be taken on, consisting of the products of the farm, — wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, meats, hides, and numerous other articles. These were piled up on the levees, and carried over the gang-planks by negro roustabouts who manned the boat, the mate standing on the lower deck vociferating oaths and imprecations so much more horrible than those of the mate I had heard on the lake vessel as to make that worthy seem a model of patience and gentleness in comparison.

I was surprised to see how prosperous were the towns at which we landed; each was alive with trade and thrift, overflowing with the products that poured into it from the surrounding country, and each was expecting in the near future, as the country became more settled and the lands more improved, to become a great city. Alas for these river-towns for which we predicted so great prosperity! There was a line of commerce just beginning to develop, of whose potentiality we then had no conception. When the iron horse, with lungs of fire and breath of steam, began to traverse the prairies, the river-towns, except those upon his frequented track, declined; and now their deserted stores and empty warehouses are the only reminders of days of thrift and ambition. Quite a number of those prosperous towns have disappeared altogether. The great river, the boasted Father of Waters, upon whose bosom there floated the treasures of a continent, instead of being the grand highway of commerce and travel is now but little more than a sewer.

As I entered the cabin, those who spoke to me of course asked me where I was from, and with true Western courtesy, I returned the compliment by manifesting a similar interest in them.

The passengers met in the cabin, on the decks, or at table, breaking at once the thin ice of formality, waiting for an introduction if it seemed within the near probabilities, dispensing with it and greeting each other if it seemed remote. There was no lack of subjects for discussion; everybody had come from somewhere which was interesting to tell and hear about, and everybody was going somewhere to do something that was equally interesting. Hope and animation abounded. The country was so vast and its possibilities so unlimited that there was room and opportunity for all. Is it strange that we who lived in those days of development

and of generous assistance to those about us, should in these days, when every foot of land is taken up and every place is filled, love to live and tell over again the delights of the pioneer days?

Among the passengers on those early river boats there were neither aristocrats nor plebeians. Nobody thought of distinctions between rich and poor, between capital and labor. The passengers formed a pure democracy, meeting in the cabin or walking about the decks upon a common plane of friendship and equality. How different is travel under our modern railway system! Men and women now travel for hours, seated side by side, with scarcely an exchange of courtesies. They ride in the same car from ocean to ocean, with hardly a word with each other. How many times, in such circumstances, I have wished that I might without appearance of presumption give to my fellow-passengers the greeting of the good old pioneer days, "Where are you from?"

The population of our little republic on the boat was constantly changing but constantly augmenting. Some passengers left us at every landing, but more joined us. I remember Muscatine, Oquaka (which then seemed destined to be a great city), Burlington, Dallas, Keokuk, Warsaw, Quincy, and other places, some of which have become important places, while others exist only in name. We all went out upon the deck to see Nauvoo, which the Mormons had lately abandoned. The front wall of the great temple was still standing on the bluff overlooking the river, giving an idea of the prosperity to which this remarkable people might have attained had they been permitted to remain there, and to which they have attained further in the west in the so-called "City of the Saints."

I felt a great compassion for the negro roustabouts, as they tottered under their heavy burdens up and down the gang-plank, urged and goaded by the brutal mate, and I regarded them as the most miserable of beings; hence, great was my surprise when they all assembled in the evening on the forward lower deck, as the vessel ploughed its way down the dark river, and broke forth into song and laughter. One of them would break out in a solo, much of which he seemed to improvise, and then all would join in the chorus. There was real pathos, as well as merriment, in some

of these rude songs. I remember some of the words, which had a weird effect with their sing-song melody and constant repetition.

'De pearly gates is openin',
Openin', openin',
Ter let me in—ter let me in;
De pearly gates is openin'
Ter let me in!

"Jesus' arms is openin',
Openin', openin',
Ter let me in—ter let me in;
Jesus' arms is openin'
Ter let me in!

"My eyes is openin',
Openin', openin',
Ter see Marsa Jesus;
My eyes is openin'
Ter see Marsa Jesus!"

There were a number of these crude religious songs, in which the negroes all fervently joined. Then there were plantation songs, illustrative of various incidents of plantation life. One of these I remember to have heard sung since, but never so well as on that night. The song consists of a few rude lines chanted by a leader and repeated by the company in chorus; and the number of stanzas sung on any occasion depends on the skill of the soloist in ringing the changes on the general theme.

"De ol' black bull kem down de medder,
Husen Johnnie, Husen Johnnie!
De ol' black bull kem down de meadow,
Long time ago.

CHORUS.

"Long time ago, long time ago,
De ol' black bull kem down de medder,
Long time ago.

"Fust he paw an' den he beller,
Husen Johnnie, Husen Johnnie!
Fust he paw an' den he beller,
Long time ago.

CHORUS.

He whet his horn on a white oak saplin',
Husen Johnnie, Husen Johnnie!
He whet his horn on a white oak saplin',
Long time ago.

CHORUS.

"He shake his tail, he jar de ribber,
Husen Johnnie, Husen Johnnie!
He shake his tail, he jar de ribber,
Long time ago.
CHORUS.

"He paw de dirt in de heifers' faces,
Husen Johnnie, Husen Johnnie!
He paw de dirt in de heifers' faces,
Long time ago."

And so the improvisor would go on singing as long as he could, all hands joining in the chorus. I wish I was musician enough to write out the air of that song, which is very familiar to me. The solo is a sort of droning chant; but the chorus, when sung by good voices as it was on that night, is superb. The song became a favorite with lawyers travelling the circuit in those days, and was often sung on convivial occasions. It is said that at one time, at Knoxville in our county, when some good news that caused universal rejoicing had been received, the court was adjourned, and judge and lawyers and jury and spectators paraded around the public square singing "De ol' black bull kem down de medder." It must be remembered that this was before the days of brass bands and other artificial contrivances for giving expression to tumultuous feeling.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A VISIT TO PIKE COUNTY

AT the first gray of dawn the next morning, I was out on deck. We were at Quincy, and I wanted to go to see if I could find my friend Mr. Browning; but it was too early.

Soon after leaving Quincy we turned into the little Sny carte River, which is no longer navigable; and I left the boat at a point near Atlas. I was interested in the little hamlet of Atlas, named for the ancient genius who supported the heavens upon his shoulders. The place was founded in 1820 by a little band of Yankees from Massachusetts, and was first called Ross Settlement, after Colonel William Ross, an officer who had distinguished himself in the War of 1812. With four of his brothers he had led a band

of pioneers from their New England home to the headwaters of the Alleghany River, which they descended to Pittsburg and thence went down the Ohio to Shawneetown, there taking wagons overland to Upper Alton, from whence they explored the country in quest of a good location. Finally they ascended the Illinois River, which they forded at a point opposite where Gilead, in Calhoun County, now stands, and proceeded north until they came to this spot, where they had established themselves in a wild and unexplored region. The event was so important as to attract the attention of the Governor and the members of the Legislature in session at Vandalia, the capital of the State; Pike County was then created, and it may be said that Atlas was its parent place. The region which at that time composed Pike County is now almost an empire; out of it have been created more than fifty counties. It embraced all the territory of Illinois north and west of the Illinois River, including what are now known as the cities of Chicago, Peoria, Galena, Rock Island, Galesburg, and Quincy. At a general election thirty years before I arrived at Atlas, held in that vast territory in which there are now hundreds of thousands of voters, only thirty-five votes were cast. Colonel Ross had influenced many pioneers to locate in the neighborhood of Atlas, and among them was my old friend General Silverton, whom I was now about to visit.

As I was descending the gang-plank I was met by a long gangling sort of man, who asked me if I wanted to go to the Grange. I replied that I wanted to go to General Silverton's.

"I allowed that you was the young man," he said, and, taking my baggage, he escorted me to an open buggy, and we drove away. I asked the man if the Silverton family were all well, to which he replied by a nod of his head and a grimace, adding, "The Gen'ral'll be hum, I reckon, termorrer."

I asked if he had gone far away. "No," he answered, "he's only gone to a speakin'. Douglas is aroun' agin, and the Gen'ral allus shows up when he comes."

"Did Hobbs go with the General?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "Hobbs ain't yere no more."

"Where has he gone?" I asked.

"He's a squatter," he replied.

"A what!"

"He's a squatter,—makes a business of squattin'. He squats on land."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, ye see, I do n't myself 'zacly understand, but a gentleman, a land-shark from Chicago, a real nice young feller, hired him to squat on land fer him. Ye see, when a feller who has a tax-title or suthin' on his land, and gits careless like and do n't stay on it, Hobbs 'll go on the quarter-section arter night, and build a shanty, and put some straw on the ground to sleep on, and have some grub to eat, and when the man who owns it comes along and asks him what he's doing there, Hobbs 'll say, 'What am I doin' yere? It 's my land; I own it. I 've got the real true patent title from Uncle Sam comin' right direct from the sojer!' An' nobody can't drive Hobbs off! He jes stays squattin' thar on thet quarter till he gits the land, or they have a law-suit, or the owner settles and pays a lot o' money to the man Hobbs works fer. It 's mighty ticklish business, for some of these men 'll shoot; but Hobbs do n't skeer easy, an' he never gives up."

It was not necessary for the man to make further explanations to me. I already knew what these controversies were. The region west of the Illinois River, called the Military Tract, was set apart for the soldiers of the War of 1812, each soldier having been given a patent title to a quarter section, or a hundred and sixty acres, of land. The region so set apart was then a *terra incognita*. As most of these soldiers lived in the East and South, very few of them had ever attempted to reach the land, or given it any attention. The land itself, when thus patented, had very little if any market value; and unless the soldier could emigrate to it, it was of no value to him. The patent, if preserved at all, was valued chiefly as a souvenir of honorable patriotic service. With the lapse of forty years, most of the patentees had died; the taxes had not been paid, and the lands had gone to public sale. Other settlers had come in, bought the tax titles, and improved the land; and in justice if not in law they owned it. After the lands had become valuable, it occurred to enterprising men to hunt up and secure these patent titles, and agents were sent all over the Eastern and Southern States to buy them. These agents,—"land-

sharks," as they were called,— bought the land at their own price, frequently as low as five dollars, and sometimes even one dollar, for the patent to a quarter-section. This patent-title, with possession, gave a good title to land; and thus "possession" became "nine points of the law." This was the business in which Hobbs was now engaged. One can easily imagine how these "land-sharks" were detested by the *bona fide* early settlers of the Military Tract. Yet they really proved to be an advantage to the country; through looking up these patents, titles of land were perfected, and the country was greatly benefitted.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE GRANGE

REALLY fine places in Illinois were rare at that early day. General Silverton's place was known as "The Grange." There was a big square house, three stories in height, with a veranda the whole length of the front, its roof as high as the second story of the house, and supported by great pillars, like Washington's mansion at Mt. Vernon. The third story was really a high attic, with sloping roof and dormer windows, and was used as a ball-room. There were massive front doors of oak, which opened into a hall twenty feet wide, with a broad stairway at the farther end, ascending by easy steps to the second floor. On one side of the hall was a great fireplace; and along the other side, against the wall, were placed sofas and lounges. The hall was hung around with heads of buffalo, elk, and deer, and suspended from their antlers were the rifles and other accoutrements of the hunter, suggesting how they had been obtained. On the floor were skins of animals, with some rugs of foreign manufacture. The drawing-rooms and parlors on either side, tastefully and substantially furnished, showed that it was a home of comfort; while the dining-room, back of the hall and running clear across the house, showed that it was also a home of abundance. This banqueting hall was finished and wainscotted in walnut. I was told that the woodwork in the house had been prepared and finished in New Orleans, and that workmen came with it up the river to put it in place.

The house was located upon a level plateau fronting to the north; but west of it the ground sloped down toward the river. Stately trees, that had sheltered the Indian hunter not so long before, spread their great branches over the lawn, giving the place a picturesque appearance.

I had only time to make these observations, and to seat myself upon a sofa in the hall, when Mrs. Silverton and Rose came down the stairway. Mrs. Silverton greeted me cordially, as did also Rose; but I noticed the latter was not quite so cordial as when I had last seen her in Chicago. The freedom and artlessness of childhood were giving way to the timidity and shyness of young maidenhood. But she seemed to me more bewitchingly beautiful than ever before.

Mrs. Silverton asked me about my father and mother, about my home, and about my journey; to which I answered as best I could, but I fear I was looking all the while at Rose. She spoke of General Silverton visiting at our house, and of his speaking very kindly of me and asking me to visit them. I was about to reply, and had the name of Mr. Browning upon my lips as having accompanied the General, when she proceeded to say that the General frequently went away to look after his stock, or sometimes on political missions and to renew acquaintances; and in this way he happened to meet Mr. Browning, and they drove together to Galesburg, taking me with them. There was enough in this statement to satisfy me that I had better not go into details about the visit to our house and our trip to Galesburg.

Afternoon tea was served on a low table in the hall, at which Miss Edwards, a young lady from Springfield, joined us. She was not a relative of the family, but a very close friend, and knew all the gossip of the State Capital. She had come part of the way upon a new railroad, the first in Illinois, which ran down to Meridosia on the Illinois River; and she gave us an interesting account of the trip. When she was all ready to leave the house, she said, she found that through some mistake or negligence her trunk had not been taken, and she would have missed the train had not a tall lean man just then come along, and learning what the trouble was picked up the trunk and lifted it upon his shoulder and started "across-lots" for the station, which they reached in time for the train, but not in time for her to thank him. It was Mr. Lincoln,

the lawyer, whose wife was Miss Edwards's aunt. When the conductor came along she asked him if he knew Mr. Lincoln, and he said, "Oh, yes, everybody knows Abe Lincoln."

I told them that I had seen the same man in Galesburg, and of how droll he was. "Yes," said Miss Edwards, "I know that no one can tell such funny stories as he can. Aunt Mary [Mrs. Lincoln] comes often to our house, but he comes very seldom, and when he does come he keeps us all laughing; but Aunt Mary does not like his drollery at all."

Tea was served by a colored woman, a little past middle age, wearing a neat calico dress of many colors, with a clean white apron, and upon her head she wore a red bandana handkerchief folded like a turban. I noticed that she called Mrs. Silverton "Missus," the young lady "Miss," and Rose "Honey." Rose and I said very little to each other. After tea, Mrs. Silverton suggested that Rose take me out and show me about the place, and she directed "Aunty," the colored woman, to accompany us. It then dawned upon me that this was the "Aunty" of whom Rose had told me on the steamboat.

We first went to the negro quarters, called usually "nigger quarters," where the colored help lived. There were but few of them, the General having kept only those most attached to the family. Savory meats were boiling in the pot swung from the crane over the great fireplace, and a woman was covering the "dutch oven," filled with the cornmeal mixture, with hot ashes and coals. A young girl was stripping the husks from green corn, which she carefully replaced and added others, doing it up very carefully in these husks, so that it would be entirely protected from the dust or ashes; and after it was prepared she carefully laid it in the hot ashes, covering it two or three inches deep, so that no live coals could get to it, and then drawing the coals over the ashes. No French cook can turn out such delicious "roastin' years" as those cooked in that way. Another woman was spinning with a great wheel, and the spindle hummed and buzzed as she moved forward and backward at her work. Everybody seemed very happy and very busy. "Aunty" was a kind of queen among the colored folks, giving orders and admonitions and commendations; and they all seemed to worship "Miss Rose." We visited the spring-house, where the milk and butter

were kept; peeped in at the smoke-house, where we saw hams and bacon and tongues hung up over a smouldering fire of corn-cobs. Then we went to the poultry yard, the duck-pond, looked at the bee-hives from a safe distance, and went into the horse-barn, where Rose showed me her riding-mare in a box-stall. As we came out of the stall, we saw in a small lot surrounded by a rail fence ten or twelve feet high a fine buck with great branching antlers, which Rose told me was the same she had had as a pet when it was a little fawn, and whose life "Aunty" had saved. It was now unsafe for a strong man to be where it could attack him. We were shown the families of "little piggies"—Berkshires, which were then in high favor in that region.

Scarcely anything interested me more than Taurus, the great bull, who had been a voyager with us around the lakes. He was confined in a pasture of several acres, through which ran a stream of water. In the distance we could see the beautiful cows and calves making up General Silverton's herd of short-horns.

I was surprised to find so great a change in Rose. She was not quite a young lady, but I could see that she was no longer a child. She told of the incidents of her life on the farm, of the visitors they had entertained, of their journeys and the people they had seen, in all of which I was much interested, as the names of quite a number were familiar to me. I inquired about Hobbs, and why he was no longer with them. She said that when her father came home from his visit to us he seemed much displeased with him, and could hardly bear to see him about; he would not permit him to be in the house, but told him he must stay with the stock, where his business was. I learned that Hobbs laid all his misfortunes to me, and said that I had turned General Silverton against him. Then Rose told me that Dwight Earle had been there, much improved and prosperous in appearance; that he had given Hobbs work of some sort, she did n't know what, but her father said it was a mean sort of business, just suited to Hobbs, and that he was glad to be rid of him. She said her father had been in much better spirits since his last visit to the East the previous summer, and that he had again taken an interest in politics and everything as before. Just now, she said, he was away with Senator Douglas making stump-speeches, and they were expected home the next day.

"Do you like Senator Douglas?" I asked.

"I used to," she replied, "but I shall never like him any more. Do people call you an Abolitionist now?" she added.

"There is nobody who wants to injure me where I live, and they do not care what my views are. The fact is, I have modified my views quite a little."

"How?" said she, laying her little hand upon my arm. "Sit down here on the veranda, and tell me." I felt a tremor in the pressure of her hand, which almost sent a shiver through me. I remembered how shamelessly and cruelly, on the lake steamer, Dwight Earle and Hobbs had denounced my father and me as Abolitionists, and the effect it had produced upon Rose. I was anxious to please her, and I thought that by giving her a candid statement of what had been passing through my mind she would be satisfied.

"You see, Rose," I proceeded, not without some misgivings, "this question has become a very serious one. I would like to see the slaves all free; but I cannot free them. If we try to free them in the South, as my father and all the Abolitionists would like to do, there is danger that it will break up the Union—that there will be war. So I have thought that perhaps it might be better to go with the more conservative anti-slavery sentiment, and announce that there will be no interference with slavery in the States where it exists, but that it will not be permitted to go any farther; that there shall be no more slave territory, and so by confining it to its present limits it must eventually die out."

"Please don't say any more! please don't say any more!" she pleaded, as her voice trembled and her eyes filled with tears. "Let me go; you must dress for dinner," she said; "it will be at six o'clock, and Mamma expects everybody to be prompt."

"Yes, but Rose," I said, "I had only just begun to tell you."

"I cannot hear any more now," she answered, and abruptly left me.

I was distressed beyond measure. How could she have been so moved by the simple statement I had made! I hastened to my room and dressed myself in my Sunday suit (I no longer wore roundabouts and knickerbockers), with the clean linen my mother had packed for me, and sat down to think. How could this young girl, who only three years before I had known as a mere

child, understand the weighty issues which I had tried to present to her? And why should she have been so moved by my words?

I went down to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Silverton and Miss Edwards were already waiting, and Rose soon joined us. There were no other guests, and the dinner was very quiet. Miss Edwards continued her account of her journey, telling us what a wonderful thing the railroad was and how fast the cars went — some of the time fifteen miles an hour! She told of the fright they all had when one of the rails — light strips of iron called strap-rails — got loose, and the end bent up and was thrust through the car floor and came near striking a lady passenger who sat near. This was a not uncommon form of accident in those early days of railroading, — so common, in fact, that the rail-ends that were pushed up through the car-floor were called "snake-heads" by the railroad people. Another incident was that at one place they had to wait for sufficient wood to be sawed to replenish the fire of the locomotive.

The dinner was served by Thomas, a tall young colored boy of sixteen or seventeen, who wore a white coat and gloves. I afterwards learned that he was "Aunty's" son; and that his father, Joshua, Aunty's husband, the man who had met me at the landing, was a licensed exhorter in the Methodist church, and was to preach in the schoolhouse that very evening. I had never attended a religious meeting of colored people, and Miss Edwards proposed that we go. Accordingly, Miss Edwards, Rose, and I, with Aunty and Thomas, walked down to the schoolhouse together. The congregation had already assembled, and as we approached we heard them singing:

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone;
I belong to the band, hallelujah!
He who I fixed my hopes upon,
I belong to the band, Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
I belong to the band, Hallelujah!"

We went in, as we thought, unobserved, and seated ourselves on a bench near the door. A venerable colored man led in prayer, for which all kneeled. He had a powerful sympathetic voice, and as he proceeded exclamations came from every part of

the house. As his voice rose, the responses became more loud and frequent, with such exclamations as, "Bress de Lor'! T'ank de Lor'! Lor' save us!" Miss Edwards could hardly restrain herself from laughter; but to me, as that deep voice led, growing in strength and fervor until at last the whole congregation broke out into shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!" it was very impressive, and Rose seemed to be affected as I was. After the prayer and another hymn, a colored man arose and stated that he noticed that "some white folks has come in since de sassers wuz passed," whereupon the preacher said, "Pass de sassers agin!" and we each added something to the contribution. Then we went home, and with music and songs and pleasant talk ended what had been for me a very happy day.

I slept but little that night. I asked myself over and over again how Rose could have been so moved by hearing that I had changed my views regarding slavery. Finally a thought came to me that made me spring up in bed,—the thought that she might have heard something of the sad story of the poor fugitive; and I tried to fathom the mystery of how she had heard it. In reality, as I found afterwards, she knew nothing whatever of the matter; but the thought that she might know it, and that this might be the cause of the strange emotion she had shown, was one I could not shake off. It was daylight before I closed my eyes in sleep, and I slept late in the morning. They had no special breakfast hour, as we had in our humble home; so it was quite proper for me to come down late if I wished.

After breakfast, I found Rose seated in the library, reading. Our conversation began upon the incidents of the previous evening. Presently she said: "You don't seem to be so devoted to the colored folks as when we first met. I don't believe I like you quite as well for it. I thought you were more steadfast. I had thought you would never give up your principles, even for me; that you would grow up and go to Congress, and fight for those poor people; but you are like all the rest! And I do like you so! and I want to like you more; and I wanted to see you and tell you how much I liked you. But now, now, now,—" and she started, sobbing, to leave the room.

"Rose, Rose, Rose!" I called. She came back and said, "I

do n't want to be cross with you. It was good of you to come and visit us, and I have looked forward to it so long, and I thought you would help me. I have been reading such a wonderful book. It 's only a story, but I know it 's all true, that just such things as it tells about are going on all the time."

"What is the book?" I asked. She picked up a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," open at the end of the chapter which tells of the brutal murder of Uncle Tom, and of his Christian fortitude and heroic death.

To say that I was dumbfounded scarcely expresses my surprise and astonishment. To find this girl, whom I had regarded almost as a child, and whom I was so desirous of pleasing, so moved and so changed, and upbraiding me for the things I thought she would commend me for, was more than I could understand, and almost more than I could bear.

"If you would read that book," she said, "you would never again speak as you did yesterday. You would be proud to be called an Abolitionist."

"I have read it," I said; and I explained how the story had come to us on the farm, printed in an anti-slavery newspaper, and how eagerly we had devoured it.

She replied by asking, "Do n't you believe what the story says?"

"I am so surprised at your feelings, and at what you have said, that I think we had better not discuss the question further now," I replied. "But really," I continued, "I think about as you do, Rose, and I want to do just about what you want to. The question is, how to bring it about. But let us talk about that some other time."

Then I asked her if she knew when her father would be at home.

"Mamma had a letter from him this morning," she replied. "He will be here by the down boat this afternoon, and — what do you think? — Judge Douglas is coming with him!"

"Will he come to your house?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied; "he always stays with us."

After luncheon I strolled about the place. I saw the blooded cattle, which were still in charge of the man who had cared for

them on the voyage around the lakes and had helped drive them across the country. I asked him about Hobbs, and he said that Hobbs had got too big for his business, and the General "got shet of him." The man showed me the young stock, yearlings and calves, beside their mothers, the cows with which I was familiar. I also saw Taurus the bull, in his pasture.

I was not so much interested, however, as I supposed I would be. I was all the while thinking of Rose, and the wonderful transformation in her; and I wandered away in reverie, from which I was awakened by the hoarse whistle of the steamer descending the river, and by Josh rattling by in the carriage in order to be at the levee when the boat should land. I was pleased with the prospect of again seeing General Silverton, but would gladly have run away from Senator Douglas. I had not forgotten that he had much to do with arousing the prejudice against anti-slavery people, from which I had suffered so much.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LITTLE GIANT

I WANDERED so far from the house that it was near six o'clock, the dinner-hour, when I returned. The gentlemen had already arrived, and were seated on the veranda. General Silverton greeted me cordially, and presented me to the Senator as a young gentleman who had been a fellow-passenger with him on the trip around the lakes. The Senator arose and extended his hand to me. I had never before been in the presence of so distinguished a man. I had never before shaken hands with a Senator of the United States, and, as might be supposed, I felt not a little embarrassed; but he was so kind and so hearty in his greeting, that this feeling soon passed away. Of course he asked me where I was from, and when I told him, he replied, "I grew up in Canandaigua, in Western New York, not far from your place, and I am always interested in anyone who comes from that region."

He went on to give an interesting account of his young days, of the school and academy he attended, of his study of the law, and many other things. I had never heard so impressive a voice, so

deep and sympathetic. He had a sort of confiding way, as much as to say, "I am going to tell *you*,—I feel that I can trust myself to say to *you*," as though *you* were the one person in whom he could confide.

I was surprised, when Senator Douglas arose, to find myself considerably taller than he. He was only five feet four, and was well called "The Little Giant." I was also astonished to find he had so good, I may say so elegant, a figure. There was a little tendency to corpulency, which grew upon him in after years; but I had never seen so massive a head, such lustrous eyes, such a magnificent forehead crowned with luxuriant brown hair, and such a resolute but kindly expression of the mouth. He was as perfectly formed as Webster, and had he been as large in stature he would have appeared even more majestic. There was in the expression of his face and his bearing, as someone had truly said, "a suggestion of the Infinite."

We had time for but few formalities and observations, when dinner was announced. The Senator took out Mrs. Silverton, the General Miss Edwards, while Rose took my arm and led me out, for I was so dazed I would hardly have known how to go otherwise. The distinguished guest was very courteous to the ladies, asking Mrs. Silverton if she liked being back in her own country after her sojourn in Europe.

"Yes," she replied, "I love my own country better than any other; but, Senator, there is much to be seen abroad, and when my health permitted I enjoyed it."

"Europe is interesting, as the land of our fathers," he replied. "But, Madam, it is antiquated, decrepit, tottering on the verge of dissolution. As I saw it, the objects that enlisted the highest admiration were the relics of past greatness, the broken columns erected to departed power. It is one vast graveyard, where you find here a tomb indicating the burial of the arts, there a monument marking the spot where liberty expired, another erected to the memory of a great man whose place has never been filled. The choicest product of that classic soil consists in relics, sad memorials of departed glory and fallen greatness; but they inspire no hope for the living,—while here everything is fresh, blooming, ever advancing and expanding."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Silverton. "But there is a charm about it all, and I like it. I enjoyed every hour of it."

"Ladies who go abroad are always captivated," he replied; "and I do not wonder at it. If one had nothing to do but to sit down and amuse himself, Europe would be tolerable; but for a man who is ambitious to do something, to achieve something, to build for the future, ours is the favored land. Perhaps I am too much wrapped up in my own country, but I would rather take part in building up States than in contemplating those that have fallen. I hope you had a pleasant journey from Springfield, Miss Edwards," said the Senator, turning suddenly to that young lady.

"Yes, sir," she replied; "it was so fine to come part way on a real railroad."

"It will not be the last railway you will ride over in Illinois," said the Senator.

"Tell them," said the General, "about the great railway to be built of which you are the projector and I may say the father."

"I did something to get the bill through Congress," said the Senator. "In fact, I may say that I had nearly the whole burden of its passage upon me; but Judge Sidney Breese was the projector of the Illinois Central Railway."

"Everybody knows, however," said the General, "that but for you the bill would never have had any chance of going through Congress."

"I am very proud of my work in that matter," replied the Senator. "I wish it could have been made to run through the whole State, so that you here in Pike County, and all the country west of the Illinois River, could have had it; but it was a great thing to have it run from Cairo north for three hundred and fifty miles, with practically two lines, one to Chicago at the northeast corner of the State, and the other to Galena at the northwest corner. The effect of this road will be to stimulate capital to build other lines to regions it does not reach; and thus you and all the rest of the State will finally get the benefit. So you liked the little Meridosia line, Miss Edwards? I think that if one is in a hurry he might better walk."

"Well, the speed is not very great," she said, and she related to him the incidents she had given us.

"Tell about your coming so near being left, and who helped you with your trunk," said Mrs. Silverton; and the young lady told about the trouble she had, and how Mr. Lincoln helped her.

"Just like him," answered the Senator. "Lincoln is as strong as an ox, and as generous as he is strong; and it would be nothing for him to carry a Saratoga trunk. I knew him when a young fellow, big and strong. I was a school-teacher in the town of Winchester, and he was a grocery-keeper in the town of Salem. He was good at telling an anecdote, he could beat any of the boys in wrestling or running a foot-race, in pitching quoits or tossing a copper, could ruin more liquor than all the boys of the town together, while the dignity and impartiality with which he presided at a horse-race or a fist-fight won the admiration of everybody present."

"I have heard of some of his queer anecdotes," said Mrs. Silverton. "Is he not a light-headed, frivolous sort of man?"

"To those who know him but little, he gives the impression that he is merely a good fellow," replied the Senator; "but I know him better than that. Anyone who may chance to be pitted against him in a debate, as I once was at Jacksonville, and as I have been at other times, will find out, as I did, that there is far more to him than a mere story-teller. He is often called a clown; but there is method in what he does."

"How is he coming out as a lawyer?" asked the General.

"That's just where Lincoln will succeed," replied the Senator. "If he continues to keep out of politics, as he is now doing, and devotes himself to law, he will get ahead of all the lawyers in Springfield. He thought, because he could run a few country precincts and get elected to the legislature, that he was a politician; but he is a mere baby in politics. To be a successful politician, one must be able to see the drift of public opinion and take advantage of it. You know he was in Congress one term since I have been in the Senate, and distinguished himself by his opposition to the Mexican War, taking the side of the enemy against his country. When he came home, he was of course retired to private life."

"Did you ever hear how Abe Lincoln came to study law?" continued the Senator. "One day some emigrants, 'movers' stopped at his grocery to get a drink. Among their effects they

had a barrel of old papers, which they decided to abandon; and left them with Abe. After they left he turned the barrel upside down, and found at the bottom a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries. He did not know who Blackstone was, nor what he wrote about; but he had no other book to read, and he began to read that one. Squire Godby, Justice of the Peace at Salem, used to tell the story of chancing to see a pair of big bare feet put up against the shady side of a woodpile near the grocery, and following the feet down he found the owner of them lying flat on his back on the ground, his only clothing his trousers, a "hickory" shirt, and suspenders, his old straw hat lying on the ground. It was Lincoln, and he had a book open on his breast, which he was devouring. Squire Godby said that he spoke to him, but Abe never took his eyes off the book; and finally Godby shouted 'Abe, what are you doing there?' 'Reading,' was the reply. 'What are you reading, Abe?' 'Law,' was the answer. Squire Godby could only exclaim, 'Great God Almighty!' and passed on. The big awkward boy was really reading Blackstone; and he has never given up reading it. He knows more Blackstone and Chitty to-day than any other lawyer in Illinois. He is in one respect the most remarkable man I ever saw. At an age when most young men are supposed to complete their education, Lincoln began his. He had not as much book education when he became of age as most schoolboys have at ten. But he began to study then, and he has been a student every day of his life since; not a student of books merely, but of men. He makes everybody he comes in contact with become his teacher. He will talk with Judge Stephen T. Logan, or John T. Stuart, about a law question, and before he gets through he will know more about it than either of them. He prepares his cases very carefully. At first he used to get one of the good lawyers to help him, and by his management and their knowledge he usually won. Now he can conduct cases himself, and wins as often as any of them."

"Then you think he will make a great lawyer, do you, Senator?" asked General Silverton.

"I can hardly say that," was the reply. "He has too much to overcome, too little general education; and yet if he could go on improving as he has done in the last ten years he would no doubt be equal as a lawyer to Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, or Reverdy Johnson."

"Do you think he will stick to the law?" was asked.

"Yes, I think he will," was the reply. "He has had enough hard lessons in politics to find out that he has not the qualities for success in that direction. Think of a man who opposed the Mexican War hoping to succeed in politics! Besides, while he is an old-line Henry Clay Whig on the tariff, he is at heart an Abolitionist. I know it. I have heard him tell about seeing a slave-auction in New Orleans, when he ran a flat-boat down there, before he got into the grocery; and he almost cried in telling it."

"Yes, but he supports the fugitive-slave law," was answered.

"He does, and he can't help it," replied the Senator. "No man can help supporting that law, if he is loyal to the constitution of his country, which especially provides for it; but there is where he and all the namby-pamby reformers are inconsistent. If you have slave property, that property must sometimes be sold, and you must have slave-auctions. No, Lincoln knows better than ever to try his hand again in politics; but John T. Stuart, and Stephen T. Logan, and even O. H. Browning and some of the Chicago lawyers, will have to look to their laurels or they may have to step aside for Abe Lincoln. If he had anything like the aptitude for politics that he has for law, some of us would be watching him very closely."

We had after-dinner coffee on the veranda. Rose and I were seated at the extreme end, where we could talk without being heard.

"What a fine talker he is!" I said.

"Yes," she said. "I have always loved to be present when Senator Douglas is here, but how could you like him to-night? I wanted to fly in his face when he said what he did about the fugitive-slave law. Think of poor Eliza, with her child in her arms, crossing the Ohio River, jumping from one cake of ice to another, and the brutes, bloodhounds and all, after her! How dreadful it is!"

"You liked, I hope, what he said about Lincoln, Rose," I said. "I have seen Mr. Lincoln and heard him talk. He is very droll, but I think he is a good man."

"I liked some of it," she said. "It shows that Mr. Lincoln has a kind heart; but he, like all the rest, is for the fugitive-slave law. If they are allowed to hunt poor fugitives with bloodhounds.

as if they were beasts, why, as the Senator said, should they not sell them at auction?"

As evening came on, quite a number of neighbors (in those days people living twenty miles apart were neighbors) came dropping in, by invitation of the General, to pay their respects to Senator Douglas. The General had served, what was then and is too often yet the favorite Illinois beverage, whiskey, of which most of the guests partook. Cigars were also passed around. The callers were not all Democrats, by any means, as politics made no difference in social relations. The conversation became general, but the Senator took the lead, as he did in every social gathering where I chanced to see him. It was said of him that from childhood everybody deferred to him; that without any apparent effort on his part he led the conversation in every company.

I cannot recall all that was said on that memorable occasion, but some things so impressed me that I could never forget them. In some way the Oregon-boundary question came up. The Senator declared that to have been one of the most important matters that ever came before the American people. He explained that both Great Britain and the United States claimed all the Northwest Territory along the Pacific Ocean, north of California, as far as Alaska; that we claimed it by priority of occupancy, our hunters and fur-traders being there first, and that Great Britain made the same claim; that while the question was pending, both nations occupied the region jointly; that when the question came up for final settlement, he became satisfied that our claim as far as the parallel of fifty-four degrees and forty minutes was good. He told of the discussion of the question before the people, who declared by the election of 1844 that we were justly entitled to all that territory, and said that the Democratic party won under the banner of "fifty-four-forty or fight." He told of how he tried to influence Congress to take a firm stand upon the question, by showing that we got our Northeast boundary, between us and Canada, as we claimed, because Congress was united and took a firm stand upon the Ashburton Treaty; and that if we had been united and firm upon this Northwestern boundary, we should have had it all up to fifty-four degrees and forty minutes. But, not-

withstanding all his efforts, Congress would not stand firm, and the forty-ninth parallel was conceded to be the boundary, and a treaty was made with Great Britain to that effect. I was very much impressed by his saying, "The time will come when the American people will realize that they threw away an empire by that surrender to Great Britain." Anyone who now traverses that vast region on the Canadian Pacific Railway, visits Puget Sound, looks out upon the St. Georgian Bay, the Straits of Juan de Fuca, or lands upon Victoria Island, will realize how much of wisdom there was in that prophecy, and how much the country lost by not heeding the admonitions of Senator Douglas, and will have some proper conception of the statesmanship of the great Illinois Senator to whose appeals Congress turned a deaf ear.

The conversation drifted to the Mexican War; and the Senator was especially jubilant over its results, saying that we not only acquired the disputed territory east of the Rio Grande, but also New Mexico, Arizona, and California; and that, notwithstanding all the aggressions of Mexico, it was extremely difficult to bring Congress to the point of declaring war, even after our troops were attacked upon our own territory east of the Rio Grande. Reference was made by someone to the conspicuous part the Senator took in bringing Congress to act, and especially to his passage at arms with the venerable John Quincy Adams.

"That was a little cruel, I admit," replied the Senator; "but I could not help it. You see, the whole question turned upon what really was the western boundary of Texas, — whether it was the Nueces River as the Mexicans claimed, or the Rio Grande. The opponents of the Mexican War, led by Mr. Adams, were willing to concede to Mexico the country west of the Nueces River, between that river and the Rio Grande; while we insisted upon the Rio Grande as our western boundary. Mr. Adams was positive that the claim of his partisans was correct, and that Texas only extended to the Nueces. After he had very definitely committed himself to this view of the matter, I politely called his attention to what I designated as a masterly despatch, written in 1819 by one whose learning and accuracy he would not question, our Secretary of State, to Don Onis the Spanish Minister, which proved that the Rio Grande del Norte was the western boundary

of Louisiana, and was so considered by both Spain and France when they owned the opposite banks of that river. Texas was at that time a province of Louisiana; and so it was proved that the western boundary of Texas was the Rio Grande del Norte, and the Secretary claimed that by our purchase our title was as good to the Rio Grande del Norte as to New Orleans. Mr. Adams had himself prepared that despatch, when Secretary of State in President Monroe's Cabinet. He had served his country faithfully and ably during all his long life, and had been President since that despatch was written; and it had no doubt passed out of his mind. His reply to me was, 'I tried to make out the best case I could for my own country, as it was my duty to do,' and tried to explain that he did not mean the whole length of the Rio Grande del Norte, etc. Mr. Adams's despatch at that time was a very learned and voluminous document, illustrated by old maps, many records, histories, and geographies, in Spanish, English, and French. Scarcely any other work of 'the grand old man' gives a better illustration of his profound learning and extensive research. In the course of the controversy, he taunted me with the course of my party on the Oregon question, which he referred to as 'fifty-four-forty or fight.' I did not attempt to excuse the Democratic party, but told him how I stood upon the question, and that I was still ready to fight if necessary; but I turned the question upon him by asking him to apply to Texas another of his own great statesman-like utterances — that made during the debate upon the Oregon boundary question, when Mr. Adams had declared that he was for adopting the plan of Frederick the Great in regard to Silesia — 'take possession first and negotiate afterwards.'"

Among other matters spoken of was the famous Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which Mr. Douglas had fought in the Senate with all his might. He called it "going into partnership with Great Britain in regard to a matter on this hemisphere," and conceding that she had equal rights with us in regard to Nicaragua. He said it was a complete surrender of the Monroe Doctrine; that we should have conceded no right to England in this matter; that we should never have entered into a treaty with England agreeing that neither government "should ever buy, annex, colonize, or acquire any portion of Central America." Senator

Douglas added that a veteran member of the Senate had said to him that Central America is so far off that we should never want it; to which he had replied, "Yes, it *is* a good way off,—half-way to California, and on the direct road to it." The Senator went on to say that he had dined with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton while the treaty was being negotiated, and that Sir Edward had called him to account for so violently opposing it. He said that the treaty was "fair because it was reciprocal; it pledged that neither Great Britain nor the United States should ever purchase, colonize, or acquire any territory in Central America." The Senator told him that they should add that "neither should acquire or hold dominion over Central America or Asia." Sir Edward answered, "You have no interest in Asia"; to which the Senator replied, "And you have none in Central America." Sir Edward rejoined, "But you can never establish any rights in Asia"; to which the Senator retorted, "And we don't mean that you shall ever establish any in Central America."

"The day will come," continued the Senator, "when that Clayton-Bulwer Treaty will be a great annoyance to our country, and when Great Britain will have to modify that treaty or fight. The day will come when the American people will have their own highway through the Isthmus to the Pacific Ocean." *

Prejudiced as I had been against Senator Douglas, I listened with breathless interest to what he said, as he sat there puffing away at his cigar. I could then understand why such multitudes followed him. I had had vague ideas as to the great measures with which he had been connected, but I never before had any proper conception of his broad and statesmanlike views.

As the conversation continued, someone asked why it was that in every instance, except the war with Mexico, we had yielded. "Because we ourselves were not united," he replied. "We might as well as not have had all that Northwest Territory, clear up to Alaska, if we had been united. We might have had the exclusive right to build a railway or a canal across the Isthmus, if we had

* This Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was for half a century a stumbling-block in the way of the United States, making it impracticable for us to build and control a canal across the Isthmus. It was finally modified through the statesmanship of an Illinois man, John Hay, Secretary of State, by the treaty of December, 1901, known as the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

been united. Nicaraugua offered it to us; Mr. Hise, our *Charge d'affaires* to the Central American States under President Polk, negotiated a treaty with Nicaraugua, giving us that right; but Great Britain stepped in, and it was put aside, and we made the unwise Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The reasons why we have not been united," he continued, "is because of the constant and growing jealousy between the North and the South. Empires have been given away because of the greed of the slaveholders of the South and the fanaticism of the North. Because of a few millions of negroes, we are always antagonizing each other in Congress, when we ought to be united in patriotic efforts to extend the domain and influence of our country. The Abolitionists, most of them still calling themselves Whigs, opposed the Mexican War; and if the Mexicans had not fired upon our flag, they would have succeeded, and we would not have had California, New Mexico, and Arizona. It was this same eternal question of slavery in Congress that kept us from being united on the Oregon controversy, and from acquiring all that northwest boundary. The Abolitionists did not want to acquire any more territory to the southwest, for fear it would become slave territory and give the slave States control; and the South was unwilling to acquire territory to the northwest because it would add free States and give the North control. I have a plan," pursued the Senator, "by which this eternal 'nigger question' can be taken out of Congress and relegated to the people themselves. Let them fight it out in the Territories, and if they want slavery there let them have it; if they don't want it, let them keep it out. Leave it to the people of the Territories."

"But," someone urged, "they cannot have slavery north of the Missouri Compromise line."

"Why should they not," asked the Senator, "if they want it?"

"Because it is forever prohibited north of that line."

"Then let us abrogate the Missouri Compromise line," said the Senator.

"We cannot do that," was the reply. "It was a solemn compact between the North and the South, made in 1820 as a condition of the admission of Missouri as a slave State, that there should never be slavery north of the parallel of thirty-six degrees

thirty minutes. You yourself once said, Senator, that the Missouri Compromise line was 'canonized in the hearts of the American people,' and you wanted to extend it to the Pacific Ocean.'

"I did once say something of that kind," replied the Senator; "but now I am extremely desirous of having the question taken out of Congress and left to the people."

A young man, whom I afterwards learned was O. M. Hatch, exclaimed with great earnestness, "Senator, if a serious attempt be made to break down that sacred bulwark against slavery, it will create such a commotion in this country as has never been known before. One might as well try to break down the Constitution of the United States."

"Gentlemen, let us all have a drink!" suggested the General; and in a generous potation politics dropped out of sight. There was a general exchange of social amenities, and soon the guests withdrew, after bidding the Senator and all of us good-night.

A little later, Rose said to me, "There is someone in the kitchen who wants to see you." I followed her there, and found Hobbs. "I wanted ter see yer," said the monster. "I wanted ter tell yer I had nothin' ag'in yer. I 'lowed it wa'n't jes' right fer yer to joggle me an' keep me from wingin' thet nigger. Yer reckoned I was goin' to kill him; but I wa'n't sich a idiot as thet. I knowed ef I killed him, his carcase wuddent been wuth a picayune; but alive, I'd been a thousand dollars ahead. I kin hamstring a deer every time; an' I'd only lamed him, ef yer'd let me be; an' now you yerself hev been the means o' killin' him.'

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"Why," he said, "he's dead — dead as a mack'rel."

"Dead?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," said he. "He's never been heard of sence. I've hed thet man Davis huntin' him. He must hev got down in the Illinois River swamps an' shook hisself to death with ager, er starved. But I don't lay nothin' up ag'in yer!"

"How did you know," I asked, "that this young man was a runaway slave?"

"I knowed by the welt on his forrid; I knowed it was freshmade by a cat-o-nine-tails. One lick struck him there; yer kin allers tell."

"Do you ever have the milk-sickness now, Hobbs?" I asked.

"Never hed it sence I was sailin' on thet boat; but they all hev it roun' in the other counties. I 'm workin' now fer thet feller Dwight Earle. He 's well heeled a'ready; but he ain 't gen'rous, like the Gen'ral, though he 's a good squar hull-hog Demercrat. I wish he 'd a ben hyer to-night an' heerd the Jedge talk."

"Did you hear him, Hobbs?" I asked.

"Yes, I was a-leanin' ag'in the fence. Ef Dwight Earle 'd only ben hyer, he 'd jes' hollered. He 'll be hyer to-morrer. Yer 'll see him,— he 'll come right hyer to this house. They do n't like nobody here like they do him."

"Well, good-night, Hobbs," I said.

"Good-night," he responded, and I started to withdraw. "Oh, say, hello!" he called; and I turned about. "I want to ax yer to say a good word fer me to the Gen'ral. Ef yer 'd only jes' say to him, 'Hobbs is squar, Hobbs is true-blue, Hobbs 'll stay by yer, Hobbs understan's cattle, Hobbs knows the diff'rence atween a short-horn and a Texas steer, Hobbs is a Demercrat,'"—

"Hobbs," I replied, "I don't think that what I say to the General will do any good."

"It will, it will!" he cried, with his great arms outstretched toward me. I could not help laughing at the great booby.

"Larf, will yer! Larf!" he exclaimed. "I 'll make yer larf out o' the other side o' yer d—d mouth!" And he bolted out of the door, and I went to my room.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE NURSERY OF GREAT MEN

THE Senator as I learned when I came down in the morning, had arisen early and started off to go over the place with Hobbs, who was a great favorite with him. Before long they returned together; and it was curious to see how cordial, though at the same time dignified, the Senator was in his relations with that uncouth man. Upon seeing them together, I could understand why Hobbs was so devoted to him. It was his way of being friendly and confidential with everyone.

The carriage soon came around to take the Senator to the boat, to proceed down the river. The General accompanied him, but was to return after seeing him on board. As the Senator bade us good-bye, he invited us all to visit him at Washington.

A ride on horseback was proposed, and Miss Edwards and Rose and I were soon cantering over the prairie, with Tom the colored boy as an attendant, and Slice following with a pack of grayhounds. As there were some purchases to be made, it was decided that we ride to Pittsfield, the county seat of Pike County, where Colonel Ross and other prominent men then lived.

Who that has grown up in Illinois, as perhaps in others of our great States, has not been impressed with the possibilities of influence that may be exerted from some little town or community? In no country of the earth is it possible for rural retreats to develop such strong and able men as ours. In the great mercantile and manufacturing centres, in the marts of trade or the stock-exchange, in the professions or in public life, it will be found that ninety per cent of the leading men have grown up on the farm or in these rural communities. I did not know this, of course, at that early age; but I have since realized that it is true, and whenever I see a bright young man, however poor or however limited in opportunities, I picture his possibilities of attainment. I have come to regard every young man I meet as a sort of potential hero who may some day rule the State. A striking illustration of this is afforded by the little community of which I have just been speaking. An old court record recently discovered at Pittsfield shows that in a case tried there in the circuit court, involving only about fifty dollars, eight lawyers were engaged,— Stephen A. Douglas, O. H. Browning, Richard Yates, E. D. Baker, James A. McDougall, Wm. A. Richardson, D. B. Bush, and Wm. R. Archer,— of whom six afterwards became U. S. Senators: Douglas, Browning, Yates, and Richardson, from Illinois, Baker from Oregon, and McDougall from California.

There were few people in town when we arrived. Colonel Ross observed us, and was the first to greet us. He asked us to the noon dinner at his house, and suggested that the young ladies ride directly there, while I remained down-town to go home with him. Presently Mr. Hatch, whom I recognized, came across the

street, bringing with him a plain young man, whom I found was Mr. Nicolay, the editor of the local paper, "The Pike County Free Press." The inevitable "Where are you from?" followed; and when everybody's curiosity was satisfied on this point, Mr. Hatch spoke of the evening he had spent with the Senator. "It was a most interesting evening," he said. "There is no abler man in public life than Senator Douglas; but some of us do not agree with his views."

"There are many Douglas men in this county, are there not?" I ventured to ask.

"Yes," he said, "they are in the majority, but we are gaining on them. You Democrats will have to look to your laurels."

"I am not a Democrat," I replied.

"Then you are a Whig, I suppose," said Mr. Hatch.

"No," I said; "I am a Free Soiler."

"Hello, Milt!" exclaimed Mr. Hatch, to a smiling, stalwart man, who was passing. The gentleman stopped, and after greeting us inquired, "Where is John?"

"He is up in my office," answered the editor.

"What is John doing up there?"

"Why," said the editor, "I was telling him of our call on Senator Douglas last night, and what was said, and he thought he would like to try his hand at an editorial on Douglas, so I told him to go ahead and see what he could do."

"John is bright," answered the man, "but *he* can't write an editorial. He's only a boy!"

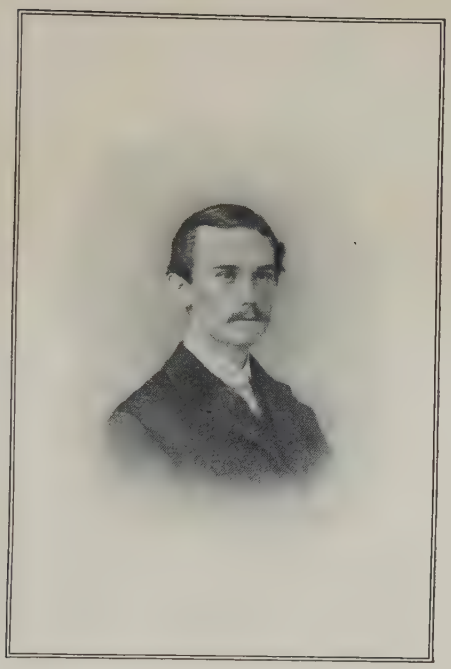
"Who is this boy?" I asked.

"Oh, he is my nephew, come down from Warsaw to visit us."

I was struck with the appearance of this man. He had a Websterian forehead, florid complexion, and a round cheery face. He had, dancing about on his lips, a small round quid of tobacco, about the size of a pea, which he was always rolling from side to side of his mouth. I saw him afterwards quite frequently for many years; and he was always smiling and rolling what seemed to be that same little quid of tobacco.

"Who is that man?" I asked, as he passed on.

"That is Milt Hay," was the reply; "Milt Hay, the best lawyer in this county. He is going to move to Springfield."



AT TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.

"Ase!" called Colonel Ross, "come over here! And you too, Charley!"

Two young men crossed over to us. "This is Mr. Ase Mathews, and this Mr. Charley Philbrick," said the Colonel, introducing them. "When did you come over, Charley?"

"This morning, sir," answered the young man.

"Yes," added Ase, "he drove over in his old milk-cart from Griggsville."

"Would you like to go up to my office?" asked the editor, who had so far proved himself a good listener,—a great accomplishment for a young man. "John is there."

The Colonel excused himself, telling me to come into his store in an hour, to go to dinner with him; and he and Mr. Hatch walked away together. I entered the printing-office with Mr. Nicolay. It was the usual sort of "country office" of those days. There was the hand printing-press on which I afterwards worked, the composing-stone with forms partly made up, half-open drawers of "job type," composing-cases, ink-rollers, paste-pots, etc., and a man and a boy to do the type-setting and other work. Upon the walls were hung hand-bills illustrated with portraits of various animals of distinguished pedigree, as samples of the job-work done by the office.

A bright, rosy-faced, boyish-looking young man arose and greeted us. I had never seen a young man or boy who charmed me as he did when he looked at me with his mischievous hazel eyes from under a wealth of dark brown hair. He was, for those days, elegantly dressed,—better than any of us; so neatly, indeed, that he would, since that word has been coined, have been set down as a "dude" at sight.

"How do you get on?" asked the editor.

"I have it finished," he replied.

"Read it to us," said Ase; "some of your Pike County ballads, or other nonsense, I reckon." We all joined in urging him to read what he had written, and he did so. I can give only the substance of the editorial from memory, but doubt whether its author ever wrote a better one when afterward editing the "New York Tribune." I recall that he did full justice to the abilities and sterling qualities of Senator Douglas as a statesman, but

argued that his extraordinary abilities and public services had given him such a hold upon the people, especially in Illinois, that his present views and tendencies made him one of the most dangerous men in public life; that he was so ambitious to be President that he was ready to follow the South to any extreme in the interest of slavery; that his course in regard to the Mexican War and the Compromise Measures of 1850, especially his advocacy of the fugitive-slave bill, showed him to be the willing tool of the slave-power, with the hope of securing the vote of the South for the Presidency; that he was undoubtedly ready to break down the Missouri Compromise line, the last barrier against slavery; and the editorial warned the Senator that if he attempted such a thing as this, not only Whigs but Democrats would band themselves together to overwhelm him.

"Bravo!" we all cried; but Mr. Nicolay, the editor, while commending the production, expressed some misgivings as to whether it was not a little too radical to be printed just at that time.

"Throw it into the waste-basket, then," said John.

"No," said the editor, "I want to look it over and consider it." The article appeared in the "Pike County Free Press" as written, and was copied and generally commented upon throughout the State.

I little thought that the young man then before me would some day be our Ambassador to England, and occupy the first positon in the cabinet of his government. The young man was John Hay, and his subsequent history is known to all.

John Hay was not the only one of the party of young men assembled in that little printing-office who became distinguished in after life. John G. Nicolay, the editor, became the Secretary and confidential adviser of the President of the United States at a time of great public peril, and also took high rank in literature. Another, A. C. Mathews, entered the army in the Civil War and did good service, was afterwards a judge on the bench, and became First Comptroller of the Treasury at Washington. Still another, Charles Philbrick, a man of singularly sweet and gentle nature, became Assistant Secretary of State at Springfield, and afterwards was for a short time an Assistant Secretary to the President of the United States.

At Colonel Ross's store I found Mr. Hatch and his brother Reuben, whom I afterwards knew for many years, and Mr. Gilmer, then called "Dick." Mr. Gilmer was a strong, brave man, who became a colonel in the Union army and was killed in battle. Mr. O. M. Hatch was afterwards Secretary of State of Illinois, and was a man of great influence. Mr. Milton Hay removed to Springfield, and finally became the leading lawyer of the State outside of Chicago.

Colonel Ross's house, in the east side of town, was as commodious as that of General Silverton. It was a place of generous hospitality while he lived, and for many years after he died. His daughter married Judge Mathews, who had been a member of our little party at the printing-office, and the place became and still remains their home.

After dinner, several young people came in, and we passed the time rambling about the grounds. Golf, croquet, and tennis, had never been heard of in Illinois in those days; but we could be happy without them. There was as much vivacity as now, — even more; for these later games, as they came in fashion, have brought with them a certain degree of restraint which we did not feel. Rambling through orchards of apple and peach, playing at "Ring around the rosey," "Drop the handkerchief," and "Blind man's buff," and such simple amusements, were enough for us.

CHAPTER XXXI.

UNDESIRABLE ACQUAINTANCES

WHEN we reached "The Grange," on our return, we found General Silverton seated on the veranda; and with him was Dwight Earle. I do not remember ever to have seen such a change in any young man. In place of the raw, almost uncouth, boy I had known as a deck-passenger on the steamer, here was a handsome young gentleman of good address and fashionable attire, graceful and captivating in manner.

At dinner the General encouraged Dwight to talk, asking him about Chicago and his acquaintances there. He proved to be remarkably entertaining,— well informed about business,

politics, and matters of general public interest. He knew many prominent men in Chicago and throughout the State, — at least he pretended to know them. Liking him as little as I did, I could not but be interested in his clever talk. He was very courteous to me, but it was with a sort of patronizing manner that made me feel ill at ease, and caused me to distrust him. I could not help realizing how little I knew of the great world as compared with him.

The next morning, while Dwight and the ladies were seated on the veranda, General Silverton called me into his study. As soon as I was seated, he asked me if I had sent Miss Rose a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He added that it came to her by mail when he was away; the wrapper was torn off and destroyed, and no one had thought to look at the post-mark.

I was considerably taken aback by the question, but replied that I had not sent the book, — that Miss Rose had shown it to me, and I was as much surprised as he when I saw she had it. He said that she had been much affected by it, as hers was a very impressionable nature. He went on to say that he was aware the book expressed in an intense degree the sentiments of my father, and perhaps also of myself; yet he could hardly believe I had sent it without his knowledge.

I told him that I had never seen a copy of the story in book form until Miss Rose showed me hers, although I had read the story in "The National Era," our anti-slavery paper, as it came out from week to week. He said that he had read the book, and had been very much impressed by it; but that, powerfully written as it was, and true in many ways, it was doing a great deal of harm. "You will not agree with me in this," he said; "but we will not get into a political discussion. I confess that, looking upon the mere question of slavery, I am much moved by the story; but masters and mistresses are not all bad, as Mrs. Stowe herself concedes. That young man, for example, in whom we are so much interested, had a good home, and was as contented and happy as any young man I ever knew, until misfortune came upon my sister, who was his mistress. Even then, had I been at home he would have escaped the calamity that came upon him." He continued, that he himself abhorred slavery, and this was why he chose to locate in Illinois. "While I do not want to own slaves,"

he said, "I feel that there is too much at stake to imperil and perhaps destroy the Republic on account of the negroes that were left us by our fathers at a time when the African slave-trade and African slavery were legalized throughout the world. I know the Southern people better than it is possible for you Northern people to know them; and I am as certain as that I am sitting here, that if these aggressions from the North continue beyond the bounds of compromise, there will be Civil War, and if the South once begins war I can see no possibility of the country being united again. Then there will be real grievances, real sorrows, real causes of hatred and bitterness, which must continue for generations. The blood of the martyrs on both sides will forever cry out against conciliation and reunion. Think of it, my young friend! This Republic is the last hope of the world for freedom. If it goes down, as most monarchical countries desire, there can never be another like it. I have given you my opinion of slavery; but to me there is more importance in saving this nation and perpetuating our institutions than in at once getting rid of slavery. To continue this strife is shipwreck and ruin. It is like sinking a great ship in mid-ocean, with all the precious lives and treasures on board, in order to drown the rats in her hold."

The General spoke with much earnestness and deep feeling; and, young as I was, I did not feel like attempting a reply.

"But," he continued, "I did not ask you in here to say all this. I wanted to tell you that I have visited the young man in whom you took such an interest, and that I have arranged for his comfort and education, and shall continue to look after him. He will be provided for; he has his free papers, and no one can now harm him or return him to bondage. I want you also to know that I have had the brute who was so cruel to him on the Missouri plantation discharged, and a kind and humane man is in his place. That brute — Bill Kidder is his name — is still prowling about here; and he and Hobbs, whom I afterwards discharged, are frequently together. And this reminds me of something which you should know. Hobbs has always hated you. He is a desperate man, as is also Kidder. They would murder you if they dared; but, desperate and cruel as they are, they are both cowards. I do not know surely that I could convict them of crime, but they both

believe I have sufficient evidence in my possession to have them arraigned and tried and hanged at Pittsfield; and they are very careful not to offend me. So I think you are quite safe as my guest. Earle has Hobbs in his employ in a service of which the least said the better. I meant to tell you that they have another 'pal' upon whom I really have a string that I can pull at any time, as he is as afraid of me as he is of death. He is a half-breed Indian named Gabe Henriquez. Curiously enough, he is well educated, reads and writes, and speaks French fluently. He was reared at Natchez, where his father, who once commanded a pirate slave-ship, was hanged. Neither Hobbs nor Kidder can read a word; but Gabe is a good scholar. He works for pay, and would consider a five-dollar bill a good price for killing a man if he felt sure he would not be caught; but neither of the scoundrels would, for all of John Jacob Astor's money, attack anybody if they thought it would displease me and I would find it out. They know that I would follow them to the ends of the earth."

"But will they not some day put you out of the way, General?" I asked with a shudder.

"I have thought of all that," he replied, "and provided for it. They know that the evidence I have against them is all locked up in Mr. Browning's fire-proof vault at Quincy, and will surely be produced if anything happens to me."

From that time forward I was upon my guard for the three worthies, Hobbs, Kidder, and Gabe. I had no trouble in recognizing Kidder by the broken nose given him by the fugitive, which made his naturally ugly visage very repulsive. I surprised them that afternoon, in company with Dwight Earle. While I overheard nothing, I was sure from their manner when I approached that they were plotting against me.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FIGURES ON THE PUBLIC STAGE

THE next afternoon, as we were all seated upon the veranda, two gentlemen drove up in a top buggy. As they alighted, Dwight Earle, who recognized them, hastened out to greet them; and General Silverton soon followed. As they came up, the

General introduced them as Mr. Leonard Swett of Bloomington and Mr. William H. Herndon of Springfield. I found they were lawyers who had come to the county to attend to some legal business, and were to spend the night at the General's hospitable mansion.

Mr. Swett was a tall, dark-complexioned man, who in features and bearing reminded me of Mr. Lincoln. He was at that time a man of prominence in the State, and stood high at the bar. He knew more of the leading public men of Illinois, it seemed to me, than even Mr. Browning. From his appearance and manner, I thought he was, like most of the prominent men of Illinois, from the South; but after he had asked me the usual question, "Where are you from?" and I had replied, he volunteered the statement that he was born in the State of Maine, where he had been reared upon a farm. The other gentleman, Mr. Herndon, I learned in the course of the conversation was the law-partner of Mr. Lincoln at Springfield.

The conversation naturally turned to the future prospects of Illinois, and the fine type of men the State was likely to produce. Mr. Swett spoke of the remarkable number of men of high ability already among us, who were becoming recognized outside the State.

"Yes," exclaimed General Silverton, "who stands higher in the United States Senate, or before the country, than Stephen A. Douglas?"

"General," said Mr. Herndon, "I for one, knowing him as I do, do not set Senator Douglas down as so great a man as he is generally thought to be."

On Mr. Swett being asked regarding Mr. Lincoln's rank among the lawyers of Illinois, he replied: "If rank as a lawyer depends upon the success one has in winning cases, then Mr. Lincoln ranks as high as any man at the bar. I would rather trust a good cause in his hands, a cause where my side had a reasonably fair showing of being in the right, than in the hands of any other lawyer in Illinois; but he is the last man to trust with a cause when he has misgivings as to whether or not his client ought in justice to win. I have sometimes had him with me when I felt confident that I could have done better without

him. He has a way of conceding and admitting, and even making prominent all that is favorable to his antagonist, and thus getting the confidence and good-will of the jury, and then adroitly directing attention to the strong points in favor of his client, and thereby winning his case. But Mr. Lincoln is not a success when he happens to have a bad cause. This seldoms happens; for he is wary as to the causes he champions. He has not yet attained a position at the bar where he can choose the side he wishes to take in every cause,— that is, where both sides want him,— and he sometimes gives up the opportunity of appearing at all in a case. You are Mr. Lincoln's partner, Mr. Herndon,— give us your opinion of him as a lawyer."

"I can hardly assume," said Mr. Herndon, "although his partner, to have closer relations with Mr. Lincoln than Mr. Swett has. True, we are together, and are mutually interested in our business and in our office affairs, and I am with him at Springfield; but he is much of the time away, travelling on the circuit, and there he is with other lawyers. But he is probably more intimate with Mr. Swett than with anyone else. Did I ever tell you about our bookkeeping between ourselves? Well, we have none whatever. Whenever any fees are paid we at once divide the money, he taking his share and I mine; so we have no need of keeping accounts."

"Is Mr. Lincoln a thorough student in the office?" was asked.

"Well," said Mr. Herndon, "I doubt if he ever read a law-book, or any other kind of a book, through from beginning to end, but he studies up our cases thoroughly, and goes into court well prepared. He never forgets anything; and of course, as the cases come up, he is constantly learning more law and becoming better equipped for those that follow."

"Does he read the great authors?"

"I believe he has a fair knowledge of Shakespeare, picked up here and there from the plays. It is the same with a few other literary works of which he has any knowledge. When he first began to read at New Salem,— a big, awkward, ignorant boy,— he usually carried a book about with him, but he could only snatch here and there a moment from business or story-telling. He knows

Blackstone and Chitty better, probably, than most lawyers, as they are the foundation of legal learning; and his is a mind that must trace everything to its cause. When I came back from Niagara, overwhelmed with its grandeur, I asked Lincoln what had most impressed him when he saw it; and he replied that he was thinking all the while of where such a vast volume of water came from. He reads less and thinks more than any lawyer I know."

"Is he giving himself up entirely to the law?" was asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "I do not think he will ever return to politics. He is as ambitious as ever for political distinction, but his experience in Congress has convinced him that he had better stick to the law."

Reference being made to Mr. Lincoln's fun-loving character, Dwight Earle exclaimed: "He is a regular clown! I've seen him at Springfield with half the farmers of Sangamon County about him, telling stories and laughing so you could have heard him a mile. I could n't help laughing with them. But he is n't much of a lawyer; he can't be compared to such men as Mr. Swett here, or Stephen T. Logan, or Judge Stuart, or Mr. Lamborn, or Mr. Edwards."

Mr. Swett looked hard at Dwight, and turning to Mr. Herndon said, "I doubt if his partner will admit that!"

"Where did you learn, young man, that Mr. Lincoln is not much of a lawyer?" asked Mr. Herndon. "Did you learn it from Mr. Stuart, whose partner he was for four years? Or from Judge Logan, whose partner he was afterwards until he took me in with him? You certainly did not learn it from me!"

"This young man," said Mr. Swett, "is like a good many others in their way of estimating character. They assume that a man who is droll must necessarily be shallow. Tom Corwin, one of our biggest statesmen and stump orators, is a great wag. Recently, in a public statement, he regretted that he had ever made a pun or told a story, declaring that the public would forget all the important things with which his name was connected, and remember him only as a clown. While it is perhaps natural that Mr. Lincoln's drolleries should cause him to be set down as a clown, the fact is that he is one of the most serious and

sensitive of men. I remember a case in which I appeared against him. The case was that of Isaac Wyant, charged with murder. The defense was that Wyant was insane; and I urged it with all my power. Lincoln, however, believed the man was feigning insanity — 'possuming,' as he called it; but afterwards, becoming convinced from the man's past history that he really was insane, he was so fearful that he had done the poor man a wrong that it made him miserable. He told me he could not sleep on account of it. I never knew another man who was so sensitive. He is sometimes low-spirited and despondent for days together; yet he bears it himself, and does not afflict others with his sorrows. He is never a grumbler. When he drives up in his old crazy one-horse buggy to the little crowded tavern at the county seat and is shown to the poorest room in the house, he is never known to complain; and, on the other hand, if he happens to be the first arrival, and is assigned to the best room, he will give it up or share it with someone who is belated. I never knew another man so generous as he."

"Curious as it may seem," continued Mr. Swett, "in many of his moods Lincoln is still a boy; and I think this accounts in some degree for both his frivolity and his gloom. His nature seems to be such that he will always be, in a sense, a schoolboy; and this big, awkward, rollicking schoolboy, who amuses Judge Davis on the bench and all the members of the bar and jury, we have found to be really the most earnest student among us. He can now grapple with problems that were impossible for him when I first knew him; and he is constantly advancing. He is always a learner. If he lives to be a hundred years old, — and, with his vigor of body and mind, there is no reason why he should not, — he will always be learning, always advancing, until he reaches the summit of human attainment."

Of course I was immensely interested in all this, and in the further conversation in which Mr. Swett and Mr. Herndon entertained the company with their witty comments and descriptions of men who were coming into prominence in the State. I remember their speaking of Lyman Trumbull as a "cold-blooded Connecticut Yankee," who was a very thorough lawyer and student; of John A. McClernand as "the Grecian orator";

of David Davis as the natural presiding officer of every company, social or otherwise, in which he happened to find himself; of John M. Palmer as an "able man, but too impracticable to succeed"; of Judge John D. Caton as "a fine judge, and devoted to the game of billiards"; of Isaac N. Arnold as "a little too refined to succeed in the West." I then first heard the name of John A. Logan. He was spoken of as "a dare-devil, carousing fellow," who, through his leadership of wild and reckless young men, had become a power in "Egypt." It was said that he was going to marry one of the most beautiful and promising young ladies in Southern Illinois, Miss Mary Cunningham; and some curiosity was expressed as to whether she knew of his roystering life at Springfield.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Mr. Swett. "Don't make a mistake! Lincoln takes me sometimes, when I am at Springfield, to one of those night revels. Some of those present gamble and drink, but all do not. Lincoln, while the centre of the fun and roystering, drinks almost nothing at all, and never gambles. As you say, Logan is the leader of the young Southern Illinois boys, and as he blusters and swears most people who see and hear him think that the devil surely has a mortgage on him; but I know better. In all his carousing, he knows what he is doing. While he seems to be throwing himself away in drink and excesses, Logan always keeps his head; he lets the other fellows do the drinking, while he leads them and controls them to his liking. He is a typical Douglas-worshipping, nigger-hating, fun-loving, 'rip-roaring' Egyptian Democrat; but, like most Southern Illinois people, he is generous and brave and true, and the incarnation of patriotism. I know some of our party call him 'dirty-work Logan,' a name he got by saying that whatever work Douglas might lay out for him he was ready to perform. You know he was one of the first to volunteer in the Mexican War, and made a splendid soldier. He has been States Attorney of his District, and a member of the Legislature; and you will hear from him in Congress before very long. He knows every man worth knowing in Egypt, as I found out when trying a murder case once at McLeansboro. When 'Black Jack' Logan, as they call him, drops into any of those towns, the tavern can't hold 'the boys' who come around, and there is more good whiskey spilled than there has been at any

time since he was there before. Notwithstanding all this, he has a good religious following, and every Methodist preacher in Egypt is for him for anything he wants. Did you ever hear how he studied law? Old Tom Logan the actor,—father of Eliza Logan the actress, and of Olive Logan,—was running a theatre in Louisville. He is a cousin of John's father,—who, by the way, was a native-born Irishman, and a physician. His mother was a Tennessee woman; it is said that she had Indian blood, which would account for John's straight black hair and eyes, dark complexion, and dare-devil spirit. Well, John went to Louisville, and got his uncle, Old Tom Logan the actor, to take him as a 'supe' in the theatre; and with the money thus earned he paid his board and studied law, and instead of following off after the show he came back to Jackson County, where he was born, to practice law. He never misses an opportunity to brag of having been born in Illinois."

"I am glad to hear so good an account of that scapegrace," said Mr. Herndon. "I must confess that from what I had heard I had not formed so favorable an opinion of him."

There was one subject I wished especially to hear discussed, but I hesitated to introduce it. Finally, not without misgivings, I ventured to say that I had heard that there was talk in some quarters about the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise line.

"It has been talked about," said Mr. Swett, "and I know that the Southern fire-eaters want this last barrier against slavery in the Territories removed."

"Senator Douglas spoke of this when visiting here a few days ago, and of taking the slavery question out of Congress," said General Silverton.

"Take it out of Congress! take it out of Congress!" exclaimed Mr. Swett. "If that sacred barrier against slavery should be broken down, it would not only arouse the people of the country as they have never been aroused before, but every new member of Congress would be elected on that issue, and the members elected would meet face to face in almost deadly combat. The conflicts of 1820 and 1850 would be as nothing to it. You speak, General, as though Senator Douglas was already contemplating such a movement. I sincerely hope not, for it would be

the sowing of dragons' teeth. Should such a thing be done, we shall all be by the ears in earnest, in bitter political conflict, if we do not actually spring to arms."

"But," replied the General, "you must not forget that Judge Douglas is a great statesman; and not only a great statesman, but the ablest politician and the ablest debater in this country; and no one can successfully cope with him before the people. He is too great a statesman to favor a measure that he cannot defend; he is too cunning a politician to be drawn into a scheme that will not be popular with the people; and he is too able an orator to be overwhelmed by any man living in Illinois, or in any other State, for that matter. Say what you will of Stephen A. Douglas, I know him. No living statesman has done so much for his country, and especially for Illinois, as he. He is the soul of honor and of patriotism. He has never faltered in devotion to his native land, and never will while he lives."

The General had spoken very earnestly, and was becoming somewhat excited. It was evident that it would be difficult for him to restrain himself in his devotion to his friend should there be further criticism; and Mr. Swett adroitly changed the subject of conversation.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A STRANGER WHO LIKED FINE HORSES

THE next day was the last of my visit at "The Grange." The time had come for me to return home. Mr. Swett and Mr. Herndon were to take the boat with me, as they were going to Quincy. I had spoken of a desire to meet Mr. Browning again, and the General told me that the gentlemen were going to Quincy especially to see him, and it was arranged that I should stop off there with them.

When we arose in the morning, Dwight Earle had gone. After a hasty breakfast, he had driven off to Pittsfield. It was arranged that the three gentlemen should be taken to the landing by Josh in the carriage, while Rose and I were to accompany them on horseback, with Tom as our escort.

After breakfast we had music in the parlor, Mrs. Silverton singing, with beautiful effect, some of the dear old songs whose melodies will linger in my memory as long as life shall last. Before the party broke up she took me aside, and in the most delicate and friendly manner made known to me her views regarding the relations existing between myself and Rose. These relations were not displeasing to her, she said, nor to General Silverton; yet she asked me to remember that Rose was but a child whose views and tastes might change, and while she should not object to the continuance of our friendship, and to our occasional correspondence, she wished us for the present to remain simply friends. I thanked her and assured her of my willingness to do as she desired, and left her with my eyes filled with happy tears.

We made our way out upon the veranda. The gentlemen were already in the carriage, and Tom was holding our riding-horses. I bade Miss Edwards good-bye, and promised to call upon her if I ever should go to Springfield. Mrs. Silverton gave me both her hands, which I pressed to my lips. She came down to the gate as I lifted Rose into her saddle and sprang into my own, and I saw her still standing looking fondly after us as we rode away.

We did not catch up with the carriage until it nearly reached the landing. Why should we? We knew that the gentlemen were enjoying their ride and each other's society, — and why should we interrupt them?

Arriving at the river landing, we found there was much freight to be put off; and the gentlemen sat in the carriage and we upon our horses for some time. While thus waiting, I noticed a gentleman come down the gang-plank and approach us, seemingly for the purpose of speaking to us. He was of medium height, had broad and rather rounded shoulders, auburn hair, sandy whiskers, clear blue eyes, a very quiet modest expression, and appeared to be perhaps a little more than thirty years of age. He wore a blue sack-coat and blue trousers, somewhat worn, but well brushed and cared for, which I afterward learned was the "fatigue uniform" of the United States army. He was smoking a cigar, which he removed as he came near us, and raised his hat, but gave us no other greeting. We soon saw that instead of being interested in us he was interested in Rose's mare, which had evi-

dently attracted his attention while on the boat. He looked the mare over with great interest for a considerable time, puffing away at his cigar, but without speaking; then, again removing his cigar and raising his hat, he returned on board the boat.

"That man knows a good horse when he sees it," remarked General Silverton.

"I thought perhaps he might be a horse-jockey," said Mr. Swett, "but he is evidently a gentleman. Horse-jockeys *talk*."

It was getting time for us to go aboard the steamer, and the General and Rose accompanied us. The General presented Mr. Swett, Mr. Herndon, and me to the Captain, as having been his guests; which insured us especial attention. While they all talked with the Captain, Rose and I went out upon the deck.

"I am glad you came to visit us," she said, "but I shall never see you again. I cannot go to visit you, as it would not be proper now, and I cannot let you take the risk of coming here again. I fear for your safety. I am afraid of Hobbs. He is entirely under control of Dwight Earle, and will do anything Earle tells him. It was Earle who first stirred up Hobbs against you, and he is still keeping it up. How can he be so mean?"

"I can tell you, Rose, why it is," I said. "It is because he thinks you like me better than you like him. If you would only like him better than you like me, he would not try to injure me."

"Like him! Like Dwight Earle! Do you remember when he called you an Abolitionist on the lake steamer? It was so mean that I can never forget it. But I only meant to say good-bye, as I fear we cannot meet again."

"I think we shall, Rose," I said. "Let us wait and hope."

The bell sounded, and the mate warned everybody to go ashore.

"I shall remember those words," she said. "Let us wait and hope. Good-bye!"

She placed her hand in mine as she bade me good-bye, as did her father; and they went ashore together. The General waved his hat and she her handkerchief, to which I responded, as we steamed away.

At dinner Mr. Swett and Mr. Herndon were seated near the Captain, at the head of the table, and I was placed a little farther

down. After I was seated, the gentleman who had taken such an interest in Rose's Kentucky mare, with a lady who was evidently his wife, came and sat opposite me. He bowed to me, and asked me if I lived in the neighborhood where I came on board. I told him I was only a visitor there, and was on my way home. He said that was a fine animal the young Miss rode, and that he took an interest in her as he was familiar with the breed and once had a horse of the same stock, a very high-bred Kentucky animal.

"Miss Rose's mare is from Kentucky," I responded.

"I knew that," he said. "I could have told the young lady her whole pedigree."

"Then you had seen her before?" I said.

"Oh, no," he replied, "but there are points in those Lexington horses which I can read as clear as print."

"Do n't talk horse-talk, Liss," said the lady. "I want to ask the young gentleman about the young lady. I was looking at her from the deck as she sat so gracefully in her saddle, and I noticed her and her father (I suppose it was her father) as they came with you on board the boat. They are Southern people, are they not?"

I told the lady about them, — how the father had emigrated from Virginia and built up a splendid home in that county, of his interest in fine stock, of my visit there and those I had met, and other things.

"So Senator Douglas was there, was he? A very able man," remarked the gentleman. "I heard him speak once in St. Louis. How long have they had that mare?"

"About two years," I replied. "The General brought her from Kentucky as a present to his daughter."

"Who are those two gentlemen who came with you?" the lady asked.

"Friends of General Silverton," I answered.

"Of the same politics, I suppose," said the gentleman. "Democrats?"

"No," I replied. "The General is a Democrat, while they, I think, are Whigs."

"I supposed he was a Democrat by his entertaining Douglas," said the gentleman.

"Politics make no difference with the General," I replied; "his house is open to men of all parties." Then I told of the interest I had taken in the conversation of those gentlemen, especially about Illinois people.

"Of whom did they talk?" asked the gentleman; and when I told him, I found he had been acquainted with several of them.

"They talked most about Mr. Lincoln,—Abraham Lincoln," I said. "One of the gentlemen is his partner in the practice of law."

"I never knew or heard of any Illinois man of that name," answered the gentleman. "Bissell and Hardin and Baker and Don Morrison were all Illinois men. I have served with them."

"In Mexico?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "in a very small way. Hardin was killed at Buena Vista. I have seen and heard Baker in California. He is the most eloquent man I ever heard."

"Colonel Fremont, 'The Pathfinder,' is out there in California, is n't he?" I asked. "I have read a great deal about him."

"Yes," answered the gentleman, dryly.

"He must be a brave and gallant man, so handsome, and such a great explorer!" I exclaimed.

"Does your friend keep many horses?" interrupted the gentleman. "His carriage-team was well mated,—fair roadsters, I should say."

I answered the question as best I could, when the gentleman relapsed into silence, and the only other words he spoke during the entire meal were to ask me very politely if I would "kindly pass the butter." I feared I had made a mistake in some way in my conversation, but the gentleman showed no consciousness of it. He simply, when I spoke so enthusiastically of Colonel Fremont, turned the subject abruptly, and did not speak again. I had never before known anyone who, without explanation or apology of any kind, would relapse into dogged silence, and I have since only known one who would do this, and that one was the gentleman himself.

I should have been very ill at ease, but for the courtesy and even cordiality of the lady. She seemed to make a special effort

to put me at my ease, although she made no reference to the matters about which we had been talking. I observed that in addressing her husband, and in speaking of him, she always called him "Liss," or so I understood her. I had never heard anyone called by that name; I have heard Melissa so abbreviated, but that was the name of a girl.

After supper I joined Mr. Swett and Mr. Herndon, and we spoke of the gentleman and lady. They said that the captain of the steamboat had remarked that the gentleman was, or had been, an army officer; and that was all he knew about him. Later in the evening I met the gentleman on the deck, where he was smoking. He greeted me kindly, and seemed inclined to talk with me. I found him to be well informed on matters of general public interest, especially in regard to our new and unoccupied territory in the West. He showed great aversion to politics, declaring that the politicians North and South seemed to be doing all in their power to make trouble between the two sections. I spoke to him especially of the gentlemen with whom I was travelling; but he seemed to shrink from speaking of them or having any relations with them. As they seemed equally indifferent to him, they did not meet. So reserved was he, that I was convinced that had I been a man instead of a big boy the gentleman would scarcely have noticed me; and that he was only prompted to do so by his interest in Rose's mare. Yet notwithstanding his reserve and his abrupt dismissal of the subject when I had spoken to him of Fremont, and notwithstanding his fondness for "horse-talk," there was so much quiet dignity and candor, and I may say cordiality, in his manner, as to attract me to him; and I parted from him with regret.

We went ashore in the night, and were driven to the Quincy House in Quincy.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CREOLE INVASION OF NEW ORLEANS

THE next morning Mr. Browning called at the hotel and asked General Silverton, Mr. Swett, and Mr. Herndon, to go with him to his office. I was about to excuse myself, when, somewhat to my surprise, Mr. Browning asked me to join the

party, remarking to the others that he desired my presence and that they could trust to my discretion.

When we were seated in Mr. Browning's office, Mr. Swett, holding in his hand a paper to which he frequently referred, began as follows: "We have become interested in a somewhat singular matter, and we thought that you, either through your Kentucky friends or in some other way, might help us out. To begin with a statement of the case, Mr. Lincoln has learned from friends in New Orleans that one Felix Besançon, a French Creole living in the Rue du Maine in that city, was, when comparatively a young man, with thousands of others of his race, driven out of the West Indies, and embarked at Havana with his family on a ship bound for New Orleans. This was in the autumn of 1807. You will remember that about that time Napoleon's wars were convulsing Europe; the navies of Great Britain were threatening the French West Indies, and the inhabitants fled in terror for their lives. At one time, within the short period of sixty days, thirty-four vessels from Cuba set ashore in New Orleans nearly fifty-eight hundred persons, mostly French Creoles, with some mulattoes and black slaves. The ship upon which Mr. Besançon had embarked with his family, consisting of his wife and his daughter Juliette, was overtaken by an African slave-ship, manned by a piratical crew; many of the slaves were taken by the slaver, among them all those belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Besançon. But, heavy as was their loss in property, it was as nothing to their other calamities. To their consternation, as the ships parted they saw their little daughter Juliette on board the slave-ship. They frantically screamed to the pirate Captain, telling him that he was welcome to their slaves, but begging him to restore their daughter; but all to no avail. They never saw her afterwards. After passing through a terrific hurricane, they landed at New Orleans, where the poor mother died of a broken heart. The father, Mr. Besançon, engaged in business and public affairs, and became a man of wealth and prominence. He commanded a company of Creole soldiers at the battle of New Orleans, and distinguished himself so much that, upon the recommendation of General Jackson, he was brevetted Colonel. He never married again, and, in advanced years, is now living, as has been said, on the Rue du

Maine in New Orleans. As may be supposed, every possible effort was made to find the lost girl. Advertisements were published, rewards were offered, and men were sent everywhere in the hope of gaining some clue. At times, information came which encouraged the father to believe that there was hope; he followed up every clue, but only to be disappointed.

"Now comes the strangest part of the story. About two months ago a man called upon Colonel Besançon and showed him a small pocket Bible, printed in French, containing on the fly-leaf an inscription in the Colonel's own handwriting, also in French, showing that the book was a gift from him to his daughter Juliette, dated at St. Pierre, Martinique, May 20, 1806. The man said that before the slave-trade was stopped, his father, a Portuguese born at Oporto, was a slave-trader, and commanded a slave-ship engaged in capturing and buying negroes on the coast of Africa and bringing them to the United States for sale; that on one of his voyages the ship was overloaded, and, being becalmed for several days, hundreds of the negroes died and their bodies were thrown overboard; that at that time, on account of the French War many Creoles were emigrating to New Orleans and taking their slaves with them, and that in order to replenish his cargo his father watched those ships, boarded them, and seized the slaves; that on one of those ships they captured among the rest a Creole girl; he intended to hold her for ransom, satisfied that, as she was upon a slave-ship with every indication that she was imported like the rest of the cargo, it would be difficult for anyone to prove that she had no negro blood, and that he could command for her almost any sum he might choose to ask; that they landed at Norfolk, Virginia, where he disposed of his cargo; that this girl was elegantly dressed in silks and laces, was very pretty, and attracted much attention; that a rich Virginia planter came on board with his wife, and, seeing the girl, offered a thousand dollars for her, which was accepted, the gentleman and lady stating that they bought the girl as a companion and nurse for their children. The man said that in a pocket in the folds of the girl's dress his father had found the French Bible, which he retained in the hope of sometime using it as a clue to her identity. As the child spoke only French, of which the gentleman under-

stood nothing and the lady very little, she was not able to make her story appear credible; the lady was inclined to believe it, but the slave-trader urged that it was very common for wealthy Creoles to bring up bright mulatto children in that way, to treat them as their own children, and finally to set them free. The man gave his name as Gabriel Henriquez, the same as that of his father, the slave-trader."

I started when I heard the name; it was the same as that of Hobbs's man, who, Rose thought, was plotting to murder me.

"Well," Mr. Swett proceeded, "the man went on to say to Colonel Besançon that he was short of money, and finding his name in the little French Bible, and thinking he might possibly want the book as a souvenir, he would offer it to him for a hundred dollars; adding that if the offer was refused he would tear out the fly-leaf and destroy it. Colonel Besançon paid him the hundred dollars, and now has the book in his possession."

As Mr. Swett concluded his story, Mr. Browning asked: "Could the man give no information as to the name of the gentleman to whom the girl was sold, or where he lived?"

"He could not, except that his father said that he was from Virginia, and that they had property somewhere in the West, he thought in Kentucky, where they had emigrated. It was also learned," added Mr. Swett, "that the girl became more than ordinarily intelligent and accomplished, and was treated almost as a member of the family in which she lived."

"But why have you gentlemen taken this matter up?" asked Mr. Browning.

"I first became interested in it through Lincoln," answered Mr. Herndon, "and have since got Mr. Swett interested, as I hope to get you interested. Lincoln wrote to his friend Joshua Speed, and also to some of his wife's relatives, the Todds. Speed took quite an interest in it at first, and made many inquiries through Kentucky; but learning nothing, he gave the matter up, saying it was of no use. In fact, he finally came to disbelieve the story, and said that old Besançon had been fooled; that the story was fixed up to get the hundred dollars; that the probabilities are that the girl is dead, or if alive that she belongs to some gang of slaves, and one might as well look for a needle in a haystack as

for her. You have seen Lincoln and Speed together, Mr. Browning, and you know what Lincoln thinks of him. They write to each other frequently, and Lincoln reads me all Speed's letters. I am sure that if Speed should write Lincoln that water naturally runs up-hill, or that the moon is made of green cheese, he would believe it and act accordingly. So Lincoln will now have nothing to do with the matter; but he has told me to go ahead if I want to, and he is quite willing I shall have all the glory and money to be got out of it. I forgot to say that Colonel Besançon offers ten thousand dollars for any information that will lead to the recovery of the girl. Of course, as Mr. Lincoln says, it 's not strictly in the line of the legal profession, but I would like to help the old man out, and would not object to a slice of the reward."

"It is my impression," said Mr. Browning, musingly, "that I have had the name of Besançon in some of my papers, as connected with some client. I remember it from the peculiarity of the French accent of the last syllable; but I have no recollection of just where or in what connection I saw it. I will keep the matter in mind, and will write to some Kentucky friends about it. There is, as I understand, no necessity for haste in the matter; in fact, I don't see how it can be hurried. I am inclined to the opinion," he added, "that friend Lincoln and friend Speed are right in their view of the matter; but there is no harm in keeping it in mind."

As soon as I could, after Mr. Swett had finished, I opened my pocket memorandum book and wrote down the names of Felix and Juliette Besançon,— names destined to be important ones in the development of my story.

BOOK II.—POLITICAL UPHEAVAL

CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH OF A GREAT PARTY

THE Autumn of 1853 found me a student at Knox College, in Galesburg. This noble institution of learning afforded to me, as to thousands of young men and women of limited means, the only opportunity for higher education within reach. Its work has been carried on amidst great disadvantages and discouragements, by the brave and self-sacrificing men and women who founded and maintained it; and it has always been a power for good in the higher development not only of its own State but of the great Northwest.

I shall never forget the sensation in Galesburg when, on the 24th of January of that winter of 1854, we read in the Chicago "Press and Tribune" that on the day before Senator Douglas, as Chairman of the Committee on Territories, had introduced into the United States Senate the so-called "Kansas-Nebraska bill" abrogating the Missouri Compromise line,—a sensation which was parallelled only in my remembrance by the news of the firing upon Fort Sumter, seven years later. A similar measure had been proposed in the Senate a few days before, by Senator Dixon of Kentucky; but little heed was paid to it. But when Senator Douglas, potent as he was,—the Warwick of the administration, the autocrat of both houses of Congress, whose word was law with the party then in control of the government,—when *he* championed the measure, it was apparent that the great barrier against the onward march of slavery was doomed. This barrier against slavery, it may be said, had been erected by an Illinois Senator. It was Senator Jesse B. Thomas of Illinois, who, in 1820, framed and introduced into the Senate the measure which was intended to be perpetual; and now another Illinois Senator was foremost in breaking it down. Startled and outraged as the people were,

they were unable to stem the tide in favor of the measure. The great Senator had already sufficient support in Congress to accomplish his purposes; but what was even more deplorable was that no one had appeared who seemed able to oppose him before the bar of public opinion,—in our country the final arbiter of all political questions.

The people of Galesburg were almost panic-stricken. They flocked together as at the time of a great conflagration or public calamity, and vainly sought for some means to avert the catastrophe. But there was no hope. The mighty Senator controlled the elements of political power, and directed them as steadily and skilfully as Apollo guided the steeds of his chariot of the sun. On the 31st day of May his Nebraska bill became a law. It was the death-knell of the Whig party. Upon its ruins arose the Anti-Nebraska party of the North, of which the old-line Whigs made up the warp and woof, reinforced by Free-Soilers and by patriotic Democrats who could not approve of the overthrow of the barrier against slavery. In the South, most of the Whigs went over in a body to their old enemies, the Democrats; while the more conservative men, North and South, united in what they regarded as a national party, calling it the American Party. The ablest followers of Senator Douglas, leaders of the Democratic party in Illinois,—such men as Trumbull, Judd, Wentworth, Palmer, Cook, and many others,—immediately turned against him and denounced him and his bill, summoning their friends and followers to come forward and drive the "recreant apostate" from public life. It seemed then that Senator Douglas's doom was sealed,—that he must be overwhelmed in hopeless and final defeat.

During the months while the Nebraska bill was pending in Congress, as one after another of the Senator's former supporters declared against it, there seemed to be no one in Illinois to defend it or him. Senator Douglas came home and announced appointments to speak in every county in the State,—first at Chicago, where ten thousand people turned out to hear him—no, not to hear him, but to defy and browbeat him, their Senator, who had come before his constituents to give an account of his stewardship. Every time Senator Douglas attempted to speak, after his appearance upon the platform, he was greeted with groans, hisses, and

threats, that drowned his voice. It was Saturday night; and for nearly four hours, with flashing eyes and dogged persistence, he looked that "howling mob" in the face, and patiently and persistently tried to speak, but was never permitted to complete a sentence; his voice was drowned in imprecations and insults. Still he was undaunted. It was said that but for the fact that midnight ushered in the Sabbath, he would have continued to face them until morn.

I remember with what exultation we Anti-Nebraska men received the news of that meeting. It was, as we thought, the end of Douglas. But we did not yet know the man, or the constituency he represented.

Senator Douglas next went into the country districts. With prejudices equal to those existing in Chicago, the people turned out to his meetings. He made no apologies or excuses, but placed himself squarely before the people upon the principles of popular sovereignty, the right of the people of a Territory, as well as those of a State, to decide upon and control their domestic institutions, — slavery as well as every other,— as enunciated in the Nebraska bill. There are no more potent and convincing arguments in English for the right of the people to rule than those made by Senator Douglas at that time. He denounced the Abolitionists and Free-soilers as "enemies of their country, fomenting discord and sectional strife, that would, unless checked, destroy the government." He declared that "this is a white man's government, for white men and their descendants," and that the negro had, and should have, no part in it.

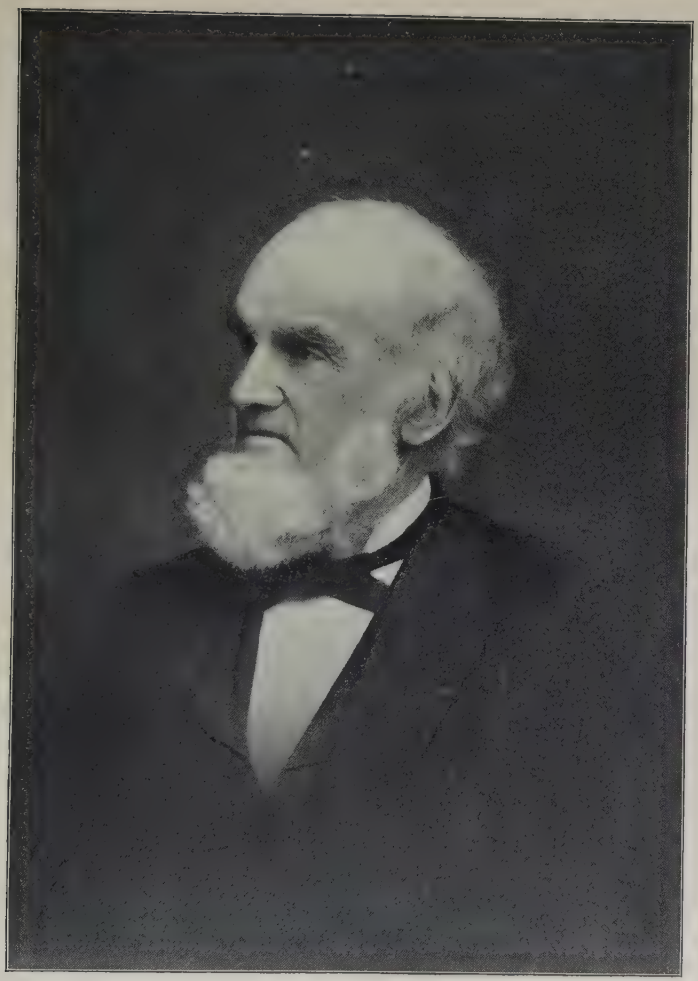
When he came to Knoxville,— at that time the county seat of Knox County, only five miles from Galesburg,— the Anti-Nebraska men insisted upon having a joint debate; and the Senator promptly assented.

Jonathan Blanchard was then President of Knox College. He was a sound scholar, a great preacher, and conspicuous as an extreme Abolitionist. Only a few years before, at Cincinnati, President Blanchard had engaged in a joint debate on slavery with the Rev. Doctor N. L. Rice, which attracted general attention and gave him a national reputation. There was scarcely any man in the country so well equipped to argue against slavery as

was Jonathan Blanchard, and the Anti-Nebraska men confidently put him forward to meet the great Senator.

The debate was held on the west side of the old court-house at Knoxville, the speakers' platform having been placed against the building. The students of Knox College turned out in a mass to sustain their President — to cheer and encourage him, and to help put down his opponents. It being the Senator's own appointment, he of course had the opening and closing of the debate.

I shall never forget Senator Douglas's appearance as he emerged through an open window of the building, upon the platform. He was dressed in a black broadcloth suit, of the latest Washington cut, with immaculate linen. His trim figure, though small, seemed perfect, as his lustrous eyes looked out from under his massive forehead, surmounted by heavy brown locks. Bold, defiant, confident, he seemed the impersonation of strength and power. He entered at once upon his subject, with an account of the efforts to organize the territory west of the Missouri River, in the domain acquired by the Louisiana Purchase, which was rapidly filling up with pioneers from the older States; he told how these efforts had been retarded by sectional strife between the North and the South, and how the slavery agitation in Congress had convulsed the whole nation; he claimed that there was no reason for a war in Congress on a matter which related only to Kansas and Nebraska, or to any other Territory that might be seeking admission to the Union; that the question should be left to the people of the Territories interested, to decide it for themselves; and that therefore, in order to so submit it to the people, it had become necessary to remove the barrier against slavery known as the Missouri Compromise line. He justified this on the ground that the Southern people as well as the Northern had rights in the public domain. He claimed that the Northern people, by insisting upon applying the Wilmot Proviso to every Territory, had practically abandoned the Missouri Compromise line; and that the Compromise measures of 1850, which organized the Territories of Utah and New Mexico without reference to the Missouri Compromise, practically abrogated it. He assailed with all his power the Anti-slavery men, whom he classed as Abolitionists; and he



J. P. Blanchard

was especially denunciatory of the Democrats, who had "gone over bag and baggage to the Abolitionists," who were trying to bring about "negro equality" socially as well as politically; he said that Abolitionism meant not merely the freedom of the negro, but also his right to vote and hold office, and to marry into white families. He showed that antagonism to slavery existed only in the North, and was therefore sectional and a menace to the Union; that the only hope of preserving the Union, and of keeping our Anglo-Saxon race from mixing with and becoming contaminated by the negro, was to put down forever this monstrous hybrid Anti-Nebraska party, made up of Whigs, renegade Democrats, and Abolitionists. Concerning the men who had left the Democratic party, he said that no one would regret it but themselves, — that the Democracy which had so long dominated Illinois would continue in control; that it would march on to new conquests and new victories, the bulwark of constitutional government and of the principle of popular sovereignty. He told of the "howling mob" he had met in Chicago, and appealed to "the loyal, true, and faithful Democrats of Knox County," who for a quarter of a century had been his friends, never to desert the standard of Democracy. "We shall not now," he said, "after standing so long together, desert each other, shall we, old friends? I want an opportunity while here to take you all by the hand." There was not a joke or an anecdote in his whole speech, and the nearest attempt at sentiment was his appeal to his old friends to stand by him.

President Blanchard, in his turn, showed how the Missouri Compromise had been established, and described the sacred compact of which it was the result; how the statesmen of the country had defended this barrier against slavery for more than a generation; how Senator Douglas himself had said that it was "canonized in the hearts of the people," and had sought to have it extended to the Pacific Ocean; how its repeal was sought for and supported, under Douglas's leadership, by Southern slaveholders. He referred to the fact that both Douglas and himself were natives of the "Green Mountain State," and that the Senator, by becoming the pliant tool of the slave power, had been recreant to every principle he had been taught in childhood. He discussed slavery

and depicted its horrors with all the zeal and earnestness of the avowed Abolitionist he was, and showed how the slave power had gradually extended until it was about to overspread the entire country. He showed that President Pierce, Congress, and the courts had yielded to its domination, and that now the last barrier against it had been destroyed; and he arraigned Senator Douglas as being the subservient tool of the South,— a Northern doughface, who with all his great ability was like a hired overseer cracking the whip for his Southern masters. In all he said he assumed that Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska bill was simply intended to carry slavery into those Territories. Never had Senator Douglas been arraigned with such energy and bitterness; never, probably, in all his life was he so held up to scorn and so relentlessly assailed. President Blanchard gave utterance, in the face of the Senator, to the long pent-up emotion of an outraged people.

Of course we students applauded our President, and when the Senator arose to reply we manifested our feelings of hostility to him. His rejoinder was wonderfully tactful. The Senator made the intemperance, as he called it, of his adversary the main subject of his reply. He quoted his abolition sentiments as proving that the new party, of which the speaker was the chosen representative, was ready to go to any extreme in interfering with slavery in the States, as well as in the Territories, without regard to constitutional rights, and break up the government; that the speaker had, by what he said, established the fact that the party with which he acted favored equality with the negro, social as well as political, and was ready if it came into power to march into Kentucky and Missouri to free the slaves, as he had constantly charged; and he appealed to the loyal and patriotic people of every party to save the country from such a disaster. His only answer to the evidence adduced as to his own former devotion to the Missouri Compromise line was by pointing his finger at President Blanchard and exclaiming, "There is an old adage that wise men change their opinions, but *fools never do.*"

It was a great debate. To us students of course it appeared that our champion had simply "mopped the earth" with his opponent. These were our words of exultation.

But somehow, when we reflected in the quiet of our own

rooms, it began to dawn upon us that the Senator had made his way back into the hearts of his old Democratic supporters, and had even made himself a little stronger with them than he had been before; and that he had awakened in his audience a feeling that it was hardly safe to give the reins of government into the hands of a party holding the extreme views expressed by his opponent, but that it would be safer and wiser to keep the government in the hands of the party that had so long administered it. We knew that the Anti-Nebraska party was unqualifiedly pledged against interference with slavery in the States. We knew that in every speech he made the Senator had put us into a somewhat false position, and thus had us at a disadvantage. We felt that, with the prejudice in Illinois against the negro, and the dread of disunion, there was great danger that the speeches of men with extreme views, like those of President Blanchard, would help Douglas rather than harm him. We felt that our cause would be hopeless unless someone should appear to set us right, and make it clear that, while we were unalterably opposed to the extension of slavery, we did not favor social equality with the negro; and that we were not in favor of disregarding the Constitution through interfering with slavery in the States where it existed.

The task of bringing together the many diverse elements constituting what was first the Anti-Nebraska party and crystallizing them into the great Republican party (made up of original Abolitionists, old-line Whigs, Free-soil Democrats, — in short, of all those who had become alarmed at the spread of slavery), and of harmonizing them and making them act effectively together, was one of no small magnitude. There were Abolitionists who hated slavery with all the intensity of their nature, and who would have gone to any extreme to overthrow the abhorred institution; there were Whigs who had all their lives opposed the policies of the Democrats upon almost every question, — tariff, finance, and foreign relations; and there were Democrats with whom these had always been in conflict, — all now to be united into one homogeneous organization working together for a common purpose. Looking back upon this great uprising, after the lapse of half a century, it seems remarkable that so many discordant elements could have been so well united. In the political speeches and lit-

erature of that day it is curious to note that, with the exception of the old-line Abolitionists, whose numbers were comparatively few, Republicans were constantly and earnestly protesting that they were not tainted with what was then regarded as the dangerous heresy of Abolitionism.

It was the aim and policy of Senator Douglas to fasten this stigma upon the new party. He regarded a state of bondage as the proper condition of the black man. He did not himself own slaves, and when they were offered to him he declined to accept them; but this was not on account of any scruples as to the propriety of owning them. He wanted them treated with kindness, but believed that they needed a master to think for them, to provide for their wants, and to protect them. He knew how delicate a subject the question of slavery was at the South, how every Anti-slavery sentiment was a cause of anxiety and alarm. He knew that a similar feeling pervaded a great majority of the people of Illinois; and he knew that if he could make it appear that the new party which had sprung into existence in opposition to his Kansas-Nebraska bill was an Abolition party whose purpose was to assail slavery in the States where it existed, the people of Illinois would overwhelm that new party in defeat. Accordingly, with characteristic boldness and aggressiveness, he denounced the "Black Republican" party, "made up of Whigs, Abolitionists, Know-Nothings, and renegade Democrats," as an out-and-out Abolition party. The speeches of President Blanchard and other extreme Abolitionists, — among whom were Owen Lovejoy, Ichabod Codding, John F. Farnsworth, E. C. Larned, and many others in our State, and William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, John P. Hale, Joshua R. Giddings, Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, and Frederick Douglass, who came amongst us from other States, — were taken up by Senator Douglas and used with tremendous effect among the people of Illinois. No one knew better than he that the people of Illinois were devoted to the Constitution and the Union, and no one knew better how to avail himself of these prejudices to further his own political ends. It was daily becoming more and more apparent that unless some strong man should appear to oppose Douglas, — one who could develop a policy of opposition to slavery which would not threaten the integrity of the Union

and the Constitution, — Illinois would continue, as she had been for so many years, the stronghold and bulwark of the Democratic party in the North.

CHAPTER II.

A DISCOVERY AND A DISAPPEARANCE

SOON after I had become fairly settled in my student life at Galesburg, I looked up my former friend George Davis. I found him on the farm, working as before. In those days, when the town had a population of only five or six hundred, everybody was acquainted; and hence Davis was well known to the college people, by whom he was much esteemed for his intelligence and high character. There was about him a certain air of mystery which seemed to add to the interest of his acquaintance. He would sometimes disappear for three or four days at a time, and it would be learned that he had not been to Rock River to mill, nor to Copperas Creek or Peoria with pork, as he had given people to understand, but to some place unknown. Yet his character was so excellent that this caused no special comment. Although he never really told me, I knew that the poor fugitive I had happened to meet was not the only one of those whom Davis had helped along in the path toward freedom.

One afternoon when Davis had come to visit me, and we were talking together on the college green, I entertained him with an account of my visit to Quincy, and of my memorable meeting with Mr. Swett, Mr. Herndon, and Mr. Browning; and I went on to tell him the story of the old French Creole gentleman of New Orleans, and of the reward offered by him for the recovery of his daughter who had been taken away on the piratical slave-ship. I had scarcely thought of the circumstances since; and with my usual inability to remember names, I referred to my memorandum book in which I had written his name, and showed it to Davis as he lay stretched out on the grass. The effect was most surprising. He glanced at it, and sprang to his feet with a yell that could have been heard half a mile. Then he began jumping and dancing about, still yelling like a wild Indian. I begged him to tell me what was the matter; but he continued his

antics, occasionally pausing long enough to ejaculate "Idiot!" "Jackass!" with other uncomplimentary expressions. If it had been anyone else, I should have been very angry; but I quietly waited for his paroxysm to pass off. Finally he exclaimed, "Don't you know that Juliette Besançon was that poor fugitive's mother? Don't you know that he gave us her name that night? There it is, right there in your book, written by your own hand; and you are so stupid as not to recognize it! That is the name under which she was legally married in New York City; and that young man, instead of being a negro, must be the lawful son of General Silverton, descended from one of the best old cavalier families of Virginia, while his mother, instead of being a slave woman, belonged to one of the best old French Creole families in New Orleans. So now you probably see the reason for General Silverton's interest in the boy."

When I came to comprehend the full import of all this, I was not at all surprised at Davis's excitement. While not so demonstrative as he, I was more than delighted. I felt ashamed at not having recognized the name of Juliette Besançon instantly; but when I first heard it, that lonely night on the prairies, I was only a boy, and so much had happened that day and night that it is perhaps no wonder I did not treasure up a name I had never heard before. That Davis remembered it, was less surprising; he had been longer with the young man and was deeply interested in him. Besides, Davis was one who never forgot anything.

We agreed that our information was of great importance, and could not doubt that our conclusions were correct. But, much to our surprise, that very afternoon Davis received a letter from the young man, from Canada.

"You will not hear from me again," he wrote, "for a long time, if ever. I have decided to try, so far as possible, to disappear from the world, and not to reappear unless I can do so as a man among men. I need not tell you how the cloud that hangs over my birth depresses me. Since my experience with that brute Hobbs, I am always apprehensive lest someone should again detect me. True, I now have my free papers, and even should I return to the States they cannot drag me back into slavery; but the effort would reveal the circumstances of my birth and of my former

degradation. I cannot even tell who I am, or the circumstances of my birth and parentage, without bringing discredit upon myself and reflecting upon those who are very dear to me. So I have decided to sink away out of sight, so far as possible, from the time this letter is posted. I have not yet determined just where I shall permanently make my abode, and if I had decided I could not tell even you, much as I owe to you, and grateful as I am for all your kindness. To you alone do I confide even this statement of my resolution.

"You need not fear that I shall rust out in my seclusion. I have laid out for myself a course of study and training which I shall follow, and hope that I may be able to make myself useful in the world. Provision has been made that will be ample, with economy and what I can myself earn, for my support; so you need give yourself no anxiety about me. It will be in vain for you to try to communicate with me, for I cannot give my address without the constant peril of being discovered, and so nothing will be forwarded to me. I ask that no effort be made to discover my retreat. I wish that you would especially commend me to the young gentleman who was with us the night we rode into Princeton, who saved my life. You cannot realize how delightful it would be to me could I be a companion to you and him. I shall cherish the memory of you both; but now I must ask, as the greatest favor you can bestow upon me, that you leave me to my seclusion, and if possible forget me."

As Davis finished reading the letter, we stared at each other in amazement. It was some time before either of us could find words. Our plans for helping our friend were unexpectedly and hopelessly blocked, just as we were in a position to be of the greatest service to him. We agreed there was now but one thing to do, and that was — to wait.

CHAPTER III.

THE STATE FAIR

DURING my college days, Rose and I had been exchanging letters rather regularly. She told me of many interesting things,— of her studies, and of her reading in her father's library, chiefly on the subject of slavery; she had written, she said, to Mrs.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, telling her of her interest in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and through that lady she had received the publications of the Abolition Society, which she was reading with great interest. Among other bits of news, she told me that Dwight Earle was staying at Pittsfield, engaged in his favorite pursuit of seizing upon lands, employing Hobbs as his assistant.

Early the next Fall, Rose wrote me that her father was taking a great interest in the State Fair to be held at Springfield, and expected to take there his herd of short-horns, of which he was very proud; that she was going to the Fair with him, and would visit her friend Miss Edwards, while her father would stay at the hotel. She said that her father had arranged to take her mare, as well as saddle-horses for himself; and she made me very happy by expressing the wish that I might be there at the time of her visit. I wrote to my father asking permission to go, and the opening of the Fair found me at Springfield.

The State Fair of Illinois in 1854 had no such attractions as now. We did not have such large buildings and grounds, and there were no such crowds in attendance. In those days the location of the Fair was not fixed at the capital, but it was held alternately at different places, Springfield, Peoria, Quincy, Bloomington, Rockford, or elsewhere, grounds and money being furnished to the State Association by the local authorities in consideration of the advantages of having the Fair in their community.

Yet, while the attendance was comparatively small, the Fair was the meeting-place of the more prominent and well-to-do people. Almost every county was represented by its leading farmers, stockmen, professional men, and especially politicians, who controlled affairs at home. Men from the Ohio, the Wabash, the Mississippi, "Egyptians" from Southern Illinois, met those from the central and northern portions of the State. Old French families, some of whose ancestors had come to the Illinois country more than a century before the State was admitted into the Union, men who had emigrated from Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and the Carolinas, with the later emigrants from the Middle and New England States, besides others who had emigrated from Europe,— all now proud of being Illinoisans, — here met and renewed or formed acquaintance and exchanged views.

I then saw the Southern Illinois people, or "Egyptians," for the first time. I found that politically their affiliations and sympathies were with the South, bound as they were to the Southern people by ties of consanguinity as well as of interest. Through the navigation of our great river, these Southern Illinoisans had a grasp upon the commerce of the South; and these influences bound them together as the people of Northern Illinois were bound to the Northern and Eastern States from which so many of them had come.

In thus being brought into relations with the people of Southern Illinois, and of other portions of the State, I realized as never before what a power Illinois must be in binding and holding together all the States in perfect union. I appreciated the wisdom of Nathaniel Pope, our Territorial Delegate in Congress, who foresaw the importance of so extending the boundaries of Illinois that her commerce on the rivers with the South and on the Great Lakes with the North would make it imperative that the union of the States be maintained; who saw that no greater calamity than a dissolution of the Union could come upon the people of Illinois, and that it must ever be not only their paramount duty but an imperative necessity to preserve the Union. The northern boundary of the proposed Territory of Illinois was a line running due west from the southern point of Lake Michigan, leaving no outlet upon the lakes. Judge Pope, with a wisdom that cannot be too much admired, foresaw that an outlet upon the Great Lakes would enable Illinois to bind the Union together in indissoluble bonds. He urged this upon Congress with great ability and persistency, and with the result that when admitted into the Union as a State, instead of the line proposed, the present northern boundary of Illinois was perpetually established.*

Almost the first man I saw at the Fair, among the many in

* The extent of Illinois from north to south is remarkable. Her northern boundary is about on the same latitude as Detroit, Albany, and Boston; Chicago is about the same as Toledo, Poughkeepsie, Hartford, and Providence; while the latitude of Springfield, the State Capital, is about the same as that of Baltimore, Centralia as that of Lexington (Kentucky), and Carbondale as that of Richmond (Virginia). Cairo is on about the same latitude as Fort Monroe, and many miles south of Louisville. At Cairo, Illinois reaches down almost to the geographical centre of what are known as the Southern States. Cairo is within fifty miles of being as far south as the southern boundaries of Missouri, Kentucky, and Virginia, and of the northern boundaries of Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina.

whom I was interested, was the roystering "Jack" Logan who had been so talked of at Mr. Browning's. He had the blackest and most piercing eyes I had ever seen. The first thing I thought, when I saw him was, that in a *mêlée* I would rather have him on my side than against me. The group in which I saw him was made up of Democrats, and he was talking to a Democrat of some prominence, who, as he thought, had not "stood up to the rack" as he ought to have done in a political contest, but who was protesting that he had.

"Well, it may be, Jerry," said Logan, caressing his black mustache, "but the thing don't look just right. Men don't go out to take a drink just when the main question is about to be put in a caucus, if they mean to stand up!"

"Jack Logan, if you say I dodged," said the man, "if you say that—"

"Be a little careful what you say, Jerry," interrupted Logan quietly, "be a little careful, it might get you into trouble. I did not say you dodged, but I now say you *sneaked*."

The man was very indignant. He looked like a man that it would not be safe to exasperate, but I noticed he was careful not to call Logan a liar, as he evidently started out to do. The most curious thing about it all was that Logan kept on talking to the man, adroitly turning the subject until he got him into a perfectly good humor, and they all went off to take a drink together.

This conversation, as I observed afterwards, illustrated Logan's way of getting along with people. He was entirely fearless and frequently audacious. Men learned that he could say, and dared to say, whatever he thought, and that there was a limit as to what it was safe to say to him in reply, and so they always had a wholesome respect for him. But with all his sharp and apparently malignant criticisms, he knew just when and how to talk. Positive and determined and exacting, Logan usually got what he wanted; but with unerring instinct he always knew just how far it was wise to press a matter.

Afterwards, when Logan was engaged in conversation with Senator Douglas, similar peculiarities were observed, although they were manifested in a somewhat different way. The talk was about some Federal appointment in Southern Illinois. At that time,

Senator Douglas's authority in making Federal appointments in Illinois was absolute, as it had been for many years. Logan had been disappointed in regard to the man put in or the man put out of some office, and in talking to the Senator he grumbled and snarled until finally he got just what he wanted. Persistency and nerve and courage were Logan's most striking characteristics; but when he failed to carry his point (which was seldom) he did not quit his party or his position, but, however much he growled, he kept right on in the line of duty, as everybody knew he would. With these qualities he succeeded in accomplishing more than men who far surpassed him in learning, culture, and eloquence. He had the rare faculty of attaching men to him and to his fortunes, and they would stick to him and fight for him. They liked him and were loyal to him because they knew he never forgot a favor, and his success would finally be theirs.

It must not be understood, in considering the peculiarities of John A. Logan, that he was cross and disagreeable. Ordinarily he was genial and pleasant, full of humor and kindly regard for those with whom he was associated, devoted to his party and to his friends. He was particularly devoted to Senator Douglas and to his views,— "squatter sovereignity" and everything else; and no one was more pronounced against Abolitionism and "nigger equality" than he.

Richard Yates came over from Jacksonville, and proved to be a favorite with everybody, although he was not then very much known outside of Central Illinois. His was a charming personality. I can see him now as I first looked into his bright brown eyes beaming out from under his blonde wavy hair, his rosy complexion aglow with animation. In following the career of Governor Yates, it always seemed to me that he was guided by a kind of inspiration. He used to say that one should act from impulse, upon the impression of duty as it first came to him; that if one so acted he would do right, without regard to how it would personally affect him and his interests,— while if he took time to consider, self came in and warped his judgment.

Another striking figure at the Fair was John M. Palmer. He impressed me as a broad-minded man,— too good a lawyer to be a great statesman, and too able a statesman to be a great lawyer.

He had no regard for party unless it happened to represent his own views, and he never followed implicitly the dictum of any party. When the Democratic party came nearest to representing his views he was a Democrat, and when the Republican party came nearest he became a Republican, going back to the Democrats again when he was convinced that they were right, to leave them again with as little ceremony when he thought they were wrong. While he was criticised for what seemed to be his vagaries, it was seldom that anyone doubted his patriotism or his sincerity.

Lyman Trumbull, who was present, also was a lawyer, and at that time, having always been a Democrat, he was a candidate on the Anti-Nebraska ticket for election to Congress from the Alton district. He was a man of singularly acute and analytic mind. Every proposition that came before him, whether of politics or of law, whether involving a grave constitutional question or an appointment to some trivial office, was reasoned out by him without reference to policy or political claims. He was regarded as the most cold-blooded man who had ever appeared in public life in Illinois. He was a native of Connecticut, and had many of the characteristics of his Puritan ancestors. He never had anything like a political machine to support him, nor a coterie of politicians to manage his canvasses; and yet for three successive terms, by the force of his intellectual power, he was elected and reëlected to the United States Senate, and would no doubt have been elected the fourth time but for his vote against the impeachment of President Johnson, which is now generally approved. He knew when he took that position that it was unpopular with his party, the Republicans; but as a legal proposition he subjected it to that thorough analysis for which he was distinguished, and voted with the Democrats. Except for him, President Johnson would have been convicted under the articles of impeachment, and removed from office; and a dangerous precedent thereby established. In the final judgment of mankind, when the historian shall consider the measures with which he was prominently connected as chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate — Reconstruction, Constitutional Amendments, Impeachment, and all the rest, — the character and attainments and achievements of Lyman Trumbull will be properly appreciated.

Yours Truly
Lyman Trumbull

Elihu B. Washburne, a member of what was afterwards known as "the great Washburne family," had come down from Galena. He was a plain, active, earnest man, ambitious and pushing, not at all brilliant, but endowed in a high degree with the genius of common-sense. He had already become an important factor in the northwestern part of the State, which for many years afterwards (I think seven terms) he represented in Congress; and afterwards he gained world-wide fame as our Minister at Paris during the dark days of the Commune. Mr. Washburne was always ambitious to represent Illinois in the Senate, but never succeeded in this. While absolute in his own Congressional district, he was never able to gain supporters beyond its limits.

Judge Stephen T. Logan, keen, critical, cool, and cynical, was among the most prominent citizens of Springfield, and had been recognized for many years as the ablest lawyer in the State. He was so small of stature as to attract little attention as he passed down the street; but no one who ever saw him or heard him at the court-house, whether arguing a law-point before the judge, or addressing a jury, ever forgot him.

John T. Stuart,—a great, handsome, strong lawyer,—was distinguished for having beaten Stephen A. Douglas (the only time Douglas ever was beaten) for Congress.

The man most talked about at the Fair was, of course, Senator Douglas. It was known that he was to be there, and it was understood that, as upon all such occasions, he would speak. Violent as had been the shock of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the old rallying-cries of the Democracy were having their effect, and men who at first were inclined to break away from the old party were again taking their places in its ranks. The idea of "popular sovereignty," or "squatter sovereignty" as it was usually called, that the people should rule, was captivating and was becoming the rallying-cry of the Democracy.

Owen Lovejoy was then in Springfield, and with him were Ichabod Codding and other Abolitionists. They did not hesitate to declare their radical sentiments, and this of itself was sufficient to arouse a feeling of antagonism to the new Anti-Nebraska party. Joel A. Matteson, then Governor of the State, Colonel Don Morrison, the Thorntons, the Caseys, the McMurtrys, the Allens,

and all the leading Democrats, were not slow to declare that this Anti-Nebraska Free-Soil party was, as shown by its affiliation with Lovejoy, really nothing else than an Abolition party. Lovejoy himself was a member of the Legislature from Bureau County; and to mention his name was with many men like shaking a red rag at a bull. Many old-line Whigs, who had fought the Democrats all their lives, were driven by this cry of Abolitionism into the Democratic ranks.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES AT SPRINGFIELD

I HAD met General Silverton, who was very much interested in his herd of short-horns, and he asked me to go with him to the Fair-grounds to see them. Afterwards he expressed a wish to have a talk with me; and at his request I went with him to his room at the hotel.

He at once inquired if I knew anything of the whereabouts of the young man in whom he was so much interested, or if I had heard anything from him. I frankly told him of the letter to Davis, in which the young man had said he was about to disappear from view, and I assured the General that neither Davis nor I had any idea where he had gone. The General seemed much disappointed, and said there were important reasons for his wishing to communicate with the young man. I surmised that he might have received information from New Orleans, similar to mine, regarding Monsieur Besançon's relations to the young man. I longed to tell the General all I knew; but as he had never given me an intimation as to his own relations with our young friend, I felt that I could not venture farther in so delicate a matter.

"How could I have left him to go off in this way!" exclaimed the General. "If I ever find him I shall try to have him so situated that he will not care to go away." Then turning to me he asked, "Is your friend likely to hear from him again?"

"I see little prospect of this," I answered. "My friend and I talked it all over, and decided that about all we could do was to wait."

"Perhaps so," said the General; "but I shall still do what I can. My friend Allan Pinkerton, of Chicago, is very expert in such matters. Perhaps he may help us."

The General was thoughtful a few moments; then he said: "Rose is here, at Miss Edwards's. She knows that you are to be at the Fair, and will expect to see you."

I thanked him, and took my leave. As I emerged from the hotel I found a crowd gathered about an open buggy, which, to judge from its appearance and that of the horse, had just come in from a long journey. As occupants of the buggy I soon recognized my former acquaintances Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Swett. They had come from Tazewell County, where they had been attending court.

Presently I heard a voice that seemed familiar to me, saying, "I hope, Linkern, ye 've got a minny on the hook! Douglas 'es comin',—he 'll be hyer to-morrer, chuck full o' pop'lar sovernty an' whiskey, an' we want yer to land him, hook an' line, bob an' sinker!"

"I 'll do the best I can, Bill," answered Mr. Lincoln, "if the boys think I 'm the man for the job; but I have had some experience in this line with the Judge, and I know it 's not so easy. I think you 'd better get someone else. I've been to that fire."

"Tell us the story 'bout bein' at that fire, Linkern!" said the man.

"I hardly think this is a proper company to tell that story in," answered Mr. Lincoln, and he and the others laughed.

"Wall, you must answer Douglas," persisted the man. "We are all on us kinder settled on 't, an' yer can't get shet o' the job. We 've been lookin' fer yer fer two days."

All joined in the opinion of the spokesman of the crowd, to whom my attention was now especially directed. I could not place the man, although his voice and face were familiar. He finally looked at me, and extended his hand, exclaiming, "Derned ef yer ain't the feller that tuk me ter hear Lovejoy, the Abolition preacher!" I now saw that the man was none other than Bill Green, whom I had met at Princeton.

Mr. Swett had now got down from the buggy, and Mr. Lincoln started to drive away, saying, "I must go home and get my

supper and put out my horse. I'll see you all later in the evening."

As I passed down the street I saw on the opposite side a striking looking man of erect figure and elastic step, whom I recognized as Owen Lovejoy. I crossed over and spoke to him. He received me very kindly, and I told him about having heard him preach at Princeton, and about the poor fugitive whom he had received from Davis and me, of the fugitive's safe arrival in Canada, of his having his free papers, of his strange disappearance, etc., in all of which Mr. Lovejoy was much interested.

I asked Mr. Lovejoy what he thought of the political situation. He was elated at the prospects, and said that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise had awakened an Anti-slavery sentiment which he had never hoped to see during his life,— that the North was now fully aroused, and he did not believe anything could stop the onward movement until every slave should be freed.

"Yes," I said, "but the Anti-Nebraska men are as much opposed to interfering with slavery in the States as the Democrats are."

"That is true," he answered; "but in antagonizing the Nebraska bill, and at the same time protesting against the extension of slavery, the whole subject of the wrongs of the black man is discussed, and the people are becoming aroused. There, for instance, is Mr. Lincoln,— a lawyer by profession and a great stickler for the Constitution, a supporter of the fugitive-slave bill and zealously opposed to any interference with slavery in the States, and yet in opposing the extension of slavery he is denouncing the brutal institution as earnestly as I am. It 's the same with Palmer, Trumbull, Yates, Swett, and all the rest,— men who would resent being placed with you and me as Abolitionists, and yet disseminating anti-slavery sentiments. Of one thing I am confident: there will be no more slave States."

In those days, many men and women in Illinois rode on horseback. It was quite common in the country for a young man to take his "best girl" up behind him on the saddle and go off for a ride, and men often took their wives to church in this way. There was no attempt at "style"; the horse was usually a work-animal from the farm, ungroomed and clumsy. A "blinding bridle" and a blanket were sufficient for his equipment — if, indeed, he was not

ridden bareback. As Mr. Lovejoy and I were walking along together, there came up the street, riding upon fine horses richly caparisoned, a handsome young couple whose grace and elegance attracted general attention. I at once recognized Rose Silverton; and by her side was Dwight Earle. I had intended calling upon Rose that evening, and, being not at all pleased at seeing her riding in such company, I would gladly have passed them unobserved. Dwight, who was nearer to my side of the street, pretended not to see me, and tried to ride by without my being seen by Rose; but just then I heard her pronounce my name, and she reined in her horse and spoke to me, Dwight of course being also obliged to stop.

She at once began to rally me about my not having called upon her. She said that there was no use in making excuses, that she knew I had been in town for two days, and had not even called; exclaiming that Mr. Earle had called before he had been in town an hour. I thought I had never seen Rose so beautiful as she was then, in her elegant riding habit, made very long according to the fashion of those days, and riding a beautiful mare whose head was high in air, neck arching, mane and tail flowing, nostrils distended, impatiently champing her bit and pawing the earth.

I did not take time to consider whether or not it would be proper, but presented Mr. Lovejoy to Rose. He was surprised to meet the daughter of General Silverton, of whom he knew much; but Rose was even more surprised at meeting him. She at once dismounted, and, handing her rein to Tom the colored boy, who, also on horseback, had followed at a respectful distance, she gave both her hands to Mr. Lovejoy.

"So you are Mr. Owen Lovejoy, of whom I have heard?" she exclaimed. "I cannot tell you how I admire you. I am glad to find one man who is not afraid of being called an Abolitionist! My friend here was once brave enough to be all this,—but everybody is now so cowardly! Can't you come down to Mr. Edwards's with him this evening to see me? Oh, I forgot,—this is Mr. Earle. He is like my father—a worshipper of Douglas. He had an engagement for this evening, but I hope you will come. It will be such an honor!"

Mr. Lovejoy promised to go, as of course I did. Tom led up

the mare, and Rose offered her pretty little foot to me, and, profiting by the lessons she had once given me, I assisted her to spring into the saddle, and off they clattered down the street.

CHAPTER V.

A MEMORABLE EVENING

IN the evening we met at Mr. Edwards's, where we were cordially received. Among the guests was Mrs. Lincoln, who was a sister of Mrs. Edwards; and later in the evening Mr. Lincoln came for her. I recall also Dr. William Jayne and Mr. John Bunn, two well-known citizens who were intimately associated with Lincoln, Douglas, Trumbull, Palmer, Yates, and other prominent men.* The presence of Mr. Lovejoy, who came by Rose's invitation, was a little embarrassing. There was scarcely a name in Illinois better known than his, but it cannot be said that he was known very favorably. He was regarded as a dangerous agitator, and a very unsafe man; in fact, it was said that most people believed he had horns. The guests were evidently surprised to find this Princeton Congregational preacher, who had stirred up such a commotion, to be not only a man of charming personality, but of high character and attainments. He talked in a most entertaining way upon general subjects, but made no allusion whatever to the views for which he was so widely known, until a Southern lady very politely complimented him upon something he had said that especially pleased her, and expressed regret that he was so unfriendly to the South.

"I beg your pardon, Madam," Mr. Lovejoy exclaimed, "but I am not unfriendly to the South, or to the Southern people. I want especially to help the Southern people — to do them good."

"But," she replied, "we are constantly hearing of your assailing the South and its institutions."

"I do oppose slavery with all my might," he replied; "but I do so because I am sure that not only the South, but the North, and the whole country, would be better off without it."

* Many of these prominent Illinois families became related by marriage. Dr. Jayne's sister, Julia M. Jayne, who was present at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, became the wife of Lyman Trumbull; while his son William Jayne married Margaret Palmer, daughter of John M. Palmer.

"But if you are correctly reported, Mr. Lovejoy," replied the lady, "you do the Southern slaveholders great injustice in what you say of them. They are not the inhuman monsters you represent; most of them are high-minded and considerate, kind and lenient masters, and exemplary Christian people."

"I know that is often the case," answered Mr. Lovejoy; "and I commend them for it. But if every slaveholder in the United States were a saint, I should still oppose slavery. We know human nature too well to trust it too far. I would not trust even myself with absolute power over another human being; and when we reflect that any man or woman, however base and brutal, who happens to be able to do so, may buy and own men and women and children, the fact that good and humane Christian people are slaveholders does not at all reconcile me to that evil institution."

Mr. Lovejoy mused for a moment, and then continued: "Nearly everyone thinks slavery is wrong. I know of but one man who is indifferent to it, and that is Stephen A. Douglas, of our own State. He has publicly declared that 'this country is only for white men and their descendants,' and that he 'cares not whether slavery be voted up or voted down.'

"You speak of me as being unfriendly to the South," Mr. Lovejoy went on. "I am even denounced as an enemy to my country. Listen a moment. There was once a man who loved his wife beyond the power of expression. She was very beautiful, and possessed all the charms and graces. But there developed upon her beautiful features an excrescence which was extremely annoying, and finally disfigured her. The husband, thoroughly devoted to her, sought out an eminent surgeon, from whom he learned that the hideous thing could be entirely removed. In rapture he hastened to tell the wife he adored what seemed to him the glad news. Instead of rejoicing with him, she was affronted and indignant, and turned upon him with bitter reproaches, declaring that he did not love her,— that he was not satisfied with her,— that no one could love her who wanted to have her changed in any particular; and finally worked herself up to the belief that he hated her. I hope," added Mr. Lovejoy, and his lips quivered with emotion, "I hope that you will believe that I love my country, and all my country, North, South, East, and West. It is because I love my country

with all my heart and soul that I am anxious to remove from her fair face this hideous deformity of human slavery."

Everyone in the room was strongly moved by the power of this eloquent champion of human rights. It seemed as though, if an expression could have been taken at that moment, all would have declared themselves Abolitionists. I looked anxiously at Rose. She had not spoken after her first greeting to Mr. Lovejoy, but sat silent, drinking in every word.

"We have with us a believer in your doctrine, Mr. Lovejoy," said Miss Edwards, turning toward Rose. "She was only this morning quoting Thomas Jefferson on slavery. What was that he said?" she asked Rose, to whom the general attention was thus directed.

"Mr. Jefferson, after showing the evils of slavery, exclaimed, 'I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just.' And not only Jefferson," Rose added, "but every statesman worthy of the name has abhorred slavery. In fact, there has not been, up to the present generation, a philosopher, statesman, jurist, historian, poet, or scholar, worthy of being named as such, who has not abhorred it. How men and women can now advocate it or apologize for it, I cannot comprehend. You, Madam," she continued, turning to the lady who had addressed Mr. Lovejoy, "are from Kentucky. Perhaps you know that your greatest statesman, Henry Clay, said, 'So long as God allows the vital current to flow through my veins, I will never, never, by word or thought, by mind or will, aid in admitting one rood of free territory to the everlasting curse of human bondage.'"

The whole company were intently listening to Rose, as, absorbed in her subject, her eyes shone with unusual lustre; yet she seemed unconscious of the presence of anyone except the lady she was directly addressing. I was proud of her, and enjoyed her evident triumph.

"Your father must have a fine library," said Mrs. Lincoln to Rose, "and you have evidently made good use of it. I had no idea that the young lady I saw riding on horseback to-day with that handsome young gentleman was so well informed. Where did you get that lovely riding-habit you wore? Certainly not in Springfield!"

"Mamma sent to her dressmaker in Paris and had it made," replied Rose, simply.

"And who was the handsome young gentleman with you?" asked Mrs. Lincoln.

"He is from Chicago," replied Rose. "We have known him for a long time."

"I suppose he agrees with you in your views," continued Mrs. Lincoln.

"Not at all," said Rose. "He is an enthusiastic Douglas Democrat. I like Senator Douglas personally very much; he comes to our house, and is a friend of my father; but I do not like his principles. Yet he seems likely to go on and carry the people with him just the same as he has always done, because there seems to be no one who is able to cope with him. Mr. Lovejoy could do it,—but everyone seems afraid of an Abolitionist."

"Someone will rise up who is able to cope with Senator Douglas," replied Mrs. Lincoln, "someone who is abler than he is, and can beat him at his own game."

I wanted to ask Mrs. Lincoln whom she meant; but she immediately said to me, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "You will have to look out for your laurels, young man, or that handsome young Douglas Democrat will take this bright young lady away from you! I have heard, from my niece here, all about the house-party in Pike County; and, to tell the truth, I am on your side!" She went on with playful and witty talk that put the whole party in good humor. Everybody gathered about her, recognizing the social supremacy she always claimed and maintained.

Mr. Lincoln came in, accompanied by Judge David Davis. I had never before seen Mr. Lincoln at a social gathering where there were ladies. He seemed more dignified, and less free in his manners, than when I had seen him before. He soon sought the side of Mr. Lovejoy, who told him, loud enough for everybody to hear, how well-informed General Silverton's daughter was. "A prodigy,—a prodigy," he repeated, "in her store of knowledge; and, would you believe it?" he added, "General Silverton's daughter is an Abolitionist, as radical as I am!"

"How could the daughter of so decided a Douglas Democrat take that shoot?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"I don't know," said Mr. Lovejoy; "but I suspect there is a young gentleman in the case, who is an Abolitionist."

I saw that Rose was listening, very much embarrassed, and she drew away when Mr. Lincoln extended his hand to me and said, "I think, young man, that we have met before."

"I met you at Galesburg, with General Silverton and Mr. Browning," I replied as best I could, and fled. At the other end of the drawing-room I found myself near Judge Davis and Mrs. Lincoln, who in every company managed to get the most distinguished men near her. They seemed to be having a good-humored chat, but spoke more than one truth in jest. Just now Mrs. Lincoln was good-naturedly calling the Judge to account for keeping her husband so much away from home.

"You know, Judge Davis, that you might adjourn court early enough for him and all the lawyers to get home Saturday nights if you wanted to! The idea of keeping him up in Tazewell County for three weeks! You ought to be ashamed!"

The Judge had a peculiar sort of exclamation which cannot be described, — a little snort, something like "Hu!" which he always gave when especially interested or amused; and on this occasion it came often into play.

"Hu! I *had* to stay!" he exclaimed; "and why should n't I keep Lincoln! Hu! Think of me, and all the lawyers and jurors and witnesses, staying up there over Sunday without Lincoln, just to please one woman! Why, he kept us all from dying of what the French call *ennui!* We would all have been dead long ago but for Lincoln! He is a whole show by himself, — the drollest man on earth, full of humor and anecdote, and a whole magazine of knowledge besides. And to think of letting a man like him go home to spend his valuable time looking after women and children, running to market, fetching wood, feeding the pig, and bringing water!"

"Stuff!" exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln; "telling those awful stories, when he ought to be at home with his wife and children! But he is of no account when he is at home. Talk about him looking after women and children! — he never does anything when he is at home except to warm himself and read. He never went to market in his life; I have to look after all that. He just does

nothing. He is the most useless, good-for-nothing man on earth!"

"Hu! Suppose *I* said that!" said the Judge. "Suppose I had said, 'Lincoln is the most useless, good-for-nothing man on earth!'"

"I would have scratched your eyes out!" exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln. "But really," she continued, "he is so absorbed with his law, his anecdotes, his reading, and what not, that he is of little use at home. I have been trying a long time to get him to make the house fit to live in. He was always going to do it, but never did. Finally, when he went off to your court, I got a neighbor to help me, and had the upper story raised so we could have some decent sleeping-rooms."

"Lincoln himself told me about it to-night," said the Judge. "He said that when he came home and saw the change in the house, he waited on the corner until a neighbor came along and asked him to tell him where Mr. Lincoln lived; and then, what do you think? he began bragging about his wife, and telling what a wonderful woman she is, and kept it up until we came in that door. I suppose, from what you have said, he never gives you any money?"

"Money!" she exclaimed, "he never gives me any money,— he leaves his pocket-book where I can take what I want."

"Of course you paid for the house repairs?" inquired the Judge.

"No," said Mrs. Lincoln, "he paid it without a word, and made fun about it, and finally,— well, he did n't think any the less of me for what I had done."

"Listen!" said the Judge, laying his hand upon the arm of Mrs. Lincoln's chair, and speaking with great earnestness. "When Abraham Lincoln began practicing on our circuit, there was no other lawyer so poorly equipped for the duties of the profession. He has had the hardest struggle for recognition of any lawyer at our bar. But he did n't get discouraged. He kept 'pegging away,' as he says, until his colleagues all admit he is now the best and most successful lawyer who practices in my court. That he did not give up, but kept 'pegging away,' is due, in my opinion, more than to anyone else, to the volatile, wilful, determined, exacting,

ambitious, charming lady who at this moment does me the honor to listen to me, — hu!"

Mrs. Lincoln laughed merrily, but said, "That's all very well, Judge Davis, but he will always be 'pegging away,' trying little law-cases in those horrid little towns, staying at little country taverns telling stories and leaving me to take care of the children. He is more of a man than Judge Douglas, who has all the honors, and lives in Washington. When he was in Congress he might have been popular; all he had to do was to approve the war with Mexico. He knew that this would make him popular, but he had to go and make a speech against it, and nobody wanted to send him back. Look at Douglas! He is a real politician. He was too smart to be led into that trap,— he was for war from the first, and all the time!"

"Wait!" answered the Judge. "Just wait! Don't get impatient! Douglas will arrive in town to-night, and he is going to speak in the State House to-morrow, and we are going to put your husband up to answer him; and then,— do you understand me? — we are going to elect him as Shields's successor in the United States Senate. He will be in the Senate with Douglas; and he will take care of the rest. The country will find out that Stephen A. Douglas is not the only man in Illinois!"

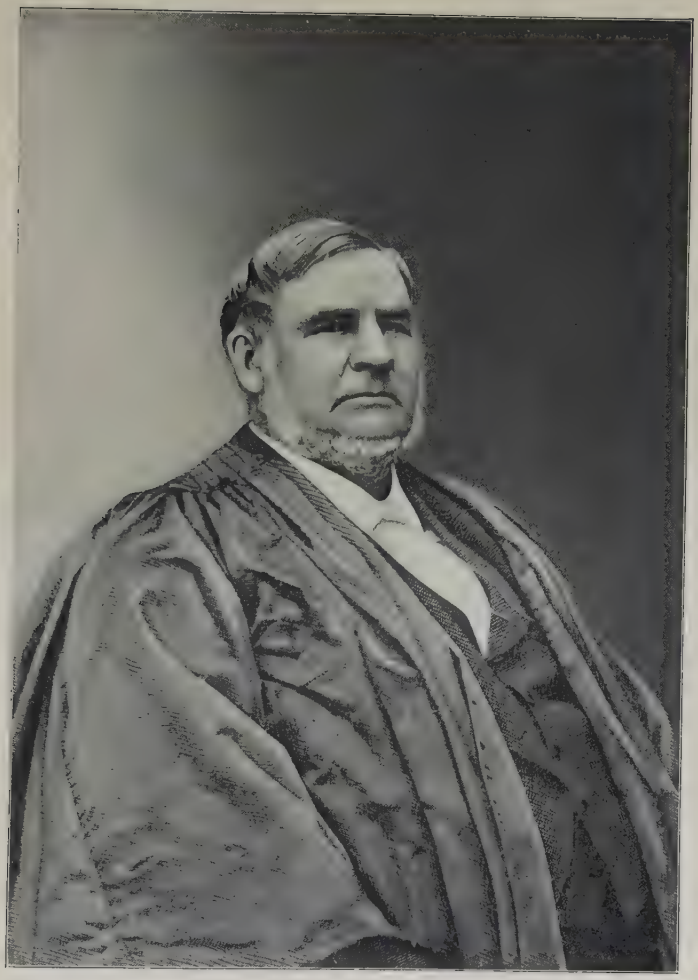
"Do you really think, Judge Davis, that you can elect my husband to the Senate?"

"I do, Mrs. Lincoln!" the Judge answered.

She gave an exclamation, almost a scream. "My!" she said, "if he could be a Senator! Wouldn't I teach some of those upstart women a thing or two? They would find that they couldn't snub me any more at the White House receptions!"

"Hu!" answered the Judge, "if that would please you so, why didn't you marry Douglas? You had your pick between them!"

"Marry Douglas!" she exclaimed; "there is more in Abe Lincoln's little finger than in Douglas's whole body! Douglas is nothing but a scrubby little Vermont Yankee, not to be compared with Lincoln. I knew it all the time. Lincoln is a real gentleman, of our true blue-grass Kentucky blood. If he could only have some sense as a politician! That little Steve Douglas runs all around him in politics!"



David Davis

AS AN ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

"But," said the Judge, "Lincoln *is* a politician. All the caucuses and conventions go as he says. Now, in place of looking to the old politicians to answer Douglas, everybody looks to Lincoln to do it."

"Yes," she replied, "he is a politician in a small way here in Springfield, but I want him to do something great. I am no Abolitionist; I hate them. But Abolitionism is going to win. Lovejoy over there is the apostle of Abolitionism and will be a great man. My husband hates slavery as much as Lovejoy does; but he is so slow, always holding back for the Constitution, and they will all get ahead of him.'

"We shall see," mused Judge Davis. "I think Lincoln is right."

"Come over here, Miss Rose! I want to speak to you!" exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln, and she presented Rose to Judge Davis, who, being very corpulent, remained seated. "This," said Mrs. Lincoln, "is the daughter and only child of General Silverton. She knows everything in her father's library, which is very large. I know you will be interested in her." Without waiting for the Judge to answer a word, Mrs. Lincoln continued, "Really and truly, Rose, has your mother a Paris dressmaker?"

"She has," replied Rose.

"Is your mother coming over here?" asked Mrs. Lincoln. "I do want to see her. Don't you think she could get me a Paris gown?"

"I think she could," said Rose.

"I would send my measure, and pay anything for it," said Mrs. Lincoln. "I must have a Paris gown made by a man-tailor. Won't you speak to your mother about it?"

Mr. Lovejoy had already taken his leave, and Mr. Lincoln had about him Dr. Jayne, John Bunn, Speed Butler, and several others. They were earnestly talking about the Douglas meeting to be held the next day.

"He will ring the changes on Lovejoy, and Ichabod Codding, and the whole outfit of Abolitionists," said Butler; "and, as they are here, he will claim that to become an Anti-Nebraska man is to go over bag and baggage into the Abolition camps, and he will frighten the Democrats, who are really against having any more slave States, and hold them in line for his support."

"This is precisely what he is already doing," said Mr. Lincoln; "and it is having its effect. Democrats who have felt really indignant at the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and who were inclined to go with us, are already alarmed by this cry, and are afraid to leave their party lest they be put down as Abolitionists. But this is not the worst of it. It is having its effect upon our old-line Whigs. They are fully as sensitive on this matter as the Democrats are, and there is danger that many of them will go over to the Democratic party."

"Let them go," said John Bunn, "if they want to. I don't want the old Whigs to leave us, but I am not in favor of giving up any principle to keep them. I am no Abolitionist, but I say, no more slave States, whether the people of the Territories vote to have slavery or not!"

"That 's the doctrine!" said Dr. Jayne. "John T. Stuart has already declared himself against us, and he will take away as many of the Whigs as he can; but we will have others. Trumbull, Palmer, Judd, and Cook will bring us more Democrats than we will lose Whigs, and we shall not miss them."

Mrs. Lincoln was calling for her husband, and they made their adieus and withdrew, Judge Davis accompanying them. Rose called me aside and said she wanted to hear Senator Douglas the next day, and wished I would take her, which I was very glad to promise to do.

Dr. Jayne, Butler, Bunn, and I walked away together.

"Is it true," I asked, "that Mr. Lincoln is to reply to Senator Douglas?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Jayne. "We have all agreed upon him. It is all right, is it not?"

"I presume so," I replied. "Judge Davis thinks so, and you all seem agreed upon it. We in the Military Tract are not so well posted about Mr. Lincoln as you are here in central Illinois. Senator Douglas is an able man, and it seems to me that the strongest man we have should be put up against him. Do you consider Mr. Lincoln a great man?"

"Nobody ever called Lincoln a great man," said Butler; "at least I never heard anybody call him that,— but I would rather see him put up against Douglas than anybody else."

"Well, you know him," I said, "but I would have thought you would prefer to put up some man of well-known ability as a lawyer and an orator,—some man like Mr. Browning,—to meet Douglas."

"Mr. Browning is a very able lawyer and a fine scholar. Lincoln is not so great a lawyer, and perhaps is not the equal of Browning as an orator," said Dr. Jayne. "He, and in fact none of them, begin to compare with Colonel Baker as a public speaker. Stephen T. Logan, strictly as a lawyer, is no doubt the superior of Mr. Lincoln. Bill Herndon, Lincoln's partner, is perhaps better read in the law than he; but here in Sangamon County, and all through Central Illinois, no man living can hold Douglas level as Lincoln can. In some way, Lincoln carries the crowd with him. He has such a plain, simple way of talking, and he makes everything so clear, that everybody can understand him, and everybody thinks he is honest and believes what he says. If he was really a great man, or if people regarded him as a great man, he could not do half so much."

CHAPTER VI.

DOUGLAS EXPOUNDS "POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY"

AS we walked along, the strains of music from a brass band reached us.

"Douglas has arrived!" exclaimed John Bunn. "They are serenading him at the Chenery House. He will make a speech. Let's go and hear him!" And we all went.

There was a big and boisterous crowd, yelling and cheering and jostling each other. Torches were held up in front of Senator Douglas, who had already begun speaking, and we could plainly see him and those about him. I recognized Lieutenant-Governor McMurtry, better dressed than I had ever seen him at home, John A. McClernand, Sam Buckmaster, John A. Logan, William R. Morrison, and, nearer to the Senator than anyone else, Dwight Earle, who was very enthusiastic, and several times shouted, "That's so!" and called for cheers for Douglas. In the background I could see the dignified figure of General Silverton.

As we drew near, we heard Senator Douglas's deep, strong,

sympathetic bass voice proceeding with slow and measured accents, each word projected out into the darkness with tremendous power as if fired from a columbiad, a distinct pause after every word.

"Neither . . to legislate . . slavery . . into . . a Territory nor . . to exclude . . it therefrom . . but . . to leave . . the people . . perfectly free . . to form . . and regulate . . their . . domestic . . institutions . . in their own . . way . . subject . . only . . to the . . Constitution of the United States. That," exclaimed the Senator, speaking more rapidly as he proceeded, "is all there is of the Nebraska bill; that is 'popular sovereignty,' upon which I am to speak at the State House to-morrow. I have come home, as I have done so many times before, to give an account of my stewardship. I know the Democrats of Illinois. I know they always do their duty. I know, Democrats, that you will stand by me, as you have always done. I am not afraid that you will be led off by those renegades from the party, Trumbull, Palmer, Judd, and Cook, who have formed an unholy alliance with Lovejoy and Codding, both now in Springfield, to turn the glorious old Democratic party over to the black Abolitionists. Democrats of Illinois, will you permit it?"

"Never!" came from hundreds of voices.

"I tell you," continued the Senator, "the time has not yet come when a handful of traitors in our camp can turn the great State of Illinois, with all her glorious history and traditions, into a negro-worshiping, negro-equality community. Illinois has always been, and always will be, true to the Constitution and the Union. I shall be glad to see you all at the State House to-morrow, where I shall discuss at length the questions that are before the people. Good-night!"

Senator Douglas was then at the zenith of his fame. The year before, he had been elected for a second term in the United States Senate, and still had nearly five years to serve. Two years before, his name was among those presented to the Democratic National Convention for the nomination to the Presidency; and there was no more promising candidate for that nomination two years thereafter. Since the death of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, he had been the foremost man in either house of Congress. He absolutely controlled, either directly or through his friends, every

public office worth having in Illinois, not only Federal appointments but State and county offices, as his friends under his direction controlled conventions and carried elections. He had for years been identified with the most important public measures, in the consideration of which he had taken a conspicuous part. He was only forty-one years old, in the heyday of physical strength and manly vigor. No man knew the people of Illinois better than he. He knew many of them personally, knew from whence they had come, knew the traditions and opinions they had brought with them, and their likes and dislikes. He appreciated their patriotism, their devotion to the Union, and realized how sensitive they were in regard to anything that might bring discord between the North and the South. He knew that while they hated slavery they had no love for the negro and did not want him among them. He himself had become imbued with their spirit, their ideals, their rugged manly virtues, their vices and their prejudices.

Douglas was, besides all this, the ablest debater in public life. No man had yet been found who could cope with him.

When Rose and I entered the hall of the State House the next day, the Senator was holding a reception, hundreds of people pressing forward to grasp his hand. Just as the meeting was called to order, we saw Mr. Lincoln making his way up the aisle. He was received with great cordiality by the Senator, and given a prominent seat. Senator Douglas and Mr. Lincoln seemed to meet as old friends. I noticed Mr. Lovejoy and Mr. Ichabod Codding seated near us in the hall.

The Senator's speech was much the same as that I had heard in his debate with President Blanchard at Knoxville. He started with the same declaration that the Missouri Compromise line had been practically abrogated by the compromise measures of 1850. He eulogized Henry Clay as the great leader in the adoption of those measures, and said that "the Sage of Ashland" would turn in his grave if he could know that his old Whig friends could be led into a conspiracy with Lovejoy to abolitionize the country. In the breaking up of the Whig party, the Senator's great desire seemed to be to bring the pro-slavery Whigs into the Democratic party, and thus compensate for the loss of Democrats who had gone off with the Anti-Nebraska men. His argument in support

of the right of self-government, the right of the people of a Territory to settle all local questions for themselves, was masterly. No abler arguments for popular sovereignty could be made. He said that so far as the matter of slavery was concerned, he "cared not whether it was voted up or voted down." The real question was whether the people should rule, whether the people of a Territory should control their own affairs. He appealed to the prejudices of his hearers in regard to the negro, declaring that his opponents were for negro supremacy, negro equality, and negro domination, and that "if the people of Kansas and Nebraska were able to govern themselves, they were able to govern a few miserable negroes."

Rose moved up closer to me, as he denounced the Abolitionists and sneered at the negroes. She was all in a tremor at first, and could scarcely suppress her indignation. So excited did she become, that I almost feared she would cry out in denunciation of the speaker. Finally she became more calm; but I could see that she was very much moved. The crowd, however, was rapturous with delight. Cries of "That 's so!" "Hit 'em again!" "Hurrah for the Little Giant!" were heard on every hand. The speaker declared that the Abolitionists were in favor of miscegenation, of intermarriage with the negro; and he warned his hearers to protect their daughters from such a calamity, by standing by the Democratic party.

I watched Mr. Lincoln, almost expecting him to protest openly against such outrageous sentiments. To my surprise, he appeared greatly amused; in fact, he seemed almost hilarious with mirth. Seated all about him were Democrats, and I saw him frequently whisper to them, and they all seemed to be convulsed with suppressed glee. I called Rose's attention to him, and she seemed little less indignant at him than at Douglas. As the Senator closed, Dwight Earle, who had a front seat, jumped upon the speaker's platform and called for "Three cheers for the Little Giant!" which were given with immense enthusiasm.

The crowd was so great that we thought it best to stay in our seats until the crush was over. As we started to go out, Senator Douglas and Mr. Lincoln came down the aisle together, several others following. The Senator espied Rose, and stopped

to greet her; politely bowing to me, he extended his hand to her, but she did not take it.

"Excuse me," she said. "I beg your pardon, sir. I need no protection from the negro!"

"Oh," he said, "that was politics!"

"I do not like such politics," she replied, with spirit. "It was an insult to every young woman in Illinois, especially to the daughter of every Democrat."

Mr. Lincoln seemed much amused, and said, "Judge, here is the daughter of *one* Democrat who does not scare easily! You'll find lots of them in Illinois. You'd better find where the road forks, and turn off! You're going the wrong way to reach the hearts of Illinois women!" Then turning to Rose, he said, "Don't bother or fret yourself, young lady! We'll hang the Judge's hide on the fence to-morrow!" and they passed out together. We walked out behind them, and as they passed through the crowd Dwight Earle again called for cheers for the "Little Giant," which of course were given. I noticed that Dwight was always demonstrative when the Senator was present and could see and hear him.

"Shame on him!" was the only expression Rose gave to her feelings, as she heard Dwight call for cheers. She did not speak again until we were almost home, when she said, "I do not like Mr. Lincoln. He is almost as bad as Senator Douglas! How could he sit there and giggle, and almost laugh out loud with those coarse men, while Senator Douglas was saying such dreadful things? He ought to have jumped to his feet and denounced him. And then to see him coming down the aisle with Douglas! He is no man to meet the Senator in debate! I noticed that Mr. Lovejoy did not laugh; it was no laughing matter to him. Why did they not call upon him to answer Senator Douglas?" Then she added, "But I do want to hear Mr. Lincoln! Will you take me to-morrow?"

I was only too glad to be permitted to do so.

CHAPTER VII.

VARIOUS EXHIBITS AT THE FAIR

GENERAL SILVERTON'S short-horned cattle were greatly admired at the fair, as few of the people present had ever before seen imported Durham cattle. Through the efforts of such enterprising men, an interest in the subject was awakened among the farmers which has continued until no other State surpasses Illinois for fine stock. Bulls have been sold for as large a sum as ten thousand dollars, and cows have commanded almost as high a price. The efforts of breeders of fine stock are no longer confined to short-horns, but the best of other breeds of high-class cattle may be found in nearly every county.

Of the original stock which the General had brought around the lakes on the steamer upon which we came, he had placed but three or four on exhibition; and among these was the great bull Taurus. His herd had increased beyond his most sanguine expectations, and he was able to show cattle of different ages up to seven years. Not far removed from the cattle-sheds, General Silverton had pitched a tent, well furnished with tables, camp-chairs, and cots, where he dispensed hospitality, consisting chiefly of whiskey and cigars. I found him surrounded by groups of representative men from different parts of the State, to whom he was discoursing upon the merits of short-horns. He spoke to me kindly, and continued the conversation.

As I was strolling among the cattle-sheds, a little later, I heard a familiar voice discoursing upon the merits of the cattle to a group of men who were gathered about a shed some distance down the line. My first impulse was to get away as rapidly as possible; but I thought better of it, and approached the group.

"I tell yer, gen'lemen," said the familiar voice, "thet bull's wuth his weight in gold! Ever sence he left old England, Queen Victory's bin cryin' her eyes out on account o' the loss o' that calf,—for he was jist a calf then. Now you kin go up an' down these sheds an' see what a fambly he 's got about him. All the

gold in Californy couldn't buy his childern an' gran'childern!"

It was Hobbs. His voice failed him when his eye caught mine. He came to me with some hesitation, and exclaimed, "Fer God's sake, don't say nuthin' agin me to the Gen'ral! He said to me, 'Hobbs,' says he, 'it's a long way from Pike to the State Fair! Ther ain't nobody on earth I kin trust them cattle with but Hobbs! Hobbs brung the cattle all the way on the boat an' all the way across the perarie, an' never lost a head.' I haint nuthin' agin yer. 'Pears like yer might jist say ter the Gen'ral, 'Hobbs is squar,' 'Hobbs knows stock,' 'Hobbs is ——'"

"I hardly think it best for me to say anything," I answered, interrupting him.

"I've got religion," Hobbs exclaimed, "an' I've got it powerful!"

"You don't say you've got religion, Hobbs?"

"Powerful, powerful! It was old Pete Cartwright as did it,—him thet run agin Abe Likern fer Congriss. Ole Pete he jist prayed the Lord to take us pore sinners by the nape o' the neck an' shake us over the flames o' hell till our toe-nails cracked, but not to loose his grip; an' the Lord jist did it, an' held on, an' here I am, a brand from the burnin'. You jist ort to see ole Pete! He ain't afeard o' nuthin'. He told Gen'ral Jackson to his face, down in Tennessee, thet ef he did 'nt repent he 'd go to hell jist the same as the pore white trash, or the niggers; an' he don't like niggers no more than me."

"I hope, Hobbs, your conversion has made you too humane ever to fire upon a poor negro fleeing for his liberty," said I.

"Thet ain't gittin' religion," said Hobbs. "Gittin' religion is bein' yanked from the jaws o' hell jist as they is shettin' up on yer, an' puttin' yer down in glory, an' makin' yer whoop an' yell powerful!"

"But, Hobbs," I persisted, "doesn't it make you better to everybody, especially to the poor negroes, to have religion?"

"Don't think we're no wuss," said Hobbs. "The Bible says, 'Cussid be Canaan.' Thet means niggers, an' we cuss 'em; an' it says 'Servants, obey yer masters'; an' it's our dooty to make 'em do it."

When I went back to the General's tent, he explained to me in an apologetic way why he had taken Hobbs back. He said that both Mrs. Silverton and Rose had begged him to do so; that he had no one of experience to bring his stock to Springfield, and when Hobbs begged to be taken back he decided to give him another chance.

While I was with the General, Rose and Miss Edwards came in. They had driven out from town in a carriage, to see the Fair. The General had too many friends about him to leave, and so he asked me to escort the young ladies about the grounds, which I was glad to do.

As we came out from the building where articles of domestic industry were exhibited, we saw Mr. Lincoln. He was surrounded by a group of men, among whom we noticed William H. Green, Jack Armstrong, and others from old Salem, in Menard County, where Lincoln had lived in his younger days, and some from the same neighborhood who were known as the "Clary Grove boys." Mr. Lincoln was entertaining his friends with stories. We stopped and looked at the party from a distance, and Rose remarked that she thought Mr. Lincoln had better be preparing himself for his speech in answer to Senator Douglas.

Tall as Mr. Lincoln was, he saw us over the heads of the crowd, and came over to speak to us, at the same time beckoning a young man in the company, whom we had not before observed, to come with him. After greeting us, he said he wanted to introduce a young friend, a lawyer from Decatur, and presented Mr. Richard J. Oglesby, whom he called "Dick Oglesby," and remarked that he had only a short time before returned from California, and that he had been a soldier in the Mexican War. I was struck, as were we all, with the appearance of this young man. He had a fine figure and graceful carriage, and his eyes beamed with intelligence. He was a little timid, almost bashful, at first, but soon was at his ease. He was full of rollicking fun, and had the drollest expressions, some of which, taken by themselves, were anything but elegant; yet his bearing, taken altogether, was dignified, almost courtly. With all his "Westernisms" and vernacular of the backwoods, or I might more appropriately say of the prairies, there was an air of candor and sincerity about

him that gave everything he said and did a charm that drew men to him.*

"I have seen your father," said Mr. Lincoln to Rose, "and have complimented him upon the fine showing of stock he is making here. I also took occasion to express my admiration for his daughter."

Rose blushed, and playfully replied that while she appreciated the compliment, she was not on exhibition, and was not competing for a blue ribbon.

"You deserve one from the women of Illinois," said Mr. Lincoln, "for the rebuke you gave Douglas yesterday."

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but I felt almost equally indignant toward you. How could you laugh and joke with those about you, when he was speaking in such an outrageous manner? And how could you continue on such good terms with him? You would not have found Mr. Lovejoy doing such a thing!"

"Perhaps I ought to feel a little guilty," replied Mr. Lincoln, "for I regard this abuse of the black man as brutal beyond expression; but I have heard it all my life, and, as the boy said about skinning eels, it don't hurt 'em so very much, it has always been done, they're used to it. I'm used to it."

"I know it's done by people like our man Hobbs," persisted Rose, "but it ought not to be tolerated in a United States Senator."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Oglesby, "but I think we had better

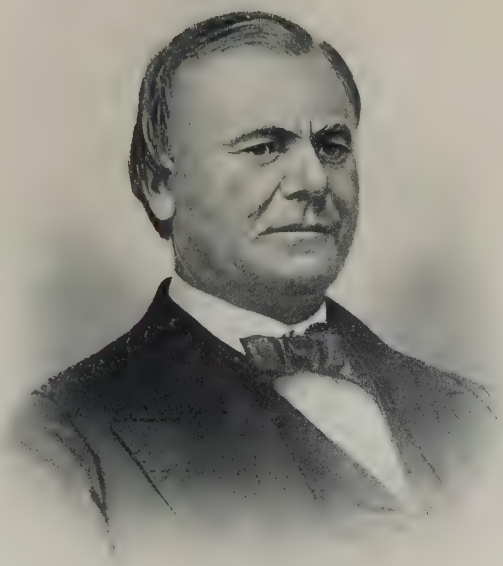
* Richard J. Oglesby, more than any other of the public men of Illinois, filled the measure of what was called "a gentleman of the old school." His long and eventful life was filled with usefulness and high public service. During the nearly half a century that has elapsed since I first knew him, I saw him in many and various capacities, as lawyer, soldier, politician, and citizen. I saw him rise to a commanding position in the military service of his country; I saw him suffering from an almost mortal wound received upon the field of battle; I saw him attain the highest positions in the gift of his State; I saw him loaded with honors and responsibilities; I saw him when the lives of several human beings, the Chicago anarchists, depended upon his decision, and I realized the intensity of his emotions in his desire to save them, and the heroism with which he overcame those emotions in his devotion to the public welfare; I saw him in his retirement; I saw him overcome by the burden of years and infirmities,—and through it all he maintained that serene grandeur and nobility of character for which he was distinguished. Governor Oglesby was not so great a lawyer as either Trumbull or Palmer; he had not the dogged perseverance and unbounded ambition that characterized Logan; he had not the grace of manner and elegance of diction of Yates; but excepting Lincoln alone, there has been no Illinoisan who in a higher degree exemplified the noblest characteristics and traditions of the people of the State.

leave all that to Mr. Lincoln. He knows better than anybody how to manage us sapsuckers. Lovejoy can never bring the old-line Whigs into the Anti-Nebraska party. Mr. Lincoln can do it, if you just let him alone. He knows how. Trust to him. He was born in Kentucky, as I was, and knows us Southern people. He 's almost made an Abolitionist of me."

"I 'll tell you frankly, young lady," said Mr. Lincoln, "that I am not an Abolitionist,— far from it. That is, I cannot think it right for me, an Illinois man, to interfere with slavery in other States. I look upon slavery with horror, and cannot approve of its extension into any of the Territories that belong to the whole people. The Missouri Compromise line was a barrier against it in most of the Territories. Douglas's Nebraska bill broke down that barrier. Therefore I am opposed to Douglas and to his Nebraska bill. I am going to ask you, young lady," he continued, "to give me some points for a speech. I am told that no one is so well informed as to the history of the slavery question as you are. I am in for this fight, and I want you to help me." And Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Oglesby rejoined their companions.

Suddenly there was a shout and a rush. The crowds gathered, broke up, and ran pell-mell toward the great gate that guarded the entrance of the Fair-grounds, shouting, "Douglas! Douglas! Douglas! Hurrah for the Little Giant!" Rose and I remained where we were, and watched the mad scramble. An open barouche entered the grounds, and soon we descried the Senator standing in the carriage, hat in hand, bowing right and left to the crowd. Cheer upon cheer rent the air, as the carriage passed. All were not for Douglas, but no doubt a large majority were his supporters, and they made the air ring with their acclaims. In the carriage with the Senator were his colleague in the Senate, General Shields; Joel A. Matteson, Governor of the State; and John A. McClernand.

We looked for Mr. Lincoln. He was still standing where we had last seen him, but the crowd that had been about him had dispersed. They had joined in the mad rush to see and greet Douglas. The only ones who had remained were Dick Oglesby, Bill Green, and Jack Armstrong. Mr. Lincoln pensively watched the enthusiastic crowd pressing about and following the Senator's car-



R. J. Oglesby

riage, with a look of sadness upon his face such as I had never seen before, but which I have since seen many times. I thought of this scene afterwards, when in the presence of tens of thousands of people Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated as President of the United States at Washington, with Senator Douglas standing by, holding Mr. Lincoln's hat.

CHAPTER VIII.

LINCOLN REPLIES TO DOUGLAS

THE space in the Representative Chamber of the State House was not sufficient to accommodate the crowd that gathered there to hear Mr. Lincoln in the afternoon. Rose and I went early and got a good seat. It was difficult for Mr. Lincoln himself to make his way through the crowd to the stage. Senator Douglas was already there, and was invited to a seat near the speaker.

Mr. Lincoln began by questioning the wisdom of his being selected to reply to the Senator. He spoke of the Senator's world-wide fame, of his high position in the Senate, of his great power in debate, and of what a serious undertaking it was to attempt to answer him before the people. Then he took up the consideration of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which the Senator had carried through Congress, and in defense of which he had spoken the day before. Mr. Lincoln quoted from a speech of the Senator, made years before, wherein he had said that "the Missouri Compromise is a sacred thing, canonized in the hearts of the people, which no ruthless hand would ever be reckless enough to disturb." At this point Douglas good-humoredly interrupted him, exclaiming, "A first-rate speech!"

Without noticing the interruption, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to state that when the Texas-boundary question was being considered Douglas wanted to extend that line to the Pacific Ocean.

"And you voted against it in Congress!" again interrupted Douglas.

"I wanted to put it still farther south," replied Mr. Lincoln. "I think, and I shall try to show, that the Nebraska bill is wrong,—wrong in its direct effect of admitting slavery into Kansas and

Nebraska, and wrong in principle, allowing the institution to spread to any part of the world where men can be found to favor it." This tolerance for the spread of slavery, Mr. Lincoln said, he could not but hate. He hated it because of the monstrous injustice itself, and also because it deprived our Republican example of its just influence in the world, enabling the enemies of free institutions everywhere to taunt us as hypocrites, and causing the friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity; and he hated it especially because it forced so many good men into war with the fundamental principles of liberty, criticising the Declaration of Independence and insisting that there is no real principle of action except self-interest.

He had no prejudices, he said, against the Southern people. They were just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not already exist among them, they would not introduce it; if it existed among us, we would not instantly give it up. This he believed true of the masses both of the North and the South. Doubtless, he said, there were individuals on both sides who would not hold slaves under any circumstances, and there were others who would gladly introduce slavery anew if it were once out of existence. It was well known that some Southern men had freed their slaves, gone North and become Abolitionists; while some Northern men had gone South and become slave-holders. He said that when the Southern people reminded him of their constitutional rights, he acknowledged them, — not grudgingly, but fully and fairly; and he would favor giving them any legislation for reclaiming their fugitives which should not be more likely to carry a free man into slavery than our ordinary criminal laws are to hang an innocent man. But all this, in his judgment, furnished no more excuse for permitting slavery to go into our own free territory than it would furnish for reviving the African slave-trade. The law that forbids bringing slaves to us from Africa, and that which has so long forbidden the taking of them to Nebraska, can hardly be distinguished on any moral principle; and the repeal of the former could find quite as many plausible excuses as the latter.

Mr. Lincoln then turned his attention more directly to Senator Douglas, who, with bitter irony and sarcasm, had paraphrased our

argument by saying that "the white people of Nebraska are good enough to govern themselves, but they are not good enough to govern a few miserable negroes." He said: "I doubt not the people of Nebraska are, and will continue to be, as good as average people elsewhere; I do not say the contrary; what I do say is that *no man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent*. I say that this is the leading principle, the sheet-anchor, of American Republicanism. Our Declaration of Independence says: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed.' I have endeavored," continud Mr. Lincoln, "to show that according to our ancient faith the just power of government is derived only from the consent of the governed. Now the relation of master and slave is *pro tanto* a total violation of this principle. The master not only governs the slave without his consent, but he governs him by rules altogether different from those which he prescribes for himself. To allow all the governed an equal voice in the government, — that, and that only, is self-government.

"Senator Douglas has said in substance," Mr. Lincoln proceeded, "that he had always considered this government made for white people, and not for negroes. Well, in point of fact I think so too. But in this remark of the Judge there is a significance which is the key to the great mistakes he has made in this Nebraska measure. It shows that he has no very clear realization that the negro is human, and consequently that there can be any moral question involved in legislating about him. In his view, the question whether a new country shall be slave or free is a matter of as complete indifference morally as it is whether his neighbor shall plant his farm with tobacco or stock it with cattle. Now, whether this view is right or wrong, it is certain that the great mass of mankind takes a totally different view. They consider slavery a great moral wrong, and their feeling against it is not evanescent but eternal."

Referring to the Senator's talk about negro equality and social

equality, Mr. Lincoln said: "I protest, now and forever, against that counterfeit logic which assumes that because I do not want a negro woman for a slave, I therefore want her for a wife. The Judge shows us the terrible enormities that take place by the mixture of the races,—that the inferior race drags the superior down. Why, Judge, if we do n't let them get together in the Territories they certainly will not mix there!" This sentence was received with applause and laughter, amidst which Mr. Lincoln added, "I should say that, at least, is a self-evident truth."

Mr. Lincoln continued: "I do not see how I can express myself more plainly than I have done. I distinctly disclaim all intention to bring about social and political equality between the white and black races. But I wish to make it equally plain that I think the negro is included in the word 'men' as used in the Declaration of Independence. I believe the declaration that 'all men are created equal' is the fundamental principle upon which our free institutions rest; that negro slavery is in violation of that principle, although the principle has not been made one of legal obligation; that by our form of government the States that have slavery are to retain it or surrender it at their own pleasure, and that all individuals from other States, as well as the National government, are constitutionally bound to leave them alone to do as they like about it. I believe our government was thus framed because of the necessity springing from the actual presence of slavery when it was formed, and that this necessity dose not exist in the Territories where slavery is not present."

Addressing himself to the old-line Whigs with whom he had so long acted in following Henry Clay and his teachings, many of whom were now hesitating about casting their lot with the Anti-Nebraska party, Mr. Lincoln spoke of Mr. Clay's declaration that as an abstract principle there is no doubt of the truth of the declaration that all men are created equal, and that it is desirable, in the original construction of society and in unorganized societies, to keep this in view as a great fundamental principle; and that if a state of nature existed, and we alone were to lay the foundations of society, no man would be more strongly opposed than he (Mr. Clay) to incorporating the institution of slavery among its elements. "Exactly so," proceeded Mr. Lincoln. "In our new free

Territories 'a state of nature' does exist. In them, Congress lays the foundation of society; and in laying those foundations, I say with Mr. Clay, that it is desirable that the declaration of the equality of all men be kept in view as a great fundamental principle, and that Congress, which lays the foundations of society, should, like Mr. Clay, be strongly opposed to the incorporation of slavery among its elements. But I will say again, that it does not follow that social and political equality between the whites and blacks must be incorporated because slavery must *not* be."

I have given these extracts from Mr. Lincoln's speech in order to make clear his position at that time. It will be seen how intensely he abhorred slavery,— how firmly he believed that the Declaration of Independence referred to white and black men alike; that he was absolutely committed, as a constitutional duty, against interfering with slavery in the States where it already existed, but he insisted that it must not be permitted in the new Territories. No one can gain a more full and complete understanding of the fundamental principles upon which the Republican party was founded than by an examination of that first speech of Mr. Lincoln. It abounded in quaint illustration, mostly humorous; and, when referring to the horrors of human slavery, in exquisite and touching pathos. It seemed to me then that Mr. Lincoln made it quite clear, not only that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise measure was uncalled for and inexpedient, but that it was a positive wrong; and also that he abhorred slavery, and for that reason was opposed to permitting it to blight new and unoccupied territory. He also made it clear that his abhorrence of slavery did not imply that he favored negro equality, miscegenation, or anything of that nature; and that, however much he abhorred the institution, he claimed no right to interfere with it in the States where it already existed, and that the Anti-Nebraska party claimed no such rights, and had no such intention. The only possible hope of success of the new party was in making these points quite clear; and Mr. Lincoln proved to be the first advocate of its principles who was able to do so. He realized, as did no other Anti-Nebraska man at that time, that the announcement of an intention to overthrow slavery in the States where it existed would be fatal to any man or party; that if such a movement were made,

the people of Illinois would repudiate and overthrow it. Only one man in Illinois, besides Senator Douglas, seemed to understand the feelings and prejudices of the people upon this question, and that man was Abraham Lincoln. There was no one so potent as Douglas in working upon the prejudices of the people and awakening a feeling of distrust of the new party in its movement to prevent the further extension of slavery; and no other man was so well equipped as was Lincoln to prove the fallacy and absurdity of Senator Douglas's position. Mr. Lincoln was thoroughly grounded in his convictions; he could not, on the one hand, be browbeaten or cajoled or frightened by the negrophobists into attempting to justify the horrors of human slavery, nor to disregard or override the plain mandates of the Constitution by the anti-slavery men on the other. He it was who first laid out and clearly defined the position and meaning of the new party; and Senator Douglas, with all his skill, audacity, and genius, could not place him in a false position, as he had so many others. Because he was loyal to the Constitution, and could show clearly that antagonism to slavery in the Territories did not mean interference with slavery in the States, and did not mean negro equality, which was so much feared, he was able, beyond any other man who had appeared before the public, to lead men into the new Republican party.

This speech of Mr. Lincoln was so plain and simple that it hardly seemed proper to dignify it by the name of an address or oration. There was in it no attempt at oratory. It seemed merely a talk, or explanation, by one of the plainest and commonest of men, who, pretending to no more than ordinary ability or fitness, had been persuaded to come forward and give his views upon the absorbing questions of the day. Nobody regarded him as a great man. He was so simple, candid, plain, homely, that the people who listened to him looked upon him only as one of themselves, neither better nor worse than they, making everything plain and clear to their understandings in language and with illustrations that all could comprehend. As one of his hearers said, "I don't keer fur them great orators,—I'd as live hear a dog bark! I want to hear jist a plain common feller like the rest on us, thet I kin foller an' know whar he's drivin'. Abe Linkern fills the bill! I don't want to hear no big man struttin' over the stage like a turkey-

cock, an' allowin' thet he knows it all. Abe Linkern ain't no sich sort o' a feller as thet!"

As Mr. Lincoln closed his speech, Mr. Lovejoy rushed forward and announced to the audience that there would be a meeting of the friends of freedom,— which of course meant the Abolitionists,— at the same place that evening. Although urged to attend and speak at the evening meeting, Mr. Lincoln found it convenient to stay away. It was fortunate for his political future that he did so, as his presence at that meeting would have identified him with the Abolitionists, whose views he could not sanction, and would have destroyed his influence with conservative men, who, like himself, hated slavery but were devoted to the Constitution and the Union. Senator Douglas and others afterwards charged Mr. Lincoln with having been present and taking part in that Abolition meeting; but it was untrue.

As we walked away from the meeting, Rose asked, "Does Mr. Lincoln always speak like that?"

"I have never heard him in public before," I replied. "But those who have known him and heard him for a long time say that the speeches he made a few years ago were very crude, and can scarcely be compared with those he makes now. They say that he is constantly learning and improving. What were your impressions of him?"

"I did not like him at all at first," said Rose; "in fact, I wanted to go out, and would have asked you to let me go, but thought it would be rude. He seemed to have so little refinement, and used such homely and droll expressions that he appeared like a backwoodsman; but he was so sincere and earnest that I finally became interested. I almost wish I had not heard him, though, for he almost convinced me that it was wrong to attack slavery anywhere but in Kansas and Nebraska. It may be, as he claims, that slavery will be finally overthrown if it can be stopped where it is; but in the meantime what are the poor slaves going to do? Their misery will continue."

"But Rose," I urged, "did he not show clearly that we in Illinois have no constitutional right to interfere with slavery in other States? Did he not make it plain that the only thing we can do, as law-abiding citizens, is to prevent its extension?"

"Yes," she answered; "but still it is cruel, unjust, and wrong!"

"That is true, as you know I have always, even as a little boy, maintained; but did not Mr. Lincoln himself say as much?"

"Yes," she said. "I never heard a stronger argument against slavery than he made. It was as strong as anything I ever read from Mr. Lovejoy, or from anybody else; but it seems to me it will take for ever and ever to get rid of it if we only fight against it in Nebraska and Kansas!"

"That may be true," I said, "and yet it is the only thing we can lawfully and constitutionally do against it. We can show its evils here among our own people, awaken the conscience of the people to its enormities, and create a public sentiment that will influence the people of the South, so that they will perhaps come to see it as we do, and finally give it up of themselves. Even now, I am sure many of the Southern people would be glad to throw it off. Don't you think, Rose, that Mr. Lincoln's speech will have a tendency in that direction?"

"It will," said Rose, "and I was glad to hear him come out as he did against slavery. I was glad he said that the words 'all men' in the Declaration of Independence meant black men as well as white; it almost made me love him. It was so different from those coarse things Senator Douglas said. As between those two men,—as well as we know Senator Douglas, and as much as my father likes him, I am for Mr. Lincoln. After all, Mr. Lincoln was right and I was wrong. He knows better than I." And she passed into the house.

Afterwards, in years of uncertainty, doubt, disaster, and gloom, as well as of glory and triumph, how many times have I heard men who had been impatient with Mr. Lincoln, and had distrusted and censured him, finally say, as did Rose on that eventful day, "*After all, Mr. Lincoln was right and I was wrong. He knew better than I!*"

CHAPTER IX.

FOND FAREWELLS

I WENT in the evening to see if Rose did not want to go to the Abolition meeting with me. But she said she was too tired to go out again, and that she wanted to talk with me. She began by saying that she expected to go away soon, and would not see me

again for a long time,— perhaps never. I could hardly control my emotion, as I asked her where she was going, and why.

"It is for my dear mother," she replied. "She has to go, and she needs me." Then she told me that Mrs. Silverton had been ailing for several months, and had gradually been growing weaker to such a degree as to awaken a feeling of uneasiness in the mind of her father; that he wished her to go to Carlsbad or Weisbaden for the benefit of the waters, and that Rose should go with her. She urged me to continue faithful to the cause she had so much at heart,— the welfare of the poor slave.

"But, Rose," I said, "I shall be very lonely without you. I had hoped that I would always be able to see you as a friend, and that some day there might be a nearer tie between us. Do you remember, Rose, when you said to me, as we were looking out upon Lake Michigan, that you would like to sail away in a boat with somebody you liked, for ever and ever?"

"I was but a child then," she replied, "and, indeed, I am little more than a child now — only sixteen. I have always wished for a brother, and when I saw you, and came to know you, it almost seemed to me this wish had been gratified, and you would be a brother to me, as I have wanted to be a sister to you."

"Dear Rose," I said, "I thank you for that wish; but I have thought and hoped that I might some day be in a nearer and even dearer relation to you than that of brother."

"I do not think of you in that way," she replied. "I might perhaps have done so, sometime, if I had had a brother; but you have grown into my life in that relation, and I have come to love you more than I can say. There is nothing I would not do for you, and no sacrifice I would not make for you. Will you not love me the same way in return?"

"You know, Rose, that I cannot help loving you," I replied, "and I will have to do so upon your own terms. Possibly," I continued, as a great hope trembled in my breast, "possibly you may some day think differently of me."

It had occurred to me that the dear girl might really have a brother; but even then I saw the great gulf between them, and realized the frailty of such a hope.

"I want you to ride with me on horseback to-morrow after-

noon," Rose said, changing the conversation. "My father is going to lend you his own saddle-horse, the finest in the State, a present from a friend in the East. He says that Kentucky will have to look to her laurels. or she will lose her supremacy in fine horses."

When we came to take our ride, I found that the horse I rode fully justified the General's praises. I had never before seen one of those famous Eastern horses, afterwards known as Hambletonians, of which I had heard so much. Until then, it was supposed in Illinois that no horses could be compared with those of Kentucky origin. These Hambletonians are now well known in Illinois, where some of the best of this stock are bred and sold sometimes at fabulous prices.

Although we were superbly mounted, I did not care to make a display, and proposed to Rose that we take our ride in the country. After a brisk trot of several miles, we reined in our horses, turned about, and settled down to a long walk.

"When do you and your mother expect to leave, Rose?" I asked.

"In a month," she said. "We have engaged passage on a Cunarder, from New York. Will you not come to see me again before I go?"

"I fear I cannot," I replied. "I cannot leave school. It was hard for me to give up a week to come down here; but I wanted to see you, and your father also."

"My father is very fond of you," she said. He likes to have you with him, and always seems more cheerful when he can see you and talk with you. You cannot imagine how gloomy he is becoming. He often walks the floor of the library until midnight, and we hear him groan as though in some distress. We fear there is something troubling him, some secret sorrow. Kind and considerate as he is, he is very impetuous in his nature, and it is dreadful sometimes to see him when he gets in those moods. I have never seen him in one, except when he broke out upon Hobbs. It was about the time he returned from that visit with you to Mr. Browning. Hobbs was doing his work well enough, and there was no apparent reason for it, but he drove him from

the house. Did you ever have any such experience with him?"

"Why do you ask such a question?" I asked.

"Because," she said with some hesitation, "because Mamma has suspected that this might have been the case. She has heard him, when he supposed we were all asleep, cry out, as he walked the floor, in such expressions as 'I wronged him,' 'I was cruel to him,' 'I, who ought to have been his protector, drove him from me,' 'I shall never see his face again.'"

"But, Rose, what could have made your mother think he referred to me?"

"Because," she replied, "he always brought in something about slavery. 'It is not his fault,' he would exclaim, 'he could not help it, and I let the hellhounds of slavery loose upon the poor boy,' and, knowing your position upon this question, and knowing no other boy of similar character, we thought he must have referred to you."

Of course I could not disclose the story of her father's relations to the poor fugitive, and could only say that never had her father been otherwise than considerate to me, and that if I had been his own son he could not have been more kind. I longed to tell her the whole sad story of the poor fugitive, and how her father had suffered since he had learned that he had been driven away and had become an outcast and a wanderer; but I forbore. Such a revelation could not be made by me without a breach of confidence; and I could only try to reassure her by expressing the belief that there was some misunderstanding which her father would very soon explain and be his old self again.

"I would not leave him," she said, "but it seems absolutely necessary for my mother to go. The doctors say that it is the only hope of saving her, and my father insists upon her going. I want you to promise that you will keep in communication with my father, so that you can go to him if he needs you."

We had now reached the Edwards house, and as I assisted her to spring from the saddle she turned to me and said: "I fear you have an idea, from what I said to you, that I love someone else. But I love you more than anyone. You are my dear and only brother."

"Let it be so, if you so will," I replied. "For his own sake, as well as for yours, I will try to help your father."

We shook hands and said good-bye. I felt her hand tremble, — but it may have been the tremor of my own hand that caused it.

CHAPTER X.

THE GENERAL'S STORY

GENERAL SILVERTON had expressed a desire to see me in his room; and when I went there he said he wanted to tell me about Mrs. Silverton's illness, and also to talk with me about the young man in whom we were so much interested.

"Rose has told me about her mother," I said, "and that they must go abroad. I hope it is nothing alarming?"

"I cannot tell," said the General; "her case seems not to be understood by our physicians. The specialist whom she has had advises that she go abroad for treatment. I am very anxious about her and intend to exhaust every means for her recovery; therefore I have decided that she must go. It seems that there is no end of trouble for me."

The General paused in anxious thought, and then continued: "I have had a letter from my New York agent, who incloses a letter from a banking firm in Rio de Janeiro, stating that a year ago the young man in whom we are interested, without again making a draft, left with them his letter of credit with instructions that it be forwarded to my bankers in New York, as he had no further use for it,— he having, as he said, found employment which supplied all his needs."

"But," I asked, "does he not say where he is, or what he is doing?"

"Not a word," said the General. "And now we have no means of tracing him. I had some faint hope that we might find him through his drafts for money; but now that hope is gone. What shall I do?"

"He shows himself to be a young man of the noblest instincts," I ventured to say.

"He is, he is!" exclaimed the General. "He was always so.

If you could have known him from childhood you would have realized it,— so kind, considerate, and gentle, and still so brave and proud. You should have seen his devotion to his mother and to me!— But what am I saying? I must tell you the whole story. I have never told it to anybody,— not even to Mr. Browning. But I must tell it to somebody, and, young as you are, I have faith in you. Sit down and listen to the story of the sin and sorrow, the folly and suffering, of an old man who once, like you, was young."

I seated myself without a word, and the General proceeded.

"The young man whose life you saved, and whom we are now seeking, is my son. His mother was a slave woman, owned by my sister, Mrs. Selby. I first knew her when she and I were children. She was bought by my sister at Norfolk, Virginia, from an African trader who had brought a large cargo of slaves into that port,— almost the last cargo ever brought to our shores, as very soon thereafter the law prohibiting the slave-trade went into effect. This slave-trader had stocked his ship on the coast of Africa, entirely with negroes. Many of the poor wretches had died on the voyage; and the trader, in order, as he claimed, to replenish his cargo, had bought a large number of slaves from French refugees who were fleeing with their property, including their slaves, from the French West Indies islands to New Orleans. It was afterwards stated, and was generally believed, that this slave-trader was also a pirate, and that he had obtained his cargo by seizing and despoiling the ships of those poor refugees.

"My sister was struck with the extraordinary appearance of this little girl. She was so fair, gentle, and refined, so well educated, speaking the purest French which my sister translated for the others, and withal so well dressed, as to appear far above the other slaves who made up the cargo. She could not speak a word of English, but protested in French that she was not a slave, — to which the trader replied that she had evidently been brought up in the household of the family to whom she belonged, and was feigning all this in the hope of being set free. He said it was not uncommon for French Creoles to educate the most promising of their slave children, in order that, while they were caring for white children as nurses, they might be useful also in educating them. On account of these accomplishments, the trader placed a high

price upon this slave-child, and my sister finally bought her for a thousand dollars."

"But," I asked, "did not the child give her name?"

"Oh, yes," replied the General. "Juliette Besançon was her name."

I started when the name was pronounced, but did not interrupt, while the General proceeded to tell the story of how he and the little girl grew up together, and how they became attached to each other.

"You are perhaps thinking," he continued, "that our relations became such as are too common among the young men of family in the South and the young slave women who grow up near them. Such a thought would do us both a great injustice. She was as pure as she was beautiful and accomplished. I loved her beyond the power of expression, and found that my feelings were reciprocated. Finally I determined to marry her. There was, however, an obstacle in the way which I had not considered. When I presented the matter to the young woman, she, realizing the effect of such a marriage, positively refused to consider it. She said I did not realize what I was proposing; that her love for me was too great to allow me to be made an object of derision and scorn by marriage with a slave woman.

"When I found her so determined," continued the General, "I was in despair. I felt that I could not remain in the neighborhood without being permitted to see her, and that I must go away. I considered for a long time what it was best to do, before coming to a decision.

"My mother had died when I was a child, and when I was eighteen years old my father died. As he had made ample provision for my sister, who was much older than I when she married, he left his entire estate to me, and upon attaining my majority I had come into possession of it. The first thing I decided was that I would not continue to be a slaveholder. I knew something of the difficulties and embarrassments incident to emancipating his slaves by a Virginia planter. This led me to consider emigrating to the West. I had very favorable reports regarding Illinois, which we even then regarded as a part of Virginia, as it was a portion of the territory which Virginia had ceded to the United States. I

knew that by the Ordinance of 1787 Illinois had been dedicated forever to freedom. I decided to make a journey west and see the country. Taking with me a considerable sum of money, I crossed the mountains, descended the Ohio to Cairo, and ascended the Mississippi to St. Louis. There I chanced to fall in with Colonel William Ross, who had located at Atlas, in Pike County, and was persuaded by him to go there. I found a large tract of land with which I was pleased, and at once bought it, paying what money I had down, and obligating myself for the deferred payments. That is the property included in what is called 'The Grange,' which is my home, to which I have added very considerably. I then returned to Virginia, emancipated my slaves, and sold such parts of my estate as brought a fair price, and have since sold all that remained. I provided for the care of such of my former slaves as wished to remain there, and afterwards took such as wished to go with me to my Western home.

"In the meantime, my brother-in-law and my sister had become much interested in the West, and he decided to return with me and look the country over. He wished to retain his slave property, and therefore desired to locate in a slave State. I had learned that land could be bought in Missouri even more favorably than in Illinois. My sister and he wished to be near me, and he finally located in Pike County, Missouri, just across the river from me. Upon that plantation in Pike County, Missouri, my son was born, — and from there he was fleeing when you found him in company with Mr. Davis.

"I made arrangements," continued the General, "for breaking my lands and bringing them under cultivation; but my heart was all the time with the young woman I loved. Finally I decided to leave my interests in the hands of a competent agent, and go abroad. I wandered about Europe for a year, receiving occasional letters from home, among which none were so valued as those from the woman I adored. In nearly every one of them she begged me to give my heart and hand to some good woman of my own station in life.

"When I landed at New York, upon my return, I found my sister and family there, and with them, as was always the case, that noble woman. Realizing, as I fully did, the force of all that

she had said, I had tried to shut her out of my heart; but the moment I saw her again the old affection revived, and I loved her with a devotion greater than I had ever felt before. Upon being with her and talking with her, although she vainly sought to conceal her emotions, it was plain that her affection for me had not been lessened during our long separation.

"How can I describe the awful struggle that was going on in our hearts! I had determined that I was ready to suffer any disgrace or disaster to win her. She had as firmly resolved that she would not permit me to make the sacrifice. I was in despair, so much so that there was danger of losing my reason. She became alarmed, and, as the only hope of saving me, said she would marry me upon one condition, which was that we be married in secret and that the secret should be kept inviolate. When I urged that this would dishonor her, she replied that no one can be dishonored who knows himself or herself to be pure. We ourselves would know, she said, that we were lawfully married, and what would it matter what the public might think or say? But for her to be known and recognized as my wife would in the South, and even in the North, as people look upon the relations between the races, bring disgrace and shame to both; although the relations which the public would suppose to exist between us are too common in the South even to excite comment. As society is constituted, for a man of good family to have such relations with a slave woman, or with a woman who had ever been a slave, is not regarded as anything out of the way; but *marriage* to such a woman, and devotion to her, although she be "pure as snow and chaste as ice," is an offense never to be condoned. She spoke of how, in his history of England, Macaulay could find no more vivid illustration of the race prejudices of the Normans against the Saxons, whom they despised, than by saying that the marriage of Beauclerc to an English princess was "regarded as a marriage between a white planter and a quadroon girl would now be regarded in Virginia." I said that we might make known her identity, and her possession of the best French blood; but she replied that we had no proof of this, and that the attempt had already proved futile.

"Not to weary you with further details," the General proceeded, "we were finally married in the city of New York, I by

my own name and she by that of Juliette Besançon, which she was called when a child. She kept the marriage certificate as long as she lived. My sister never knew of our marriage, but made no objection to my relations with her. Although, in accordance with our understanding, the secret was always kept inviolate while she lived, no husband and wife were ever more devoted to each other. The boy whom you now know was our first and only child. That noble woman, all through her married life, was content to be misunderstood, keeping her secret to protect me. I was true to her, and while she lived I never had a thought of an alliance with any other woman.

"You will think," said the General, "that I should have defied the world and proclaimed her my wife. Many times I considered this, and would have done it if I could have seen that it would have helped her. To go away together would not have remedied the matter, as anywhere in the South, and even in the North, our position would have been intolerable. While slavery is held in abhorrence by many people in the North, there is the same race prejudice there as at the South on the question of intermarriage. In Illinois it is if possible more intense than anywhere else. Even with all this, I would have defied the world and all its prejudices if she had given me the least encouragement to do so; but she would never listen to it. She said it would ruin her as well as me, and that, as to our boy, it would only call general attention to facts that had better be kept concealed,— that when she was dead he could go away where he would not be known and make his own way in the world."

I had not interrupted the General throughout his story; but when he ended I exclaimed, "General, I know that Juliette Besançon was a woman of noble family. I know it can be proved!"

"You!" he said, "You? How could you know anything about it? You are but a boy!"

"I do know," I said. "Listen! Do you remember when you put me on the boat with Leonard Swett and Mr. Herndon? Well, they were then on their way to Quincy, to consult Mr. Browning. I stopped off there with them, and heard the whole conversation at their interview with him."

Then I related in detail the interview, which was fresh in my

mind, as it had made a deep impression upon me,—how that old man, Colonel Besançon, had for all these years been longing for and vainly endeavoring to find his lost child, with little hope, until Gabe had brought him that Bible, and how he was now moving heaven and earth to find her.

The General was astonished at this information. He plied me with questions, and made me repeat what I had said over and over again. I could only reiterate my statements. Finally I said, "You can step over to Lincoln and Herndon's office, and Mr. Herndon will tell you himself." He seized his hat and started to go, but came back and sat down and reflected.

"No," he said, "I must not go to Herndon. To consult him would lay my whole life bare before him; and I cannot do that with him. He is a strong anti-slavery man, and will not understand me. I will go to Mr. Browning; he is the custodian of some parcels and papers she left, with her own instructions written on them."

"Yes," I added, "and Mr. Browning said that he had somewhere seen the name of Juliette Besançon,—that he had an indistinct recollection of its having in some way been connected with some client, and remembered something about a question coming up about the pronunciation of the name."

"I will see him as soon as I can get away from the Fair," said the General, earnestly.

He was lost in thought for a few moments, and then exclaimed, "It's too late! too late! She is dead, and the poor boy is wandering somewhere in the world, seeking to hide himself from the disgrace which he feels is overwhelming him,—too much devoted to me and my family to use my name with all it would imply, and too proud to accept the substantial assistance to which as my son he is entitled. It will do no good to pursue the matter. Leave me, my young friend, to whom I am so much indebted,—leave me for a time; I want to think."

"I believe," I said, "that you have no good reason for being so discouraged. The young man cannot be otherwise than prosperous, or he would not have returned your letter of credit. He evidently had found some means to provide for his wants."

"I had thought of that," said the General; "yet still, I do not know it."

"You do know," I said, "that when he went away he accepted your assistance, and that he wrote Davis that he had the means of providing for himself. Were he in trouble, I am sure he would write Davis about it. He is making his own way, and the time will come when you will know it."

"I am glad to hear you say so, my young friend; it is very encouraging. And now one thing more. When Rose and her mother have gone abroad, will you not come to see your old friend, and cheer his loneliness?"

"I will indeed," I replied, "if you need me. You have only to tell me that you want me."

He arose, and placing both his hands upon my shoulders, said: "It was very kind of you to come down here. You can have no idea how much comfort you have been to an old man who is greatly troubled. I am grateful to you for it."

"It will be enough for me," I said, "to have your respect and confidence. Now I must say good-bye. I must go this evening. I have already been too long away from my school."

"I cannot detain you," he said; "but can I do nothing to serve you? I have means which I would gladly place at your disposal."

"Nothing," I said, "except to permit me to serve you whenever I can."

He followed me down the stairs and to the door, and, wringing both my hands, bade me good-bye. I was moving away, when he called me back to him. "Promise me," he said, "that if you or Davis hear anything from my boy, you will let me know. I would go to the ends of the earth to find him!"

"I will," I said, and turned and walked away.

CHAPTER XI.

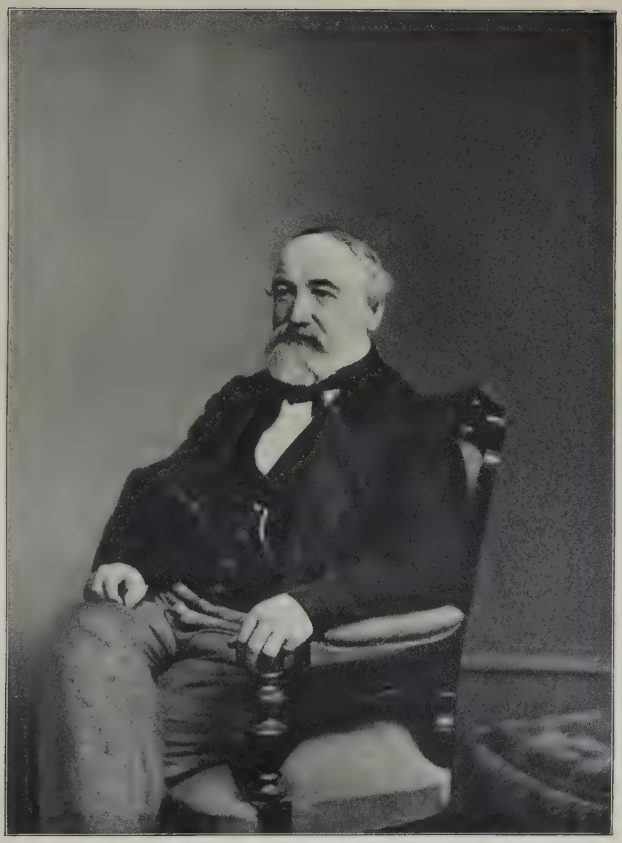
INSIDE VIEWS OF ILLINOIS POLITICS

I FOUND everybody in Springfield, and at the Fair, talking about the contest between Lincoln and Douglas, and each party elated at the success of its champion. The Douglas men were happy to find not only that the great masses of the Demo-

cratic party were still devoted to their leader, and would stand by him, but also that he had awakened some of the old-line Whigs to the dangers of negro supremacy and of disunion to such a degree as to keep them from casting their lot with the new Anti-Nebraska party. The Anti-Nebraska men were no less elated. Those who had enthusiastically joined the new movement were confirmed in their faith, while many who had been inclined to go with the new party, but had misgivings, were now convinced that opposition to the extension of slavery into the Territories of the United States did not mean either negro equality or disloyalty to the Union, and came out squarely against Douglas. These men were convinced that no one in Illinois was so capable of meeting him in a public discussion as was Mr. Lincoln.

Among those whom I met at this time was Dwight Earle. I was not in a mood for talking with him, but could not avoid him.

"I have just come from your man 'Spot Lincoln,'" he said. "He is over there at the State House, telling stories. They are awfully good, but would hardly do to print. I never saw a clown in a circus that could hold a candle to him in fun-making. Everybody likes him, Democrats the same as Whigs. I thought old Governor McMurtry, and Sam Casey, and Charley Constable, and John Logan, and Phil Fouke, and Sam Buckmaster, and Bill Morrison, would split with laughter. You 'd have thought they liked him as well as the Whigs. U. F. Linder was there, and you know he 's almost as good at story-telling as Lincoln is. It seemed as though there was a sort of story-telling match going on between Linder and Lincoln. Lincoln beat, all right! But think of comparing him as a statesman with Stephen A. Douglas! Why, he 's just naturally fit for the Illinois Legislature; he's good timber for that, and when you 've said that you 've sized him up. He got to Congress once, but he killed himself the first time he opened his mouth, and got the name of 'Spot Lincoln,' which he can never shake off, and probably don't want to. Did you know that the Anti-Nebraska men have just nominated him for the Legislature? What a come-down for a Member of Congress! Mrs. Lincoln, who is as ambitious as Lucifer, tried to stop it; but they knew where he belonged, and fixed him there. He thinks he 's a candidate for United States Senator; but he 's off on that. I heard



Your friend
N. B. Forrest

Mr. Judd say he would n't vote for him, and Judd is the biggest Anti-Nebraska man in the State. None of the old Democrats who tried to sell out Douglas will ever vote for Lincoln for Senator,— Trumbull's their man."

"Well, Dwight," I said, as soon as I could get a chance to speak, "Lincoln's speech in the State House certainly showed that no man in Illinois is so able to cope with Douglas as he. Douglas himself knows it better than anybody; and whether Lincoln is elected Senator, or stays here in Springfield practicing law, he is the man that Douglas has got to settle with. Sooner or later, Douglas must answer the arguments Mr. Lincoln is making, or go down; it may not be this year or next, but the day is coming when Douglas will find he is in a life-and-death struggle with this man whom you call a clown. Lincoln is in the right, and Douglas in the wrong; and so sure as they both live, Lincoln will triumph. Good bye!"

I wished to call on Mr. Herndon, and accordingly made my way to Lincoln and Herndon's office. Mr. Lincoln was in the front room with some friends about him. I asked for Mr. Herndon, and was directed into the back room where he was. Mr. Herndon greeted me cordially, asked me about my visit to Springfield, and spoke of our meeting at General Silverton's and at Quincy. I asked him if he had learned anything more about the matter upon which he had consulted Mr. Browning.

"No," he said; "it has been so long,— over forty years,— since the child was stolen, that I fear the mystery will never be solved. It is only another illustration of the horrors of slavery, a system under which a child of as good Caucasian blood as any of us can be stolen away and sold into slavery, her father and mother in despair; and this in our boasted land of freedom!"

On my inquiring who the gentlemen were with Mr. Lincoln, he took me out and Mr. Lincoln himself presented me to Mr. Jesse W. Fell of Bloomington, Mr. Joseph Gillespie, Dr. Robert Boal of Lacon, Mr. Lawrence Weldon of Clinton, Mr. Amos C. Babcock of Canton, and Mr. Ward Hill Lamon of Bloomington,— all men whom Mr. Lincoln loved and trusted. Few men knew Mr. Lincoln better, or preserved more vivid and intimate recollections of him, than Judge Weldon. To Mr.

Lamon particularly Mr. Lincoln gave evidence, on a most trying and important occasion, of his unbounded confidence in his courage and discretion. Mr. Lamon was a very Hercules in physical strength, and in later years showed himself possessed of considerable intellectual power, by writing an excellent biography of Lincoln.

"Hill," said Mr. Lincoln, addressing Mr. Lamon by the name by which his friends usually called him, "this young man is a friend of General Silverton, and belongs to an Abolition family up in the neighborhood of Galesburg."

"Yes," responded Lamon, "they say that in that region there are runaway niggers under every haystack!"

"I would not think it strange," said Mr. Weldon, "if this young man could tell us something about the management of the Underground Railway in that section!"

"Do you remember, Mr. Lincoln, my meeting you at Galesburg?" I asked.

"I remember it quite well," he answered, "and of my having a sort of frolic in the hotel office with Governor McMurtry, Squire Barnett, and the old friends there, telling stories. I have just left the old Governor at the State House. I also remember meeting you with Mr. Browning and General Silverton, at supper. But how can you, a Galesburg Free Soiler, be on such good terms with a Democrat like General Silverton?"

"We came around the lakes on the same steamer," I said. "He became acquainted with my father and mother, and was very kind to me."

"And, besides, General Silverton has a daughter," Mr. Lincoln said, with a quizzical look at me. "She is an Abolitionist, and is as well informed in regard to everything pertaining to slavery as William Lloyd Garrison himself; and they say you converted her, and in fact have almost converted her father!"

"He will never join us," I said. "He firmly believes that the abolition of slavery, or any general movement in that direction, will result in a dissolution of the Union. He has no love for slavery, as I have good reason to know; but he believes the dangers to the country from an agitation of the question are greater than any that are likely to come from the institution itself."

"If the Democrats who came over to us propose to control

everything, I think we already have plenty of them," said Herndon. "Four-fifths of the Anti-Nebraska men are old-line Whigs. There will be but a handful of Anti-Nebraska Democrats in the Legislature, and they want to dictate to us. It 's a case of the tail trying to wag the dog. They are already saying that if we, the Anti-Nebraska men, carry the Legislature, they will consent to the election of no one but an old-line Democrat to Shields's place in the Senate. Now Mr. Lincoln is the leader in our fight, and he is the man for the place. Everybody except the little coterie of Democrats concedes this; but Judd and Palmer and Cook are already conspiring to elect a Democrat. Taking advantage of Lincoln's absence from home, they made him a candidate for the Legislature, in order to shut him out from being a candidate for Senator. Mrs. Lincoln was sharp enough to see through it, and she herself had Mr. Lincoln's name taken out of the newspaper as a candidate for the Legislature; but they had it put back in, and there it stands."

"There is no hope for me," said Mr. Lincoln, rather sadly. "It will be as it has always been; the same fatality that has always followed me will follow me now. John T. Stuart, my old friend and partner, and many of my old Whig friends, think I have ruined myself forever by associating with the Free Soilers, while the Free Soilers think I am not radical enough to be worthy of their confidence. Still, I know that most, I think nearly all, of the Anti-Nebraska men favor me for Senator. Yet there will be enough Democrats in our new party to defeat me. Somehow, I never seemed to be lucky in politics. I went to Congress, and thought I was on the road to success; but the Mexican War came on, and though I voted for all the war appropriations, yet because I did not approve of the war, and said so in Congress in the best speech I ever gave, it made me so unpopular that I could not have been elected dog-pelter after that. I feel sometimes like the man who opposed the War of 1812, and finding how unpopular it made him he declared that hereafter he would be for war, pestilence, and famine!"

We all laughed, but there was no smile upon Mr. Lincoln's face; rather there was a look upon it that reminded me of his face as I had seen it at the Fair, when nearly everyone deserted

him to run after Douglas's carriage and join in the plaudits of the great Senator,—a look that once seen could never be forgotten.

The result of the Fall election proved precisely as Mr. Lincoln had predicted. The Anti-Nebraska men had a majority in the Legislature, to which Mr. Lincoln himself had been elected. It required fifty-one votes to elect a United States Senator; and the forty-six Anti-Nebraska Whigs were practically all for Mr. Lincoln. He at once resigned his seat in the Legislature, which he had accepted contrary to Mrs. Lincoln's admonition, and became a candidate for Senator; but notwithstanding that he had all of those Anti-Nebraska Whigs for him, with nine-tenths of the voters of the new party at their backs, five Anti-Nebraska Democrats,—John M. Palmer, Norman B. Judd, Burton C. Cook, Baker, and Allen, persisted in voting for Lyman Trumbull, an Anti-Nebraska Democrat. After several ballots, to prevent the election of Governor Matteson, a Douglas Democrat, to whom some of them would have gone over, Mr. Lincoln withdrew, and turned all his votes over to Judge Trumbull, who was elected.

In the whole political history of Illinois, there has never been another instance of such magnanimity. It was not without difficulty that Mr. Lincoln persuaded those forty-six devoted friends to give him up, and go over to Judge Trumbull; but it was a matter of principle with him, and when he urged the importance of Illinois having a Free-soil Senator they yielded to his desires. Judge Trumbull thus gained the position which Mr. Lincoln desired, and Mr. Lincoln went back to the practice of the law.

Important events followed each other in rapid succession during the next two years. Instead of the country becoming quieted by the transfer of the question of the extension of slavery, through the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise line, to the Territories themselves, as Senator Douglas predicted would be the case, sectional animosities became more bitter than ever before. In the efforts of the South to establish slavery in the Territories, and of the North to prohibit it, the contest became more widespread and general. The "Border Ruffians" of the South met the "Jayhawkers" of the North in deadly conflict on the plains of Kansas, the slaveholders led by the Atchisons and Stringfellows, and the Free State men by Jim Lane and old John Brown. The

South had at first a great advantage in this contest, for Missouri, a slave State, bordered upon Kansas, and all along the border the Southern men gathered in great numbers, and it was an easy matter for them to cross the Missouri River into Kansas and control elections and terrorize the people. But great numbers of hardy and enterprising Northern men, imbued with the spirit of freedom, who sought homes in the West, soon gave the advantage to the North. Mass-meetings were held in both the North and South, to raise arms and equip men for the journey to the new territories, and for the deadly conflict which they knew must follow.

Henry Ward Beecher thundered from his Northern pulpit anathemas against slavery, declaring that it was better to send Sharps rifles to Kansas than to send Bibles; while at the South similar inflammatory appeals were made, and the young men were urged to take up arms and go to Kansas to fight the battles of the South.

The conflict was still raging when the Presidential campaign of 1856 came, and scarcely anything but slavery was then considered. Illinois had so long been under the domination of the Democratic party and its invincible leader, Douglas, that it seemed almost futile to take a stand against it. The Whig party, which had so long vainly disputed Democratic supremacy in the State, had gone down forever. But men rose up against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, who were unalterably opposed under any circumstances to the further extension of slavery. In Illinois, Free-Soil Democrats and Whigs and Abolitionists united, calling themselves Anti-Nebraska men. They had succeeded in defeating a Democrat for Senator by electing Judge Trumbull, which encouraged them beyond measure; but they had as yet no State organization and no effective political machinery.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BLOOMINGTON CONVENTION OF 1856, AND MR. LINCOLN'S "LOST SPEECH"

IT is curious to study, from the meagre information that has been preserved, the remarkable State Convention held by the Anti-Nebraska men of Illinois in 1856. So important was this convention, that to have been a member of it has been in itself a distinc-

tion. Much has been written about it, but there were no reports of the speeches. We know what official action was taken, we have the resolutions that were passed and the names of the candidates nominated; but for what was actually said we are obliged to depend in great measure upon tradition. All the leaders of the new party were there,— Trumbull, Lincoln, Palmer, Oglesby, Yates, Browning, Wentworth, Lovejoy, David Davis, Judd, Cook, Medill, Dubois, Hatch, Butler, and many others whose names have ever since become household words in Illinois. Men who had been in antagonism all their lives met together for a common purpose. The leaders had been many times in the political conventions of their respective parties. They had met each other on the stump in earnest and sometimes ascrimonious debates, each battling for the principles of his party. If it had been suggested, three short years before, that such opposite characters and former political opponents as Lincoln, Browning, Lovejoy, Wentworth, Trumbull, Judd, Palmer, Oglesby, Cook, and Yates would ever meet together in a harmonious political convention in Illinois, the idea would have been received with derision. Besides the old political leaders, many young men were there, among them Ward H. Lamon, W. P. Kellogg, Thomas J. Henderson, Jackson Grimshaw, William Jayne, J. W. Bunn, Thomas J. Pickett, J. F. Farnsworth, Stephen A. Hurlbut, and C. B. Denio, all of whom had been imbued with the spirit of liberty. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise had been the means of bringing these apparently discordant and incongruous elements together, of calling into existence a new organization destined to wrest the sceptre from the Democratic party, and to dominate for nearly half a century the affairs of the State and of the Nation. Giving up the title of Anti-Nebraska men, they formed a new organization and called it the Republican party of Illinois.*

John M. Palmer was called upon to preside at this convention,

* Among those who appeared at Bloomington was Mr. Joseph Medill, afterwards editor of the Chicago Tribune. He had come to the State but a short time before, from Ohio, and was destined to wield a commanding influence. It may be doubted whether any Illinois man, excepting only Mr. Lincoln, wielded a greater influence in bringing the Republican party into power in Illinois. Under his sway the Chicago Tribune organized victory and dictated policies. Mr. Medill's judgment was not always correct, and in later years his recollection of events was not infallible: but he was able, earnest, and honest, and scarcely any other man did more effective work.

Respectfully
John M. Palmer

and Colonel William H. Bissell was nominated as the candidate for Governor. Colonel Bissell had recently come home from the Mexican War, a hero. He had led away, as Colonel of a regiment, the best and bravest of Illinois men, of whom he was the idol. He fought in several battles, especially distinguishing himself at Buena Vista. A Democrat in politics, upon his coming home he was elected without opposition to Congress, and returned to his seat again and again. In Congress he had promptly, and with caustic and severe denunciation, called Jefferson Davis to account for what he regarded as a reflection upon Illinois men who fought in the Mexican War, and was summoned by Davis to meet him outside the District to receive a communication which meant a challenge to a duel. Bissell immediately responded, accepting the demand, and chose muskets as the weapons, to be used at so short a range as to make the combat probably fatal to both parties. Through the intercession of President Zachary Taylor, Davis's father-in-law, the challenge was withdrawn, and the duel between these men, both of whom had gallantly fought under Taylor in Mexico, was prevented; but Colonel Bissell came out of the affair with great credit. Although a Democrat, he could not favor the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and vigorously opposed it. No more worthy or popular man could have been found to lead the new party.

The other officers nominated were strong men. A leading character of Illinois, Jesse K. Dubois, familiarly called "Uncle Jesse," was nominated for State Auditor. He was a devoted friend and admirer of Mr. Lincoln, and had with him fought many a political battle. He was from "away down in Egypt,"— Lawrence County,— where his rugged character and sterling qualities were recognized and appreciated. Our old friend Colonel William Ross, of Pike County, was at the convention, as was Mr. Ozias M. Hatch, whom I had met at General Silverton's house; and the delegation from Pike succeeded in nominating Mr. Hatch for the office of Secretary of State. Francis A. Hoffman, of Chicago, was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor; but he declined, and that noble old Roman, John Wood of Quincy, was placed upon the ticket, and afterwards, through the death of Governor Bissell, became Governor. James Miller, of McLean County, was nom-

inated as State Treasurer; and W. H. Powell, of Peoria, as Superintendent of Public Instruction. A Presidential electoral ticket was also nominated, with Abraham Lincoln at its head.

Questions of national interest, which had hitherto divided political parties,—the tariff, finance, and others,—had to be ignored or handled very gingerly, to avoid treading on the toes of members of the Convention who had for years been in antagonism to each other. The salient features of the platform were declarations that it was the power and duty of Congress to "prevent the further spread of slavery," that "justice, humanity, the principles of freedom as expressed in our Declaration of Independence and our National Constitution, and the purity and the perpetuity of our government, require that that power should be exerted to prevent the extension of slavery into Territories heretofore free," and that "the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was unwise, unjust, and injurious, an open violation of the plighted faith of the States"; that the attempt to force slavery upon Kansas and Nebraska, against the known wishes of the people, was an "arbitrary and tyrannous violation of the rights of the people to govern themselves," etc. The platform declared devotion to the Union, and denounced the efforts of the administration to bring about disunion, while at the same time being careful to declare that "all the constitutional rights of the States" must be maintained.

Owen Lovejoy, of whom it has been said that he, like Otis of Colonial fame, was "a flame of fire," stirred the members of the convention, who had not forgotten the murder of his brother on Illinois soil. John Wentworth, forceful and strong, exerted a powerful influence; Lyman Trumbull, fresh from his active duties in the Senate, could tell of the situation in Congress. O. H. Browning, David Davis, Leonard Swett, and Henry C. Whitney, all cautious and conservative lawyers, carefully and critically considered every question; Richard Yates, almost as radical as Lovejoy, lent the inspiration of his eloquence; Norman B. Judd, who had been the shrewdest and cleverest politician of the Democratic party, carefully guarded every action and position with reference to its effect upon public sentiment and the election;

while John M. Palmer, in the chair, deftly managed the convention and brought all the incongruous and naturally antagonistic elements into such harmonious action as to insure the best possible results.

Amidst them all, so quietly and unpretentiously that at the beginning they scarcely realized that he was a factor in the convention, the genius of Abraham Lincoln watched and controlled its every movement.

When all the others had spoken, when the nominations had been made, the platform adopted, and the business of the day finished, Mr. Lincoln was called to the speakers' stand. More has been said and written about that speech of Mr. Lincoln's than of any other ever made in Illinois. It is well called "the lost speech." It was not reported, and there is no reliable reproduction of it in existence. Those who began to make notes of it soon forgot pencil and paper, and listened in rapt attention.* Mr. Henry C. Whitney, who was present, has published in a recent magazine what he regards as a reproduction of the speech; but it has not satisfied those who heard it. Judging from all that has been written and said concerning it, it must have been remarkable. Its effect, in electrifying and inspiring the convention, must have equalled that of the great effort of Patrick Henry in the House of Delegates of Virginia. I remember the enthusiasm of those who, upon coming home, described its character and effect. While all who heard it concurred in saying it was wonderful, they were not agreed as to what the speaker said, or what line of thought he followed. Mr. Herndon says that Judge T. Lyle Dickey declared that Mr. Lincoln in that speech promulgated the doctrine that the government "could not endure permanently,

*Mr. Herndon wrote of this speech: "I attempted for about fifteen minutes, as was usual with me, to take notes; but at the end of that time I threw pen and paper away, and lived only in the inspiration of the hour. . . . I have heard and read all of Mr. Lincoln's great speeches, and I give it as my opinion that the Bloomington speech was the grand effort of his life. Heretofore he had simply argued the slavery question on the grounds of policy,—the statesman's grounds,—never reaching the question of radical and eternal right. Now he was newly baptized and freshly born; he had the fervor of a new convert; the smothered flame broke out; enthusiasm, unusual to him, blazed up; his eyes were aglow with inspiration; he felt justice; his heart was alive to the right; his sympathies, remarkably deep for him, burst forth, as he stood before the throne of eternal right."

half slave and half free," and that at his (Dickey's) solicitation, Mr. Lincoln promised to discontinue proclaiming this doctrine during that campaign.*

The delegates returned to their homes full of enthusiasm, and called mass-meetings in their several counties. Such a meeting was called at the Court House in Springfield, announced by flaming posters, at which Mr. Lincoln was to speak. Just *three persons* were present at the meeting,— Mr. Lincoln, his partner Mr. Herndon, and Mr. John Pain. Mr. Lincoln's speech was as follows: "This meeting is larger than I knew it would be. While I knew that my partner and I would attend, I was not sure that anyone else would be here; and yet another man has been found who was brave enough to come. While all seems dead, the age itself is not. It liveth as sure as our Maker liveth. Under all this seeming want of life and motion, the world does move nevertheless. Be hopeful; and now let us adjourn, and appeal to the people."

With his natural tendency to melancholy, we can imagine what a night that was, and what the days that immediately followed were to Abraham Lincoln.

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*One of the few survivors of that memorable convention, Hon. Wm. Pitt Kellogg, afterwards Governor of Louisiana and Senator from that State, writes under date of June 5, 1903, as follows: "Lincoln's speech I recall vividly. When he came forward to speak, of course there was tremendous excitement and great applause. He began very slowly, holding in his left hand a card on which he had evidently jotted down his points. After making a point and reaching a climax, he would with a peculiar gesture, having slowly in the meantime walked from the rear to the front of the platform, hurl his climax, so to speak, at his audience, then stop suddenly, and while the convention rose to its feet, and cheered and applauded again and again, Lincoln would walk slowly back some distance, bowing, until after the applause had subsided, glancing in the meantime at the card he held in his hand. He would then resume his speech, repeatedly making his points in the same manner, and with the same results. I do not think he made the point,— I am sure he did not distinctly,— of the 'house divided against itself' etc., on this occasion. It was afterwards, at Springfield, that he made this point, which aroused so much comment and engendered considerable disquietude among some of our people."

The Hon. J. A. Latimer, now residing at Winnebago City, Minnesota, was in that convention, a delegate from Knox County. He recently, in an interview, said of that "lost speech": "Mr. Lincoln spoke slowly at the start. Before he had spoken long, the people all over the house began to leave their seats. They were slowly and silently moving up to the vacant places in front of the platform. I found myself going with the rest of them. There was not a sound in the room except that made by Mr. Lincoln's voice. . . . I have heard many great actors and many great orators, such as Giddings, Gough, and Douglas, but none of them ever impressed me as did Mr. Lincoln in that speech. . . . His talk was on slavery and Kansas. When he began he stood at the back of the platform, but he gradually moved up to the front. His face was white, and his eyes were blazing. . . . Nearly his whole talk was on the Kansas question and the means of keeping slavery out of that State. The climax of the whole speech was when he said to the Southern disunionists, '*We won't go out of the Union, and you shan't.*'"

The Democrats nominated as their candidate for Governor Wm. A. Richardson of Quincy, Senator Douglas's most ardent friend and supporter; and the Fillmore party nominated Buckner S. Morris. On the Democratic electoral ticket were such names as Augustus H. Harrington, John A. Logan, O. B. Ficklin, S. W. Moulton, and Wm. A. J. Sparks; while among the electoral candidates of the Fillmore American party were Shelby M. Cullom and Joseph Gillespie.

Notwithstanding the discouraging opening of the campaign at Springfield, Mr. Lincoln entered into it with great earnestness, making more than a hundred speeches before the campaign ended. I heard him several times,— once, I especially remember, at a great mass-meeting at Princeton. I was not particularly impressed by his speech. It was a logical lawyer's argument, but had none of the fire and force that are expected in a political speech. Lovejoy and "Old Joe Knox" and George Stipp also spoke. I was much more impressed by the speeches of Lovejoy and Knox than by that of Mr. Lincoln. Lovejoy depicted the horrors of slavery, mimicked Douglas, and answered him most effectively; while Knox eloquently portrayed the important incidents in the life of Colonel Bissell, his brilliant services in Mexico, his work in Congress, and gave a thrilling account of his proposed duel with Jefferson Davis. He described President Taylor beseeching Bissell not to fight Jeff Davis; but said Bissell was obdurate, until finally the President threw his arm about his neck, exclaiming, "Bissell, Bissell! for Heaven's sake don't kill my son-in-law!" Of course this was nearly all made up by the speaker, but it shows what sort of a campaign it was, and how the gallantry of Colonel Bissell was appreciated in Illinois. The campaign waxed hotter every day. I myself caught the infection, and made several speeches before small audiences. To the surprise of everybody, Colonel Bissell and the whole Republican State ticket was elected by a majority of nearly five thousand; but the State went against General Fremont, the Republican candidate for President, and for Buchanan by a majority of over nine thousand.

Senator Douglas made almost superhuman efforts to keep Illinois in line for the Democracy. He spoke every day during the campaign, sometimes two or three times a day. He saved Illinois to the National Democratic ticket; but with all his work

for his friend, Colonel Richardson, for Governor, he lost the State ticket. That Colonel Bissell and all our State officers were elected was because the Republicans had made judicious nominations, and Lincoln and all the others who met at Bloomington had worked in harmony; but more than anything else, perhaps, it was because of Colonel Bissell's personal popularity.

Mr. Lincoln, as Presidential elector, had again been defeated, and again went back to the practice of the law.

CHAPTER XIII.

PAUL PERCIVAL

IT had been arranged that Mrs. Silverton and Rose should start at once on their European trip; but when General Silverton and Rose returned from the State Fair they found Mrs. Silverton so feeble and dispirited as to be unable to complete the necessary preparations, and the trip had to be postponed. At last, however, the preparations were completed, and Rose and her mother bade farewell to the old home and turned their faces to the east.

Rose wrote me a full account of their ocean voyage. The account was contained in a letter written in sections from day to day, beginning the day after they sailed, and ending after land was sighted. She sent me a printed list of the passengers on their vessel; and among them she had underscored the name *Paul Percival.* She wrote that he was a young gentleman from New York, in whom she took much interest; that meeting him recalled her meeting with me on the voyage around the lakes; that although a grown-up man, he at first seemed as bashful and timid as I was when a little boy; that when he was presented to her and her mother, he seemed so overcome with embarrassment that she thought he would sink through the cabin floor, but they encouraged and reassured him, and he proved to be, as Rose said, "excepting only you" the best informed and most intelligent young gentleman she had ever met.

She did not mention the young man again for four days, when she wrote that she had only seen him at a distance in the dining-

room, but that upon her mother inquiring of the Captain concerning him, she learned that he had been devoting himself to a poor sick man in the second cabin, whose only hope was that he might be able to reach home to die among his kindred; that the poor invalid could speak only German, and as Mr. Percival spoke that language fluently he at once went to him and had cared for him from that moment; that the poor man had had a severe hemorrhage, and but for the care and attention of that young gentleman he would have died.

The next day Rose wrote that upon the young man's passing near the steamer chairs in which they were reclining, her mother called to him to inquire again about the invalid. He politely answered that he was much better, and that with proper care he would probably be able to reach home, and was begging him to accompany him there, as he feared he had not the strength to go alone. His home, the young man said, was at Coblentz on the Rhine; and as it was not far out of his way, he had promised to see him there. Rose went on to say that her mother asked the young man if he was a physician; to which he answered simply that he was trying to be a lawyer, and was now studying law; that in another year he expected to be admitted to practice at the New York bar, and he already had a desk in the office of Mr. W. M. Evarts, a very able young lawyer of New York, who was kind enough to give him considerable of his business that he could not attend to. He was now, he said, on his way to Munich, to study. Mrs. Silverton regarded him as a fine young gentleman, well informed, well bred, and evidently of a good family.

On the last day on shipboard, Rose wrote that Mr. Percival sat with them on the deck, as they skirted along the Irish coast, and that the conversation turned upon American affairs. He seemed to be very much surprised to learn her views upon the slavery question, whereupon her mother explained that Rose had taken up the matter for herself, and through her reading had adopted those extreme views; that her father was much grieved and disappointed at her taking such a position, but that she had been led into it by the books she had read, and from hearing Abe Lincoln speak, and meeting Owen Lovejoy. The young man was deeply interested, and proved to be even more radical in his

views than Rose herself. He said that as sure as God is just, a day of reckoning would come for all the horrors of slavery, and that he was already preparing for it. When Mrs. Silverton asked him how he was preparing, he said, with evident pride, that he was a corporal in the Seventh New York Regiment, that he attended drill, and was perfecting himself in the manual of arms and in the evolutions; that he had his book of tactics, which he studied as assiduously as he did his law cases. Upon Mrs. Silverton expressing her surprise at all this preparation, when there was no war nor prospect of any, he answered, with much feeling, that just as sure as the sun rises and sets, the South will take up arms and fight to extend and perpetuate slavery, and just so sure will the North fight for freedom; and that he would be found fighting on the side of freedom.

"I wish you could have seen him," said Rose; "he was so enthusiastic and so handsome. Mamma is going to invite him to visit us at Weisbaden; but he will not come. In fact, he has avoided us nearly all the time we have been on board. His heart must have been given to one of those great New York ladies on Madison Square. I like him, and I like to be in his company. It is very sad for me to think that after we part at the Liverpool dock I may never see him again."

Rose went on to speak of her mother's health, and said the voyage had improved her greatly. She too seemed to have become much interested in Mr. Percival, notwithstanding their difference in views on political questions; she frequently mentioned his name in connection with mine, not to the disparagement of either; and Rose added playfully that she was sure that if her mother had another daughter she would like to have both me and him for sons-in-law.

CHAPTER XIV.

COLONEL BESANÇON

GENERAL SILVERTON had learned that the wife of his youth, whom he had adored during all the years of their married life, and who had been so self-sacrificing and devoted, was not only possessed of all the qualities of noblest womanhood, but was

undoubtedly his equal in birth and lineage. He at once went to Mr. Browning's office and examined the papers she had left. He found upon them a curious seal, which he quickly recognized as one with which he had long been familiar. Its impress upon the wax was not made by an ordinary seal, but by a small gold locket, upon which, in raised characters, was the coat-of-arms of the Besançon family, with the letter V in the centre; the Besançons having taken their name, as the General afterwards learned, from the old city of that name situated on both sides of the river Doubs in France, the letter V standing for the city's ancient name Vesontio.

When the little girl Juliette had been taken on board the slave-ship, she had this locket suspended on her bosom by a silken cord; and the avaricious slave-trader had not deprived her of it, as he thought it would enhance her value when she should be put upon the market. There was a parcel besides the one containing the papers, and sealed in the same way. Upon both parcels was an indorsement, made by the owner's hand, in both English and French, as follows:

"Kindly permit no one but General Silverton or my son to open this parcel. I should be glad if it could be opened in the presence of a member of the Besançon family, to whom I am related; but as there seems to be no hope of ever finding one of that family, I wish it to be opened by one of those above mentioned."

Now that there appeared to be some prospect of finding one of the Besançons, the General decided to make the effort before opening the parcels, and accordingly had them returned to Mr. Browning's safe. Soon after, he departed for New Orleans, in the hope of finding the venerable Felix Besançon.

He had no difficulty in finding the stately mansion on the Rue du Maine. It was surrounded by a massive stone wall, with a porter's lodge beside the gate. Ringing the bell, he was admitted by the porter in livery, who conducted him to the house, where an usher, also in livery, met him, took his card, and led him into the drawing-room. He remained standing for a few moments, when a fine vigorous-looking gentleman, who, though of more than the allotted threescore years and ten, had the appearance of

being much younger, entered, greeting him very cordially with "*Bon jour Monsieur! Bon jour, mon cher Monsieur!*" and, pointing to a sumptous divan, added, "*Prenez place, Monsieur.*"

The General replied in English, and as the gentleman spoke that language with the same fluency as French, they had no difficulty in their conversation.

"This is Colonel Besançon, I suppose?" said the General.

"The same, at your service, General Silverton," responded the gentleman, with an excess of politeness characteristic of his race. As the General proceeded to state the purpose of his visit, he listened with breathless interest; his appearance and manner quite confirming the General in his theory of the relations existing between him and his former wife. The General gave him in detail, not without embarrassment, but with all the frankness and delicacy of which he was capable, the story of his early love and secret marriage,—the same sad story he had given to me at Springfield. As the story proceeded, the old gentleman seemed for a time uneasy and suspicious; but at the account of the marriage he seemed relieved, and when the General told him of the birth of the boy, and that he still lived, the old gentleman broke out impulsively with, "Where is he? Bring him to me! I must see him!" Then, as the General went on to tell how noble and self-sacrificing the mother of the boy had been, and of her passing away, he could no longer restrain his emotions, and sobbed outright. "Leave me, dear sir!" he exclaimed; "leave me to myself for a few hours. I have not the strength to hear more. Pardon my emotion,—I have been waiting fifty years for her. Come at this time to-morrow." And the General withdrew.

When he called, the next day, and was ushered into the drawing-room, a physician appeared and said he could not consent that the old gentleman should have another interview that day, but that his patient was very desirous of meeting him again, and he hoped to permit it within a day or two. When next the General called, he found Colonel Besançon awaiting him in his study. He was reclining upon a couch, and impatiently begged the General to proceed with his story, in which he was so vitally concerned. The General told him of the boy, and how he had disappeared, and of his making provision for him and learning that

he was then self-supporting and needed no further assistance, and of the vain efforts to find him.

"A true Besançon! a true Besançon!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "But he must be found. I would give my fortune to find him. He shall be found!"

Then he asked the General if he had evidence of the marriage. The General answered him that it was a matter of record in New York City, and that the boy's mother always secretly kept the marriage certificate,—not so much for herself, she said, as for him. It was no doubt, the General said, among her papers. He then explained the safe-keeping of these papers in Mr. Browning's office at Quincy, and of her request, endorsed upon the packet, that they should if possible be opened in the presence of a Besançon. The old gentleman inquired about the location of Quincy, and at once decided to go there, saying, "I can make the journey without fatigue. As the place is on the Mississippi River, I can take the boat here and be as quiet as I wish all the way. David, my old servant who has been with me for forty years, and knows my every need, will accompany me." On the General reminding him that Illinois was a free State, and he might lose his slave, he said, "David will not run away; he already has his free papers, and can go if he wants to, but he prefers to stay with his old master." So it was arranged that if the old gentleman's health permitted they should take the first up-river packet for Quincy.

These details were written me by the General, in a letter from New Orleans, which concluded by saying that he was extremely desirous of having me with him at Quincy; that he might need me to help him in something he would be unwilling to trust to anyone else. I was on the levee at Quincy when the New Orleans packet landed. The usual volley of profanity was fired by the mate of the steamer, as the roustabouts shoved out the gang-plank. There was the customary rush of passengers impatient to get ashore, and, last of all, the General, with a tall venerable gentleman leaning upon his arm, descended. The appearance of the two was so striking as to attract attention. The General himself was distinguished in appearance, but the bearing of his companion was so noble and stately that one might have imagined that the Marquis de Lafayette had come back to life, and was

again making a tour of the Western rivers. Following them, carrying the luggage, was David, a white-haired negro servant.

The General greeted me warmly, and presented me to Colonel Besançon as the young gentleman of whom he had spoken, and we were driven to the Quincy House, where rooms had been reserved. The old gentleman was very polite to me, and asked me about my school studies, whether I had settled upon my life-work, and other things. Presently he relapsed into silence, evidently absorbed with his own reflections. He had dinner served in his private parlor, to which he invited the General, while I went to the public dining-room. Later in the evening, Mr. Browning called, and made an appointment with the gentlemen to meet him at his office on the next day.

After Mr. Browning left, the General sent for me to come to his room. He was alone, and told me more in detail about his trip to New Orleans and his finding Colonel Besançon. He explained to me that he had told the old gentleman that I had been a great help to him in his efforts to find the young man in whom we were all so greatly interested, and that it was understood I was to be present at their conference.

I ventured to ask the General about Mrs. Silverton and Rose.

"Rose writes you, does she not?" he asked.

"She does," I said, "but it is some time since I have received anything from her."

"I have received a letter since my arrival at this house," he said, "which gives me some anxiety. After going to Weisbaden, Mrs. Silverton improved and seemed to be on the high-road to recovery; but the later news is not so favorable. It seems that on the ship when they went over they met a gentleman, a Mr. Percival of New York, who became interested in them, and has called upon them, and observing that Mrs. Silverton was hardly holding her own, he persuaded them to allow him to send from Munich the most eminent specialist in Europe to diagnose the case; that this specialist had said there was no immediate danger, but he could give no further opinion until a thorough trial had been made of the treatment he had prescribed. That is all I have heard," said the General; "while she is so far no worse, it is doubtful if she is improving. If she is not, I must go over very soon and look after them."

He then went on to tell me how lonely it had been for him since they had gone, and how much he needed them, but that this was as nothing if her health could only be restored. "Without her," he added, "life would not be worth the living."

"Yes, but you have your daughter," I said.

"That is true; but it almost seems that, disconsolate as Rose would be at such a loss, her presence and my sympathy for her would make my own grief even more intolerable."

"Let us hope for the best," I said. "I see nothing in that letter to alarm you. She is evidently no worse, and that must mean that she will soon be better."

"I hope so," he said, as I bade him good-night.

I had said that there was nothing in the letter to alarm *him*. But there was something in it to alarm *me*. Mr. Percival was in the habit of visiting them; he had arranged for a specialist to see Mrs. Silverton; he was performing for them offices of great kindness and of incalculable value; he was good, and kind, and generous, and considerate. I admired his nobility of character, and was grateful to him for his services to those I loved. But why was it that during the watches of that long night I never once closed my eyes in sleep? Why was it that I ran over in my mind every reference to him in Rose's steamer letter? Why was it that I saw him riding or walking or sitting with them at Weisbaden? Why was it that I saw him summoning the renowned physician from his patients at Munich to make the journey to see Mrs. Silverton, and, as he arrived with the great man, that I saw the look of gratitude and appreciation illumining the face of Rose, as she tenderly looked into his eyes? I shall not try to answer these questions; but my troubles over them were very real through that long sleepless night.

CHAPTER XV.

STORY OF A MINIATURE

AFTER breakfast the next morning, I went with General Silverton and Colonel Besançon to the law offices of Mr. Browning. We were invited by him into his private room, where was the safety vault, already open, from which the parcels were quickly brought out and placed upon the table.

"I desire that you open those parcels, Colonel Besançon," said the General. "If I am not mistaken, you of all living persons are the one to whom they should be entrusted."

"I think it would be as proper for you to perform that duty," replied the Colonel; "but if you desire it, I will do so." He then took up the smaller of the two parcels, which was sealed with three wafers such as were then in common use, but with no impression upon them. Upon the outside of the envelope there was an inscription which he read as follows:

"*To be opened in presence of my son, or in the presence of some member of the Besançon family to which I belong, should one chance to be found. I prefer that it should not be opened until my son attains his majority.*"

He then proceeded to open the package.

The first paper was a marriage certificate, executed by the Rector of Trinity Church of the city of New York, which Mr. Browning declared to be in due form and entirely genuine and legal.

The next paper was a formal statement giving an account of the marriage of young Silverton to Juliette Besançon, and of the birth of a son, their only child, who at the time the paper was written was living on the Selby plantation in the State of Missouri, and would remain there so long as he could be useful and contented. This paper was signed by Juliette Besançon. There was no allusion in it to this son being, or ever having been, a slave.

The third paper was in an envelope by itself, and was directed to any member of, or any person related to or connected with, the family of Mr. Felix Besançon, which family lived early in the century at St. Pierre on the Island of Martinique, and in the year 1807 sailed from Cuba to some foreign port. It was a letter, written in a beautiful hand, as follows:

"Dear Sir or Madam:

"This letter is the prayer of a poor woman who may be of your own family and kindred. I do not write it with the hope of myself being benefitted by any attention you may possibly be inclined to give it, for by my express arrangement it will not leave me until I am beyond human aid or consolation. I write it simply in the hope that through it the true position and relations of

my only son to you may be made known, and he thus be benefitted.

"What I say will be very disconnected and fragmentary, being written entirely from memory, and only from the memory of a little child who had no idea at all of the importance of treasuring up incidents of her life.

"My first recollections are of being in a beautiful home,—a home of perfect happiness,— with my mother, an angel of light and beauty, and my father who adored her. The house was of but one story, built around an open court, abounding in fragrant flowers, with inside porches embowered with vines and climbing shrubs.

"I remember that my father was tall and graceful in bearing, fond of books, and from my infancy he taught me in a very curious way, such as I have tried to practice in teaching my own boy. As an illustration of his method, I remember that as I sat on his knee he told me of two pretty little babies that were hidden by their mamma beside a log in the woods, and she went away and got lost and never came back. They lay and slept for a time, but when they woke up they were very hungry, and cried and cried, and presently a she-wolf came running down the hill, and heard them, and ran to them as though to eat them up; and when I asked anxiously if the wolf really ate the poor little children, my father said no, not at all,— the wolf just laid down with the little babies and nursed them as their mamma did, and when their hunger was satisfied they went to sleep, and when they woke up she nursed them again, and they grew up strong men, and built a great city, and their names were Romulus and Remus, and the city they built was called Rome. From that time I was interested in everything concerning Rome.

"I remember that there was a great deal said about Napoleon Bonaparte. Great interest was taken in him because he married a young lady who was born on that very island where I lived. I remember that there was much said about the French wars then going on.

"There was in the parlor an oil portrait of a handsome young officer in uniform, whose face was radiant and expressive; and they told me it was my mother's brother. My own son's expression is much the same as that represented in the portrait.

"One day my father read an account of the great battle of Austerlitz. He came upon a description of how General Bertrand had distinguished himself by his bravery and skill, on account of which Napoleon had made him a Grand Marshal of France. I could not understand this, but I remember that my father and mother were very much elated about it, and they took me into the parlor and pointed to the portrait, exclaiming that it was Bertrand, now Marshal Bertrand, my mother's brother. This always made me interested in Marshal Bertrand. In after years I read of how he and Marshal Soult saved the great commander from death at Waterloo, and how Marshal Bertrand followed his chieftain to Elbe, and shared his long exile at St. Helena, until death relieved the great Emperor from his imprisonment on that lonely island. I also read, in the account of the removal of the Emperor's remains to France, that Marshal Bertrand was one of those specially commissioned to guard them."

At this point Colonel Besançon interrupted the reading, exclaiming, "It is enough! No one else could have known these things about our home on the Island of Martinique. I remember perfectly the lesson about the founders of Rome. I do not remember the incident about Bertrand, but my wife was his sister, his portrait hung in our parlor, and we read of Austerlitz, — let me reflect, — yes, it occurred in 1805. We were still at St. Pierre. I especially remember how delighted we were at the glory he achieved. But let us read on."

"I wish," the letter continued, "that I could tell many other incidents, as I would have told you could I have been with you, as I have so often longed to do; but I forbear. My membry is clouded as to the reasons for our sudden departure from that lovely home. I was so young that I could not understand them, but I thought we were to go to France. I remember that we went to Havana and embarked on a ship, and that while at sea I was separated from my father and mother, and was in the hands of strangers and among negroes. I was stunned by the separation from my parents, and was entirely helpless. I had never seen such low and brutal white people. They took away my clothing and put other clothes upon me, but I managed to keep a locket with a miniature of my mother which she had given me, with a gold chain. It will be found in the parcel with this letter.

"We finally landed at Norfolk, in the United States. I had found that the black people were to be sold as slaves, and that I also was to be sold. Many persons came to look at us. I did not realize what it all meant, but was glad to get away from the brutal people on the ship.

"They brought me back my clothing and put it on me. I did not know why they did this, but have since learned that it was because they thought I would bring a better price dressed in that way. Everyone spoke English, of which I did not understand a word; but I knew that I was to be sold like the others. I cried and begged to be restored to my parents, but was told that the ship they were on had been wrecked in a great storm, and they were dead. One evening a kind lady came with her husband. She understood French a little, and I begged her to take me away. She urged her husband to buy me. I heard him having some loud and angry talk with the Captain, and saw him pay a large sum of money; and then, to my great relief, they took me away.

"I knew that I had become a slave, but the change from that awful ship and from those dreadful people was such a relief that I was contented and soon became almost happy. I had a few simple duties to perform, caring for my mistress' children, and teaching them to speak French; and in this way I learned English. They had their little books, which I studied much more than did they, and became familiar with everything in them. I was really their governess and teacher for several years, and always mastered every book that was got for them. My mother had taught me something of needlework and embroidery. My mistress had clothing made for me, and carefully folded up the clothes in which she found me and laid them away. When I grew up she gave them to me, and I have always kept them. I will have them folded up and put into a separate parcel, to be opened, if ever, at the same time this package is opened.

"My mistress's father and mother lived upon an adjoining farm. It was a great estate. They had an only son, much younger than my mistress, and I think perhaps a little younger than I; but I cannot tell exactly, for I have no record of my birth, and do not know precisely how old I am. That boy and I practically grew up together. He was bright and quick to learn, but,

young as I myself was, I could teach him many things. His parents were pleased, because they found that his mind was improving. We studied together, until finally he was sent away to school; and then he would send me the books he was studying, and I kept up with him, and when he came home we went over them together.

"But why continue? It is the old, old story. I loved him beyond the power of expression, and he returned my affection with all the intensity of his noble nature.

"He was the pride and hope of one of the first families of Virginia, and I was a slave. True, I was almost as one of the family, a companion to my mistress and her children; while in education and accomplishments I was the equal of any young lady of that region. But still, I was — a slave.

"I do not remember any special time when we told our love to each other. It may be that always, from the time we first knew each other, we were lovers; and we loved each other more and more as we grew older and more acquainted."

She then related the circumstances which led up to their marriage, and proceeded as follows:

"With all the embarrassment that has come upon me on account of my relations with my husband, no one ever dreaming that we were married, it has been far better for both him and me than it could have been had our marriage been known. The relations supposed to exist between us were too common among whites and blacks to excite comment. I was willing to bear the humiliation of my position in order to shield and protect him. No human being was ever nobler than he during all this relation. Time and again he insisted upon defying the world and publicly proclaiming me as his lawful wife. My greatest fear was that he might do so. I knew that it would ruin him, while doing me no good; and by persistence and beseechings, and sometimes threatening that I would do violence to myself, I restrained him. He never forgot or neglected me, and was always true to me, — as devoted a husband and lover as ever lived. I am writing a parting letter to him, telling him of my devotion to him and of my love for him to the very last.

"Now as to our dear son. His father has his free papers, which

will be delivered to him. He will, so long as she lives, remain with his mistress. After that, I know that my husband will provide for him. He and I have talked matters over many times. I think, from what our boy has said, that he intends to disappear from view in some foreign land, and try to earn a livelihood where the taint of slavery will not be upon him. He thinks that he can accomplish this unaided. I fear it is impossible; but should he attempt it, I hope that his father or a Besançon will try to assist him. It will be no kindness to him to drag him from his seclusion and reveal his identity. No greater kindness can be shown him than to assist him in concealing himself; but if he can be assisted without dragging him before the public, I hope it will be done. He has always been studious, and has acquired a thorough education. He can make his way as a teacher, if nothing else. However much any of his friends might, in the kindness of their hearts, desire to do him justice by revealing his identity, with the prejudices that exist in this country it would be cruel to him to do so.

"I am very sad that my dear husband is not with me at this time. I wish he might reach home for one last word of parting. I would like once more to see him in the presence of our darling boy, who sits by me; but it is impossible.

"The most sacred thing I have to leave to you is the locket containing a miniature portrait of my mother, of which I have spoken. I have always carried it in my bosom. It has been a solace and comfort to me during all these years. She whose face it shows I know is waiting for me, and I shall soon be with her, and together we will wait for our dear ones who will come after. If I could know that this lovely memento could be placed in the hands of someone to whom she was dear, it would be a great consolation to me.

"I have not the strength to write more.

(Signed) JULIETTE BESANÇON."

Before Colonel Besançon had read the letter half through, he was so overcome that he could not proceed, and handed it to me to finish the reading, which I did. Both he and the General listened with rapt attention to what seemed almost to come from another world. Colonel Besançon tried hard to restrain himself, but the strong old man could not help giving utterance to sighs

and groans. The General was no less intensely interested, but seemed better able to control himself. As he glanced occasionally at the elder man, it was with an appealing look, as of a prisoner at the bar to the judge who is to pass upon his case.

For some minutes not a word was spoken. I finally picked up the parcel and said, "There is something else here." I ventured to take out an envelope very carefully sealed.

"Open it," said Colonel Besançon. This I proceeded to do, and carefully wrapped in silk I found the locket, to which a fine gold chain was attached. I handed the locket to Colonel Besançon. He silently held it for some minutes in his hand, and then, evidently with some misgivings, cautiously opened it. I have never seen such a look of rapturous delight illumine the face of any human being as that which overspread the features of Colonel Besançon as he looked at that minature.

"It is she! it is she!" he exclaimed, "just as she was, the most beautiful and lovely of women!" And he pressed it repeatedly to his lips with the most endearing expressions uttered both in English and in French.

I finally ventured to ask him whether it was the best portrait he had of her.

"The best!" he exclaimed, "there is no other; it is the only one she ever had taken. It was made in Paris, the week after we were married. We supposed it was lost in our flight from the West Indies; and after all this time it is restored to me! It is priceless; I would have given half my fortune for it. Now it is mine."

"But here is another parcel," I said. He opened it with trembling hands, and found a little girl's dress, the skirt of fine lace made over crimson silk, pantelettes of the finest linen, silk stockings, and a dainty pair of slippers tied with bright ribbons.

"How she would have been delighted by the sight of these," said the Colonel, glancing at the portrait. "She has told me over and over again just what she wore that awful day. They were about to have a children's party on shipboard, and she was dressed for that."

"I remember her as she appeared in them when she first came," ventured the General. "Might I be permitted to have them?"

"You may," said the Colonel; and so they were allotted to him.

They sat for a few minutes longer, neither venturing to speak, when Colonel Besancon carefully folded up the papers, placed the locket in his inside pocket, and, excusing himself to Mr. Browning and General Silverton, said, "I beg your pardon,—I will return to my apartments at the hotel. I wish to reflect; I would be alone."

I went with him to his apartments, and, excusing myself at the door, heard the bolt slide in it as I passed down the hall.

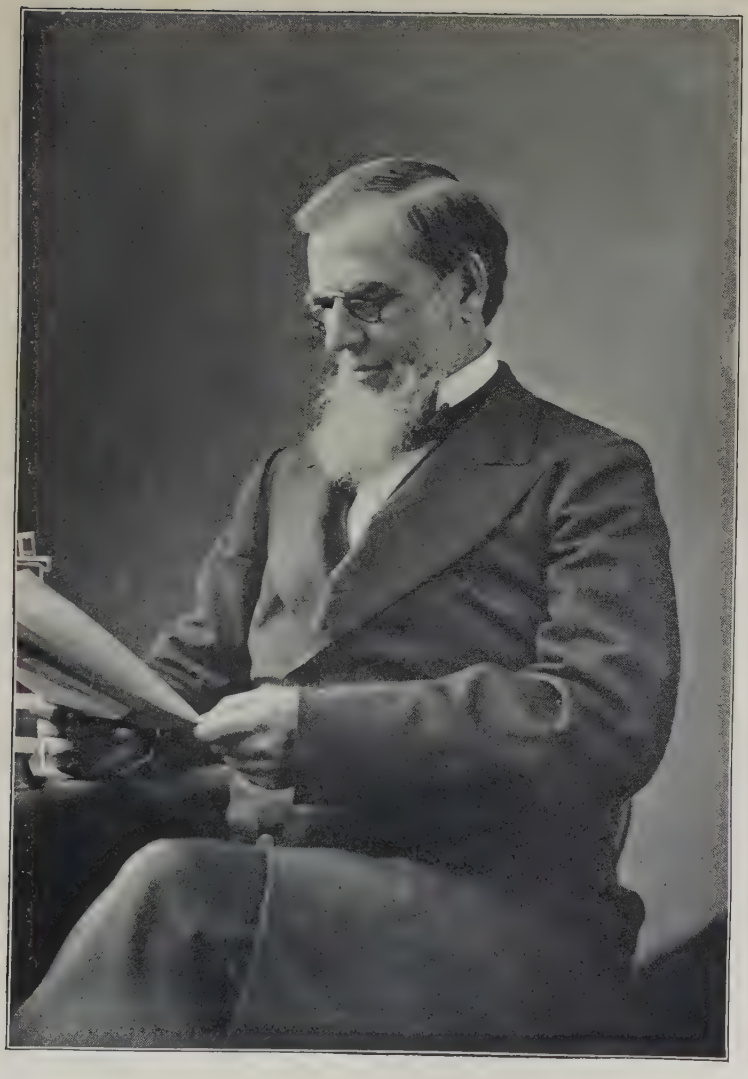
I had never before seen the General in such a state of mind as when I entered his room. He seemed to be in despair, and almost helpless.

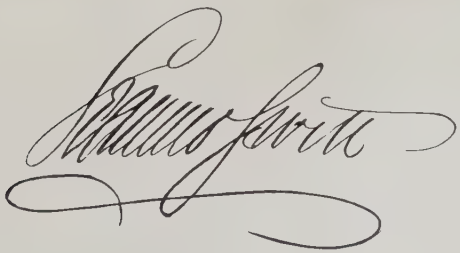
"It will break his heart," he exclaimed. "He cannot bear the burden of sorrow and disgrace. Think of it! the niece of a Grand Marshal of France who fought beside the great Napoleon and shared his exile, and now sleeps beside him in that wonderful mausoleum in the Hotel des Invalides,— think of it! the daughter of a Besançon who fought under General Jackson at New Orleans and can trace his lineage back to the reign of Henry the Fourth, and who belongs to one of the highest families in France! that she, the noblest and purest and most accomplished of women, should have gone through life as a slave, misunderstood and misjudged, and that I permitted it all, and when she was dead and gone I have permitted her boy, our boy, to be an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth! Why did I not leave her in peace to herself! Why did I insist upon marrying her! And why, when we were married, did I not proclaim her as my wife! What must Colonel Besançon think of me?" he continued. "He can never forgive me. He will despise me; he will hate me!" And so he kept on in his excited self-condemnation, although I tried to comfort him, until I left him for the night.

When I called at the General's room the next morning, he told me that Colonel Besançon had sent David to ask him to come to his apartments at ten o'clock, and to bring me with him.

"I have read these papers over many times," Colonel Besançon began, so soon as we were seated. "There cannot be the shadow of a doubt that this poor woman, Juliette Besançon, was my lost

daughter, the only child of my wife and me. The evidence we have might not be sufficient to establish the relationship in a court of justice, but to me it is absolutely conclusive. No one else could have known of our home on the Island of Martinique, and been able to speak of it as she does. No one could have remembered the incident of my teaching the story of the founding of Rome. The accounts of the relation of Marshall Bertrand to my wife, and the incident about his portrait, could have come from no one else but my daughter. The account of our voyage and of our being overtaken, although she remembers the incident but indistinctly, with the recollection I myself have, make her identity absolutely clear to my mind. It is true that we first intended to return to France, and she no doubt heard us planning to do so; and it is not strange that she should always have supposed we were there,— if not lost at sea, as they told her we had been. These statements are of themselves conclusive; but far above them, to my mind, is the evidence contained in the locket. I cannot tell you how happy I am to possess it. And now," continued the old gentleman, "I want to say frankly to you, General Silverton, that it is very difficult for me to be reconciled to the idea of my daughter's bearing such a relation to any man as she bore to you; very difficult indeed, sir. Were I a Northern man, or had I been still a subject of France, or in fact of any country of Europe, no doubt I could never have considered it without bitterness. I read her letter over and over during the silent watches of the night, and it is very hard for me to be reconciled to the idea of my daughter going through life as a negro slave, and of her having such relations with you without it having been known that she was your lawful wife. But I am not a Northern man, nor do I belong to a country of Europe. I am a Southern man, accustomed to slavery, and I realize the relations between master and slave, and the relations of both to the public. I know that it would have blighted your life, and have brought her into dishonor, had you been publicly married. But notwithstanding all this, you offered her open, public, honorable marriage. Realizing better than you the consequences of such a step, she would only consent to marry you upon condition that it be kept secret; and your devotion to her was so great that you accepted those terms, and you were,





although privately, yet lawfully married. I must say to you that upon reflection I heartily commend your course. I have never before known of an instance of such devotion. The only parallel of which I have ever read was that of Heloise and Abelard in my own country, and you were more constant in your devotion than was Abelard to his wife. Give me your hand; I would embrace you."

The two men arose, clasped hands, and embraced each other. When they had resumed their seats, Colonel Besançon continued: "There is something in that letter which troubles me. It is the declaration that it will be an unkindness, a cruelty even, to pursue her son and my grandson into the seclusion he has chosen, and seek to reveal his identity. But I must find him. I have no other descendant. I cannot make a bequest to him without the probate of the will revealing what he does not wish to have known. If I should die intestate, the estate could never go to him, because, while the proof in her letter and by the miniature is conclusive to my mind, it could have no weight in a court of probate."

The two gentlemen, after discussing this matter for some time, decided to consult Mr. Browning; which they accordingly did. Mr. Browning's advice was that they pursue a policy of "masterly inactivity," as he expressed it. He urged that any attempt to find the young man might injure him rather than help him. He thought it best simply to wait and hope, adding that he had no doubt all would come out to their satisfaction in the end. The advice was accepted as that of a cool-headed and wise friend; and after a few days spent with General Silverton at The Grange, Colonel Besançon took a packet down the river for New Orleans.

Soon after these events, General Silverton arranged to join his wife and daughter at Weisbaden, and was soon on his way. Mrs. Silverton's condition had been far more critical, as the General afterwards learned, than he had supposed. In fact, her life had at one time been despaired of. But, fearing to alarm her husband, she would not tell him how desperate her case was, nor permit Rose to do so. The treatment of the German specialist proved to be just what she required, and no doubt saved her life. For this result they all felt deeply indebted to their new friend, Paul Percival. This gentleman, as I learned from letters from Rose,

now spent very little time abroad. He still pursued some special studies at Munich, which only required about three months of the year, and the rest of the time he was actively employed in Mr. Evarts's office in New York. When abroad, he found time to visit the Silvertons occasionally; and I could see by Rose's letters that she looked forward eagerly for his coming and was sad when he went away. She wrote that they often spoke of me. She had told him how much interested I was at that time in the Lincoln-Douglas debates, about which, he said, all New York was talking when he left. He said that when the debates began, everybody asked, "Who is this Mr. Lincoln?" and as they progressed everybody was surprised to find him able to hold his own against Douglas. Mr. Evarts, he said, declared that Lincoln had no superior in the Republican party except Senator Seward.

In another letter, Rose said that she had told Mr. Percival of the expected visit from her father, and that he seemed very anxious to see him; but the very evening before his arrival he called and announced that imperative business engagements required that he leave that night, as he was to have a conference at London with Mr. Evarts's clients, who had hastily summoned him to meet them there, and he expected to go elsewhere as their interests should demand. Rose added that the specialist in charge of her mother's case said she could now safely return to America if she desired to do so, and that they were impatient to get home. Accordingly they would all soon return together.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHOOSING POLITICAL CHAMPIONS

THE Presidential campaign of 1856 marked a transition period in American politics. While Fremont was defeated for the Presidency, the election showed that the Republican party had gained a strong hold upon the country. Up to that time, any party having in its platform a suspicion of anti-slavery or free-soil sentiments was hopeless of success. Fremont received more than thirteen hundred thousand votes, and carried eleven Northern States,—certainly a good showing for a party so lately organized.

Mr. Buchanan, who was elected, carried every Southern State except Maryland, which went for Fillmore; and in the North he carried New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and California. The tide in the North had set in against slavery and in favor of the principle enunciated in the platform of the Republican party, that it was "both the right and the imperative duty of Congress to prohibit in the Territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery"; while at the South the tide of sentiment was no less strong in favor of the right to extend slavery into the Territories. As Mr. Blaine expressed it in his "Twenty Years of Congress," "The issue was made, the lines of battle were drawn. Freedom or slavery in the Territories was to be fought to the end, without flinching and without compromise."

Early in the summer of 1858, Senator Douglas returned to Illinois from a most gallant and successful fight in the Senate of the United States to prevent slavery being forced upon the people of Kansas against their will. With all his might, the Senator had championed the cause of the people of that Territory in resisting the wrong that was sought to be inflicted upon them. So earnest and determined was his stand in this matter, that he received the very highest commendations from Republicans, many of whom wished him, notwithstanding his previous course, to remain in the Senate. Horace Greeley, in the New York Tribune, then the leading Republican paper of the country, advised the Republicans of Illinois to concede his reëlection to the Senate without opposition. By his course, Senator Douglas, on the other hand, had hopelessly alienated the South. Controlled entirely by the slave power, the administration of President Buchanan turned against the great Senator and made every effort to defeat his reëlection. President Buchanan mercilessly removed Senator Douglas's friends and appointees holding Federal offices in Illinois, and held out the allurements of official position to those who were opposed to him, although he had carried his State for that same Mr. Buchanan, and had supported every Democratic candidate for President for a quarter of a century, during which period he had controlled the patronage of the State. Many Democrats who could not approve of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise had gone over to the Republicans; but some whom Senator Douglas

had always regarded as his political friends, allured by glittering baubles of official favor held up before them, shamefully deserted the great Senator, supported President Buchanan in his war upon him, and tried to disrupt the Democratic party in order to secure appointments to office, and it was openly charged and generally believed that others were paid in money for their treachery. These latter were called "Danites," and were politically execrated.

Under such circumstances it would have seemed that the Republicans of Illinois might be willing to allow the "Little Giant" to go back to the Senate without opposition, as Republicans outside of the State thought they should do. The Republicans of Illinois would not even consider such a proposition. Why?

First, they knew Senator Douglas believed that the proper condition of the black man was one of slavery; that ours was a "white man's government, formed for white men and their posterity"; that the Declaration of Independence was not intended to include black men, and never did include negroes; that slaves were property, the same as any other kind; that he did not oppose forcing slavery upon Kansas because of any antagonism to slavery, but simply because a majority of the people of that Territory did not want slavery, and he would have been just as earnest to establish slavery there had the people wanted it; that he repeatedly declared that he "cared not whether slavery was voted down or voted up"; in short, they knew that he was radically opposed to the fundamental principle upon which the Republican party was founded, "No more slave territory."

Second, the Republicans of Illinois had an available man — a man upon whom they were united, who did not believe that slavery was the proper condition of any man, black or white; but that the Declaration of Independence was intended to include "all men" regardless of color,— a man who did "care whether slavery was voted down or voted up," and who was irrevocably opposed, whatever should thereafter be the wish of the people of any Territory, to the further extension of slavery. That man was Abraham Lincoln.

The Republicans of Illinois were of the opinion that should they permit Senator Douglas, champion of the Nebraska bill and of the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to go back to the

Senate unopposed, it would be an admission that he was right, and amount to a surrender of the whole question. Had they yielded to the advice of Horace Greeley and others outside the State, it may well be doubted whether it would not have been the death-knell of the Republican party.

Mr. Lincoln had become in Illinois the oracle of the Republican party. This man, starting in his career so far behind all the great men of the State, had, by slowly and patiently "pegging away," as he himself said, come to be regarded as more capable of championing a movement before the people than any other man in the State excepting alone Senator Douglas. Yet, while the Republicans instinctively turned to Mr. Lincoln in this emergency, they still had misgivings as to whether he was equal to the task of meeting Senator Douglas. Curiously, even yet very few in Illinois had come to regard Mr. Lincoln as what we call a great man. How could so homely, plain, simple, unpretentious, and droll a man be great? He was simply one of the common people; that was all.

Outside of Illinois, Mr. Lincoln was then but little known. Less than a year before the Lincoln and Douglas debates, he spent a week at Cincinnati trying a lawsuit in company with Edwin M. Stanton, afterwards the great War Secretary during the Rebellion. Reverdy Johnson was the attorney on the other side of the case. These two great men, Stanton and Johnson, were well known. Lincoln was not; he stayed in Cincinnati a week, moving freely about, yet not twenty men knew him personally, and not a hundred would have known who he was had his name been spoken. Mr. Stanton afterwards described him, from his impressions of that first meeting, as "a long, lank creature from Illinois, wearing a dirty linen duster for a coat, the back of which the perspiration had splotched with stains that resembled a map of the continent."

The Republicans of Illinois assembled in State Convention at Springfield on the 17th of June, 1858. The members of the Legislature which was to choose a successor to Senator Douglas were to be elected in November. The Republicans wished their candidate and champion to be placed squarely before the people. They had not forgotten the Senatorial election of four years

before, and they determined there should be no mistake this time. Freed from the restraints of their old party associations which had influenced them in 1854, the anti-Nebraska Democrats, having now become full-fledged Republicans, were as united and earnest for Lincoln as the old-line Whigs; and that State Convention unanimously resolved that "Abraham Lincoln is our first, our last, and our only choice for United States Senator."

And so, representing more distinctly than any other men the antagonistic views of two civilizations, Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln were pitted against each other.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES

NEVER has there been a forensic contest which, from the character of the contestants, the issues involved, the number and intelligence of those addressed, and the results achieved, was of such transcendant importance as were the debates of Lincoln and Douglas held upon the prairies of Illinois during the summer of 1858. It may be said of this contest that the Constitution of the United States was the platform and the whole American people the audience; and that upon its issue depended the fate of a continent. It is remarkable that midway between the time, in 1856, when the Republican party was completely organized, and the time, four years later, in 1860, when the verdict of the American people was finally rendered upon issues which had for almost a century confronted them, the ablest exponents of each contention should have met face to face and debated before the public, as no one else could do, every phase of the momentous questions involved.

As has been stated, outside of Illinois only a very few people knew Mr. Lincoln; comparatively few had ever even heard his name. People in other States wondered that the Republicans of Illinois should put him up to debate with so great a man as Senator Douglas, and marvelled at Mr. Lincoln's temerity in assuming such an undertaking. They had read the debates in which Senator Douglas had engaged for a quarter of a century with the

greatest orators and statesmen of the Senate, and they knew his power and skill.

Senator Douglas had, as he supposed, decided what should be the issues of the campaign. The "paramount issue" was to be "popular sovereignty" — the right of the people of a Territory to control their domestic institutions; and he was confident of being enthusiastically supported on account of his devotion to those principles, as shown in his fight to prevent slavery being forced upon the people of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. Upon this issue he was confident he could not be overthrown.

But Senator Douglas was not permitted to dictate the issues of the campaign. On the 17th of June, while Douglas was still at Washington, in the State Convention which nominated him Mr. Lincoln himself dictated the issues of the campaign in a most remarkable declaration of principles and by the most convincing logic, placing Senator Douglas upon the defensive,— a position from which he was never able to extricate himself. After recalling the sentiment so often quoted, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," Mr. Lincoln squarely laid down the proposition that "this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free; it will become all one thing or all the other." He made a forcible and convincing argument to prove that by means of an almost complete legal combination — a "piece of machinery, so to speak, compounded of the Nebraska doctrine and the Dred Scott decision" — if permitted to be carried into operation, the government must become "all slave." He charged that there had been "a conspiracy," of which the Senator was a part, to make slavery "alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South." He showed that while the Nebraska bill was being considered in Congress, the Dred Scott decision, which denied citizenship to the negro and made him a chattel, was issuing from the Supreme Court of the United States, making it impossible for a Territory to exclude slavery, and one step more — the declaration that a State could not of itself exclude slavery — would make the institution "alike lawful in all the States." And he further showed that in order to keep slavery from becoming national,— in order to keep it out of Illinois,— this conspiracy must be overthrown.

By this view the contest was lifted far above any mere question

of the Kansas struggle. The statement of the proposition as formulated by Mr. Lincoln carried with it the irresistible conclusion that the government must, as the only hope of enduring permanently, "cease to be divided," and become "all slave" or "all free"; and it brought directly before the people of Illinois and of the whole country the issue as to whether they would, by permitting slavery to be extended, make the nation "all slave," or by restricting it make the nation "all free."

If anyone will take the time to run over Senator Douglas's speeches during the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and in the Senate and before popular audiences for the next two years, he will find that in every one of them Douglas quoted from that "house divided against itself" speech of Mr. Lincoln, and vainly tried to answer it.

When the great contest was first entered upon, it appeared to be merely one between two individuals for preferment. As it proceeded, it became a contest between civilizations. It arrested general attention to such a degree that the question of the Senatorship was scarcely considered by the waiting multitudes who from ocean to ocean were awakened to a realization of the dangers that menaced them, and were aroused to a sense of their responsibilities. The daily newspaper had but just gone into circulation sufficiently to reach the general public. Important information was placed before the people without being lumbered up and overwhelmed by clap-trap and nonsense under glaring headlines and with silly illustrations. Stenography was still in its infancy, but reporters were found who could take down the speeches in shorthand. It was not then common for speeches to be transmitted by telegraph; but so interested and impatient did the people become that this was done.*

In all those wonderful debates, one may look in vain for a well-

* Mr. Robert R. Hitt, then a young man, now the distinguished member of Congress, was the reporter of Mr. Lincoln's speeches; and he has stated to the author that at Galesburg, after sending off to the Chicago Tribune his full report of Mr. Lincoln's speech, he witnessed the putting up of a wager between two men, one asserting that "no man living could write out the speeches in full as delivered," and the other declaring that it had been done. The letters of Mr. Horace White, published in the Chicago Tribune and copied everywhere, had much to do with bringing Mr. Lincoln prominently before the country. Mr. White, then quite a young man, travelled constantly with Mr. Lincoln. He afterwards became the chief editor of the Chicago Tribune, and later of the New York Evening Post.

rounded period. There are no ornaments of rhetoric, no passages for declamation. They are made up of simple, plain, rugged facts and arguments, each vigorously, fearlessly, inexorably put forth to overwhelm the adversary. They cannot be judged by any forensic contest that preceded them. In elegance of diction and ornate rhetoric, the speeches of Demosthenes and Æschines, those of Pitt, Fox, and Burke, and those of Webster and Hayne, excelled beyond measure those of Lincoln and Douglas; but in clearness of statement, close logical reasoning, breadth of comprehension, thorough analysis, simplicity, and directness in bringing their views to the attention and understanding of vast masses of people, no other public debates ever equalled them.

The people of Illinois were interested from the first. Soon the debates began to attract attention beyond the limits of the State. People in other sections asked, "Who is this man Lincoln?" and wondered that they had not known something of him before. As the interest augmented, newspapers both East and West took up the speeches and published them in full. Their readers awaited their publication with eagerness and read them with avidity, and men on either side made their arguments their own. In every home, on every farm, in every tavern, store, shop, and mill, from New York to San Francisco, the statements and arguments were repeated and discussed. "Did you see how Lincoln turned the tables on the 'Little Giant' with the Dred Scott decision?" asked one. "Read it! read it aloud!" was the response. "See how Douglas answered him!" cried another; "read that!" and it was read. "The 'Little Giant' is too much for your Springfield lawyer!" said one. "The 'Little Giant' has finally found his match!" another man responded. "It 's all very well for Lincoln to talk his abolition sentiments in northern Illinois," said the Douglas men, after the Ottawa and Freeport debates. "You just wait until the 'Little Giant' trots him down into Egypt, and you 'll laugh out of the other side of your mouth!"

In Illinois the feeling was so high that little else was considered. Each champion was so well known throughout the State, and had such devoted admirers and earnest supporters, that men were willing to give their whole time and spend their money without stint to advance the interest of their favorite candidate. Beyond all

personal feeling, the principles involved raised the issue above any question of the success of the opposing champions.

There were but seven joint debates in which the contestants met face to face on the same platform; but from early in July to the election in November, Senator Douglas and Mr. Lincoln followed each other closely, speaking on every week day at all the important towns in each of the one hundred and two counties of Illinois. The discussion did not by any means end when they concluded their daily speeches, but was taken up by local speakers and by men and women whenever they met. The chief contestants were of course the central figures; but throughout that entire summer, from Chicago to Cairo, the people of Illinois were aroused and arrayed against each other.

It was curious to look into the faces of the people who assembled to hear Lincoln and Douglas in these famous debates. The debates were held in the open air; and, unlike ordinary political meetings, both sides were fully represented. This fact, more than anything else, had prompted Mr. Lincoln to challenge the Senator to meet him face to face. "I want to reach the Democrats," he said to his friends. "They are so prejudiced that they will not attend a Republican meeting; but they will all come out to hear Douglas, and this will give me a chance at them."

As has been said, neither party spared either pains or expense to have its side represented in the most effective manner. The date of each joint debate was fixed long before it occurred, and each party sought to make a more imposing demonstration in numbers and equipment than the other. Meetings were held by each party in advance, at every crossroads within a radius of fifty miles of the place where a joint debate was to occur, in order to awaken its adherents to the importance of being present to encourage and support its champion. They organized themselves into great delegations which rallied at convenient points and formed in processions of men and women, in wagons and carriages and on horseback, and, headed by bands of music, with flags flying and hats and handkerchiefs waving, proceeded to the place of meeting. Many of these processions were more than a mile in length. As they marched, the air was rent with cheers,—in the Republican procession for "Honest Old Abe," and in the Democratic for

"The Little Giant." The sentiments printed in great letters upon the banners carried in each of these processions left no one in doubt which party it belonged to. Upon the banners of the Douglas processions were such sentiments as "Squatter Sovereignty!" "Popular Sovereignty!" "Let the People rule!" "This is a White Man's Government!" "No Nigger Equality!" "Hurrah for the Little Giant!" The Republican processions, on the other hand, carried banners with such mottoes as "Hurrah for Honest Old Abe!" "Lincoln the Rail-splitter and Giant Killer!" "No more Slave Territory!" "All Men are Created Equal!" "Free Kansas!" "No more Compromise!"

Each party had great wagons or chariots specially fitted up, drawn by four, eight, and sometimes twenty horses, bearing young ladies each representing one of the States of the Union. In the Republican processions one of these young ladies was usually dressed in mourning, to represent Kansas. Over the young ladies in a Douglas chariot was displayed a banner bearing the sentiment, "Fathers, protect us from negro husbands." As the processions came into town, they were met by marshalls of their respective parties, on horseback, and conducted to their meeting places, greeted, as they passed through the streets, by cheers from their own parties and jeers from their opponents, which were answered in the same spirit. Finally they all assembled before the grand stand. Seats could be provided for comparatively few, and the most of the people were standing. Democrats and Republicans were packed into a solid mass together, good-naturedly talking and chaffing each other. Upon the stage were seated prominent men of both parties. A chairman and secretary, and time-keepers who had previously been agreed upon, were early in their seats, but made no effort to restrain the great crowd until after the speakers had arrived and received the deafening applause of their followers.

It was a curious sight when the contestants ascended to their places on the platform,— Lincoln was so tall and Douglas so short, Lincoln so angular and Douglas so sturdy, Lincoln so spare and Douglas so compact and rotund. They alternated in opening and closing the debates,— the opening speaker taking an hour, his competitor following with an hour and a half, and the opening speaker closing with half an hour. Every moment of time was im-

portant to each speaker. The debate opened at precisely the moment fixed upon, and the moment a speaker's time expired he was called by the time-keepers, after which he could only finish the sentence he had begun.

Great as is now the fame of Mr. Lincoln, it is curious to find him, at the time of the opening of the great debates, saying: "Twenty-two years ago Judge Douglas and I became acquainted. We were both young then,— he a trifle younger than I. Even then we were both ambitious, I perhaps quite as much so as he. With me, the race of ambition has been a failure—a flat failure; with him it has been one of splendid success. His name fills the nation, and is not unknown even in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached. I would rather stand upon that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow. . . . The Judge means to keep me down,— put me down I should not say, for I have never been up."

Mr. Lincoln usually began with an explanatory half-apologetic remark, and was always deferential to his opponent and his audience. He seemed always to appreciate the importance of a proper solution of the questions involved, and to feel misgivings as to whether he was the man to meet so great a personage as Judge Douglas in debate. In entering upon a subject, he frequently used the interrogative form, and by asking questions would apparently seek to bring his hearers to consider the proposition with him. In reply to Judge Douglas's assertions, he would, as the lawyers say, "file a demurrer," a good definition of which is, "What of it?"—that is, admitting what was stated to be true, what does it amount to? Frequently he would, as it seemed, adopt a plea of "confession and avoidance." By his manner, and in the intonations of his voice, he seemed to be constantly *appealing* to his auditors, and begging them to reflect with him and reason out the propositions to their logical conclusions. He seemed, as he proceeded, to make suggestions, apparently doubting and distrusting his own judgment, in order to take the audience into his confidence to assist him in reaching a just and proper solution of the problem,—giving the impression that it was still an open question, and that if, after all, upon this thorough analysis of the matter it should appear that he was wrong and Judge

Douglas was right, he would be the first to acknowledge his error, and would expect his hearers to do the same. It is scarcely necessary to say that by this style of discussion he gained the respect and good-will of his hearers, and by it led them finally to conclusions that were irresistible.

Senator Douglas, on the other hand, was bold, positive, dogmatic, assertive, evincing no misgivings as to the correctness of his statements or his conclusions. As slavery existed generally throughout the country when the Constitution was adopted, ours was a "white man's government, for white men," and the sentiment "All men are created equal" of the Declaration of Independence could not apply to the negro; he was property, and white men had the right to take their property into the Territories. Lincoln, he said, believed that the sentiment *did* apply to "all men," including the negro, therefore Lincoln was an Abolitionist; abolitionists were sectional — their teachings tended to make strife between the North and the South and to break up the Union, — therefore Lincoln was himself disloyal in his teachings. If slaves really were property, the same as horses and cattle, Douglas was right and Lincoln was wrong. Under the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, Douglas was right and Lincoln was wrong. But how, the question was asked, with that theory and that decision could slavery be kept out of a Territory? It has been claimed that upon this question Douglas was "driven into a corner" and "forced" at Freeport to answer Mr. Lincoln. Douglas had anticipated this question, and had time and again, — notably in Lincoln's presence, six weeks before, at both Bloomington and Springfield, — showed how slavery could be kept out of a Territory notwithstanding the Dred Scott decision, by "unfriendly legislation," and Mr. Lincoln had heard him so elucidate it. Judge Douglas was not the kind of man to be "driven into a corner." He recalled the conditions of the country for a century, citing precedents with great force and skill. He showed that from time to time, especially in 1820 and 1850, compromises had been made, and that all the great statesmen had taken part in bringing them about; and he used this argument against Mr. Lincoln's assertion that the "government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free."

During all the debates, and thoroughout the campaign, Senator Douglas strove to make it appear that Mr. Lincoln was the especial champion of the negro, while he himself was the especial champion and defender of the white man; that he was devoted to the race to which his auditors belonged, and would not permit it to be contaminated with one that was inferior. His assertions and arguments in regard to the position of "the Black Republican party," led by the Abolitionists as he claimed, were made with tremendous power. No one in Illinois, except Mr. Lincoln, could, with all our prejudices, have been able to withstand him.

Everything Senator Douglas put forth was tested in the crucible of Mr. Lincoln's thorough and searching analysis, and when it came out it was valued at just what it was worth, and no more. Mr. Lincoln made it clear that opposition to the extension of slavery into new Territories did not imply interfering with it in the States; that opposition to slavery did not imply social equality with the negro; that while the fathers of the government held slaves, they were really opposed to slavery, and expected its ultimate extinction, and that they so declared; that the law prohibiting the slave-trade, the Ordinance of 1787 prohibiting slavery in the Northwest Territory, and every act of theirs, showed their antagonism to slavery; and that they fondly hoped and expected it would gradually die out. He declared himself to be in favor of continuing all the guarantees of the Constitution to the slave States, including the fugitive-slave law. He showed that the Dred Scott decision, as expounded by Judge Douglas, practically nationalized slavery. The most difficult thing for Mr. Lincoln to show was that opposition to slavery in the abstract, and to its extension, did not imply that Republicans wanted or intended to interfere with it in a sovereign State; but even this he made clear.

There was but little cheering as the debate progressed, for the speakers, jealous of every moment of their time, begged their hearers to make no interruptions. When, smarting under the lash of criticism and denunciation, pent-up wrath could no longer be restrained and broke out in angry demonstrations, the champion who was receiving the castigation would rise and beg his friends to desist, and was always obeyed.

During all these debates, intense and bitter as was the feeling

among those great masses of men thus meeting face to face, there were very few, scarcely any, breaches of the peace. While they all boldly and courageously expressed their opinions and denounced their adversaries, there was a line which was seldom passed. This was, to question the veracity of an opponent. Everyone in Illinois in those days knew that the moment such a thing was suggested there was danger; and that when the lie was passed, wherever it was, even in the sanctuary or before a judicial tribunal, it meant a fight. Hence such a provocation was seldom given. I have sometimes thought that some of the men of our day might be benefitted by following the example of those of forty years ago.

The debates of Lincoln and Douglas, and several of their speeches, were published in book form, and may still be found by those who wish to study them. Such study would greatly benefit anyone who wishes to have a correct understanding of the momentous questions that brought about the political revolution which called into existence the Republican party, and which finally, two years later, arrayed the people of the North and South against each other in the Civil War.

As has been intimated, the public became so absorbed in the consideration of the transcendent issues, that the question which of the opposing candidates should be elected to the Senate sank into insignificance. The immediate political result, as affecting the two champions, was that while Mr. Lincoln ran ahead in the popular vote, Senator Douglas carried the Legislature and was reëlected; and Mr. Lincoln again, as he had done so many times before when defeated, went back to the practice of the law.

During the joint debate held at Galesburg October 7, 1858, on the east side of the main Knox College building, which is still standing, Davis and I found a place upon the roof of the one-story dormitory, an extension of what was known as the "East Brick," which has since been removed. We immediately faced the platform, looking over the heads of the great mass of people packed together below. We could hear every word, and at the same time could survey the vast crowd of interested listeners. In looking down, I chanced to spy Dwight Earle upon the outskirts of the crowd; and having witnessed his enthusiasm for Douglas at Spring-

field, I wondered that he was not up in front encouraging his champion with cheers. I thought to myself that Dwight must have improved, that in some way he had learned a lesson of modesty. He soon espied me, and as I descended he joined me.

"A great debate!" I said. "I think Lincoln got the best of it, but Douglas is a great debater."

"Douglas is a turncoat and a traitor!" said Dwight.

"What do you mean, Dwight?" I asked.

"I mean just what I say," he said. "He sold out the South, he sold out the administration to Seward and Chase and Sumner and Giddings and Lovejoy, and defeated the Lecompton Constitution."

"But, Dwight," I said, "he showed in the Senate that the people of Kansas were opposed to that slave constitution by a large majority."

"That makes no difference," he answered. "He went in with the South and the administration on the Nebraska bill, and just when they needed him he deserted them."

At that moment Senator Douglas passed near us, in company with Governor McMurtry, Judge Lanphere, Major McKee, Squire Barnett, Major Yvonette, and other Democrats. I raised my hat, and the Senator stopped and extended his hand, saying, "How is our young lady friend who was so severe on me at Springfield? I hope she thinks better of me now."

I was about to reply, when Dwight stepped forward, and extending his hand said, "How do you do, Senator?" The Senator looked at him for a moment, with such withering scorn as I had never before seen upon the face of any human being, and turned away exclaiming, "He is a Danite, bought with money!"

On account of his supposed close intimacy with Senator Douglas, it was thought that Earle could draw Democrats away, and he had been hired by representatives of the administration to betray the Senator. I was afterwards told that Dwight had been sent by the authorities under President Buchanan, to make a report on the Postmaster of Galesburg, who could not be frightened nor bribed by an office to give up his convictions. That officer was removed on account of his steadfast devotion to Senator Douglas; but, fortunately, a better man than was recommended received the appointment from President Buchanan.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

FOR a long time before the Republican National Convention of 1860, it seemed certain that Mr. Seward would be nominated for the Presidency. In fact, until two years before the actual nomination this was generally conceded. He was one of the organizers of the Republican party, and one of its wisest and most influential leaders; and he seemed its logical and most available candidate. He was urged for the place by the most sagacious politician in the country, Thurlow Weed, seconded by one of the most eloquent orators and ablest lawyers of the nation, William M. Evarts of New York.

But, as has often been the case with "the wise men of the East," the vision of Mr. Weed and of Mr. Evarts, and of most of the New York statesmen, was limited in range. Their horizon was not yet sufficiently extended to give them an adequate idea of the potentiality of the new States of the Mississippi Valley. Many shrewd observers were convinced that Mr. Seward could not be elected, if nominated by the Republican party; and, while he had the respect and admiration of the Republicans of the West, the wisest of our leaders did not regard him as a strong candidate. Much as the Republican party owed New York's great statesmen, Western Republicans did not regard him as available. He was, as they believed, too radical. To be successful, it was essential for the Republicans to bring together all the elements of opposition to the Democratic party,— old-line Whigs, those who had affiliated with the American party, and Free-soilers. Tens of thousands of voters, who looked with horror upon any suggestion that the Constitution should be violated or disregarded by assailing or interfering in any way with slavery in the States where it existed, were opposed to its extension into the new Territories. Whatever Mr. Seward's views were in regard to this important matter, he had impressed the general public in the West as willing, in an emergency, to disregard the rights of the States under the Constitution, and was therefore regarded as an unsafe man to be intrusted with the great responsibilities of the Presidency.

Such was the feeling of many of the best Republicans of the West; much as they admired Mr. Seward, and felt indebted to him, they could not favor his nomination, and vast numbers of them would not have voted for him had he been nominated. It was urged, as has so often been done, that it was imperative that the candidate be able to carry New York, with her large electoral vote, and that this Mr. Seward was sure to do; but it was answered that Fremont had carried that great State four years before, and it was sure to support any worthy Republican candidate.

It was becoming evident that the Republicans throughout the country would not concede the nomination of Mr. Seward without a contest. Pennsylvania put forward Simon Cameron; Ohio, Salmon P. Chase; New Jersey, William L. Dayton; Vermont, Jacob Collamer; and Missouri, Edward Bates.

Illinois waited. If she should decide to present a candidate, but one man would be considered. Many outside of the State, as well as among her own people, were talking of Abraham Lincoln. He himself was reluctant to allow his name to be used. It is apparent from what he said that he really did not realize how strong a hold he had upon the public.* It proved to be fortunate for him that he did not allow his friends to put him forward too early, as was the case with other candidates. Finally it became necessary for his friends to act. He had been so frequently mentioned by his admirers in the public press or otherwise, that his friends had either to put him forward or withdraw his name.

The Illinois State Republican Convention was to meet at Decatur on the 9th of May, and the National Republican Convention was to meet at Chicago one week later to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. As has been said, the time had come when it was imperative that the position of Illinois Republicans be known. A short time before the State Convention, a few of Mr. Lincoln's friends,— Norman B. Judd, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, Leonard Swett, O. M. Hatch, Jesse K. Dubois, Lawrence Weldon, A. C. Babcock, William

* In letters to several editorial friends, written at this time, Mr. Lincoln, referring to their urging his candidacy, said: "In regard to the matter you spoke of, I beg that you will not give it further mention. Seriously, I do not think I am fit for the Presidency."

Butler, Ward H. Lamon, John Bunn, Ebenezer Peck, Jackson Grimshaw, and several others of equal prominence, met in the office of the Secretary of State at Springfield, with Mr. Lincoln, for consultation. They insisted upon Mr. Lincoln's authorizing them to use his name, urging many reasons why it should be done. He asked that he be allowed until the next day to reflect; and on the next day he authorized them to do so.

At the Decatur Convention, Norman B. Judd of Chicago, Leonard Swett of Bloomington, and Richard Yates of Jacksonville were candidates for nomination as Governor. They were all able men and true patriots, and each had a strong following. Finally the supporters of Mr. Swett went over to Mr. Yates, who was thus nominated, and he became the great "War Governor" of Illinois.

I was not at the Decatur Convention, but have been told that the scene when Mr. Lincoln's name was brought forward was such as had never before and can never again be witnessed. Mr. Lincoln's name was put in nomination by Richard J. Oglesby, whom I met with Mr. Lincoln at the State Fair in 1854. Throughout his public career, Mr. Oglesby sometimes made the very best, and sometimes the very worst, speeches of any public man. He never used notes, always depending upon the inspiration of the occasion to bring his faculties into full play. When the occasion was just such as to move him,—when, as he used to say, he "got off on the right foot,"—he could make a speech before a popular audience which carried everything before him. The occasion and the theme at Decatur were just suited to him, and he electrified the convention. As he closed with a burst of eloquence on the character of Lincoln, "Old John Hanks" was seen coming up the aisle with two old fence-rails on his shoulders, rails that had been made by Lincoln and himself only a few years before on the Sangamon river bottom, where they had fenced in some land. As Hanks advanced to the platform carrying the fence-rails, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Fortunately, the convention had already made the nominations for State offices and elected delegates to Chicago; and in the midst of this enthusiasm, unanimous instructions for the support of Lincoln were adopted, and the convention adjourned. The general acclaim for the nomination of "the rail-splitter of Illinois" was taken up by the Republicans of the State, who had

been impatiently awaiting this action, and carried to the very doors, and through the doors, of the great Chicago Convention, to each individual delegate.

Senator Douglas was a candidate for the Democratic nomination as President. Curiously, all the citizens of Illinois, Republicans as well as Democrats, had also become interested in the success of Douglas in his candidacy. The Republicans did not at all want to see Douglas elected President, but they felt that if ever a man had earned the highest honors of his party, Stephen A. Douglas had earned the nomination of the Democratic party for the Presidency. He was its foremost man. Under his leadership, the party had repeatedly organized victory. He had always held Illinois in line. Away back in 1840, when the whole country was shouting the plaudits of William Henry Harrison, the determination, energy, persistency, and eloquence of Stephen A. Douglas kept Illinois from being carried away by the mighty Whig upheaval which swept nearly every Northern State, and she gave her electoral vote to Martin Van Buren, the Democratic candidate for President. Under Douglas's leadership, the electoral votes of Illinois had always been cast for a Democratic candidate. At the National Democratic Convention four years before, Senator Douglas as a candidate was next in line to Mr. Buchanan, who received the nomination, Douglas's name having been withdrawn by his own request to preserve harmony in the party. The successful candidate was nominated upon a platform of principles,—"popular sovereignty,"— put forth by Douglas which he had carried through both Houses of Congress. He contributed more than any other man to the election of Mr. Buchanan. It was his genius that kept the Democratic party in power.

The Democratic Convention of 1860 met at Charleston on the 23d of April. Under the rules adopted, a two-thirds vote was necessary to a nomination. Douglas was all the time the leading candidate, and finally had a majority, but not the required two-thirds. Four years before, when Mr. Buchanan had received a majority, Douglas withdrew and gave him the necessary two-thirds. In all fairness and justice, the nomination should now have been conceded to him. But it was not to be. He had been too true to the principle of "popular sovereignty." When, two

years before, he stood by his principles, and refused to consent to have the Lecompton slave constitution forced upon the people of Kansas against their will, he incurred the enemity of the slaveholders, and they never forgave him. They withdrew from the convention. There was an adjournment to Baltimore, to meet on the 18th of June. At Baltimore, Douglas was nominated; but so determined was the opposition that the party was split asunder. The seceding delegates nominated John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky for President, and Joseph Lane of Oregon for Vice-President.

Lincoln was nominated by the Republicans at Chicago. Why was he nominated? Because he was available. Why was he available?

Every candidate before the convention — Seward, Chase, Cameron, Collamer, Bates, and Lincoln — had pronounced against the extension of slavery, which was the fundamental principle of the Republican party; but none more strongly than Abraham Lincoln. Every other candidate had been known for years as a public man. Two years before the convention met, three-fourths of the delegates had never heard Lincoln's name. How then could Lincoln have been nominated?

It was because the people had learned from the great debates with Senator Douglas, that while Mr. Lincoln was as devoted as any Abolitionist to the anti-slavery cause, he was even more devoted to the Constitution and the Union; that no power or influence, however it might present itself, could lead him to disregard or override any provision of the fundamental law of the land; that upon obedience and devotion to the Constitution, framed by the fathers with such prescience and wisdom and handed down to us, depended our liberties; that it was the last and only hope of freedom, and that there could be no "higher law" for the guidance of an American patriot than was embodied in its provisions. Realizing, as no one living in the East could realize, that in order to unite those who opposed the extension of slavery it was necessary to nominate a candidate who under no circumstances, not even to destroy slavery, would disregard or override the plain provisions of the Constitution, the Republicans of Illinois united upon Abraham Lincoln.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860

NEVER before did a candidate for nomination to the office of President of the United States have such sagacious and earnest supporters as Abraham Lincoln had at Chicago in 1860; and never before did the political managers put forward so wise and fit a candidate. Chief in council at the convention were Judge David Davis, Orville H. Browning, Norman B. Judd, and Leonard Swett. The location of the convention at Chicago made it convenient for many prominent Illinois people to be present, and those of the great Northwest as well. We all had come to believe in Lincoln, and to believe he could be elected. We knew that Mr. Seward, backed by New York, the greatest State of the Union, and with his earnest supporters throughout the North, was Lincoln's most formidable competitor for the nomination.

New York had never before sent to a national convention so strong a delegation or so large a number of her representative men. There were among them statesmen who had occupied high positions in the councils of the nation, literary men of high character, professional men whose names were well known, great financiers who dominated Wall Street, and the keenest and shrewdest of her politicians. The New York delegation brought with them brass bands and banners, and their street processions, with the name of William H. Seward everywhere displayed, were most impressive.

The most noted pugilist of those days, Tom Hyer, followed by less conspicuous men in the same calling, was a picturesque figure in the Seward processions on the streets. A pun was made upon his name. It was said that he illustrated Mr. Seward's *Higher-law* doctrine.

The management of Mr. Seward's forces was under the direction of Mr. Thurlow Weed, then regarded as the most sagacious living politician. He had been Mr. Seward's political manager for many years, and ever since the defeat of Fremont, four years before, he had been laying his plans for Mr. Seward's nomination at this time. Next to himself and his own great abilities, Mr. Seward was

chiefly indebted to Mr. Weed in attaining high positions as Governor of New York and Senator from that State. Mr. Weed had quietly and cautiously, but tirelessly and zealously, worked for his candidate in other States, and he believed that Mr. Seward had the nomination within his grasp.

The orator and public leader of the New York delegation was William M. Evarts. Mr. Evarts was then in his prime. He was already a great lawyer, and a man of commanding influence. There was such charm in his manner and melody in his voice as to captivate all who saw and heard him in that convention. No one who then heard Mr. Evarts can ever forget the exquisite tenderness with which he pronounced the name of William Henry Seward.

I greatly admired the men who represented my native State, of whom I had before seen but little. It will be remembered that I was but a young lad when I came west, and that my observation before leaving Western New York was limited to the little valley where I had always lived. Here at Chicago, I saw the foremost representatives of the greatest States of the Union. I could see that there was a marked contrast between the men of the West and the men of the East. The New York men were more cultured and scholarly than we. They were better and more appropriately dressed for such an occasion. They wore their neat business suits, to which they were accustomed; while we, especially those of us who were from the country, were dressed in our "Sunday clothes," to which we were not accustomed. But most of us, if at all conscious of the difference, were unconcerned about it. There was no less a contrast in culture and bearing and dress of the candidates we represented. Being upon our own ground, in our own State, in a city that was new, and living among those who, like ourselves, were all *from* somewhere, we had a certain advantage over the New York men, for we knew better how to reach men from all parts of the country.

The mistake the Seward men made at Chicago was in disparaging all the other candidates. We of Illinois, on the other hand, under the instructions of our discreet advisers, lauded all the other candidates, especially Mr. Seward, whom we most feared. We were admonished by Judge Davis, Mr. Swett, Mr. Judd, and all of our other managers, especially to commend Mr. Seward, but to

insist that, with all his splendid record as a Free Soiler, he could not possibly carry the States that were needed to secure a victory. We believed this; and after a lapse of more than forty years, there is still in my mind no doubt that those wise men were correct. Had Mr. Seward been nominated, the conservative men who opposed the extension of slavery would not have supported him, and he would have lost enough States to throw the election into the House of Representatives, which would have resulted in the election of a Democrat.

We younger men were instructed by our leaders to provoke discussion at every opportunity, in the hearing of delegates; and, while commending Mr. Seward in the highest terms, declare that to nominate him meant defeat in the election.

On the opening morning of the convention, it was apparent that if the nomination should not go to Mr. Seward, Mr. Lincoln had the best chance of being chosen. As the prospects for our Illinois candidate thus brightened, we continued our work with increased earnestness. We knew we were gaining, and the more time we had to work the better we were satisfied.

The first and second days of the convention were taken up in effecting the organization and in considering the platform. On the evening of the second day, the chances looked favorable for Mr. Seward. His supporters made more noise than did those of all the rest of the candidates put together. With Tom Hyer at their head, they managed to fill the great Wigwam,—the specially constructed building in which the convention was held; and it seemed that their boisterous demonstrations might overawe the delegates. Had a vote been taken on the evening of that day, Mr. Seward would probably have been nominated. While the Lincoln men were active, and there was immense pressure for him, yet up to that time the Seward men had made by far the greatest demonstrations in the Wigwam.

After the convention adjourned on the second day, I was in the public court of the Tremont House with a dense crowd about me, urging the impracticability of presenting Mr. Seward as a candidate, great and deserving as he was; and it seemed to me that I was getting the best of the argument. Presently I saw a young man, somewhat older than myself, making his way through the

crowd toward where I stood. There was something in his appearance, I could not tell what, that impressed me strongly. For some moments he quietly listened to our discussion, evidently with deep interest; and finally he asked, modestly, if he might be permitted to say a word.

He said he was from the State of New York, and naturally took a great interest in Mr. Seward. "I think," he said addressing his words more directly to me, "I think that, notwithstanding all the kind things you have said of Mr. Seward, you scarcely do him justice. He is not the extreme man he is represented to be He does not, and never did, endorse the views of the extreme men in the Republican party. He is really, as compared with Garrison and Phillips and the other Abolitionists, a conservative man. He has the utmost veneration for the Constitution. I myself, as do many of our New York men, look upon slavery with horror, and we have sometimes been impatient with Mr. Seward because we thought he did not go far enough. That he is an earnest, sincere, courageous antagonist of slavery, none can deny. He has fought the battles of freedom all his life, and it would be strange if here in a Republican convention he should be defeated because of too ably and too courageously battling for the principles upon which the Republican party was founded."

"I admit all you say in commendation of Mr. Seward," I replied; "but Mr. Lincoln is just as much opposed to slavery as he,— and Mr. Lincoln can be elected while Mr. Seward cannot be."

"I beg pardon," he replied; "I have great admiration for Mr. Lincoln, as I know Mr. Seward has from what I have myself heard him say about Mr. Lincoln's splendid canvass of Illinois two years ago, and how ably he upheld our principles in the debates with Senator Douglas. I have nothing but commendation for Mr. Lincoln; and should you succeed in nominating him, I shall expect, as will all Republicans in New York, to support him loyally. But I leave it to you, in all fairness, to say whether this would be right. Until the Lincoln-Douglas debates of only two years ago, if we in New York had ever heard of Mr. Lincoln we had forgotten it. It is true that when our attention was called to this remarkable man and the ability he displayed in coping with Douglas, the foremost

man in public life and the ablest debater in the Senate, we looked up Mr. Lincoln's record. We found that he had been several times a member of the Illinois Legislature, and one term in Congress, with no hope of reëlection. We also found that four years ago, when Fremont was nominated at the Republican convention in Philadelphia, Illinois presented Mr. Lincoln to the convention as a candidate for Vice-President, but with no hope or expectation of his nomination. Except that he was a prominent and trusted local leader of the Whig party, this was all we could find of Mr. Lincoln's career. Upon the great question of slavery, while his views were no doubt better known in Illinois, we of the East could find nothing in his record as an anti-slavery man up to the time of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. We have since learned that he approved of the fugitive-slave law, and that he still approves of it."

"You do Mr. Lincoln injustice," I replied with some warmth. "He has always been known in Illinois as a hater of slavery. As early as 1837, while a member of the Illinois Legislature, he signed a protest against resolutions favoring slavery, and declared that the institution is founded upon injustice and bad policy."

"That is true," replied the young man. "We heard of this in praise of Mr. Lincoln just before we left New York. It was a brave thing to do at that time, with the prejudice prevailing in Illinois; but upon looking the matter up I find that the paper he signed says in qualification that the 'promulgation of abolition doctrine tends rather to increase than to abate its evils,'—that is, to speak or write against slavery, tends 'rather to increase than to abate its evils.' But, admitting as I do that Mr. Lincoln is thoroughly reliable upon this question, so important to us, I want to ask your attention to the record of Mr. Seward. Before Mr. Lincoln was at all known, Mr. Seward was Governor of the great State of New York. He entered upon the office in 1838, and performed his duties so ably that in 1840 he was reëlected. While Governor, he refused to recognize the demand of the Governor of Virginia for the rendition of men charged with abducting slaves, claiming that, as it was not a crime in New York to help men to liberty, Virginia had no right to demand them back. In 1849,—eleven years ago,—he was elected United States Senator; and

when his term expired he was reëlected, and ever since he has been fighting slavery. He was in the Senate when the fugitive-slave law was passed, and fought it with all his might. It was during the controversy over the bill admitting California as a State that he made his famous 'higher law' speech, about which so much has been said and written. He was in the Senate during the whole fight upon the question of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and time and again locked horns with Senator Douglas and the rest. I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I did not intend to say so much; but we are all Republicans. Some of us know what it means to fight the battles of the poor slave; and I ask you, is it fair, is it just, is it worthy of us, to turn against Mr. Seward, who has been all his life fighting the battles of freedom?"

"Do not understand me as saying anything against Mr. Seward," I replied. "He is a great statesman, and he is right, according to my view, upon most questions. But, as I was saying, we in Illinois feel sure that he cannot carry our State, and several other States that will be necessary for the election of a Republican President. We know from the sentiment of our own people that no man who publicly avows that there is a rule of political action above and superseding the Constitution of the United States,—that, to use Mr. Seward's own words, 'There is a law higher than the Constitution,'—can get the votes of our people. We are morally certain that no man who holds these views can be elected President of the United States. Notwithstanding all you have said, we know that 'Honest Abe Lincoln' is as sound upon the slavery question as Mr. Seward is, and we feel sure that if nominated he can be elected, and, therefore, that in his nomination is our only hope of success. We in Galesburg, where I live, are as radical on the slavery question as are the people of any town in New York or New England. We want Mr. Lincoln because we believe in him, and because we are confident he can be elected; and we believe that this is the only hope of bringing the Republican party into power, and of placing an effectual barrier against the further encroachments of slavery."

"Do you live at Galesburg?" the young man asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Were you ever at Princeton, the home of Mr. Lovejoy?" he again asked.

"Many times," I said. "I was at Princeton before being at Galesburg. We stayed there one Sunday on our way west, and went to hear Mr. Lovejoy preach. The next day we came near being burned up by a prairie fire."

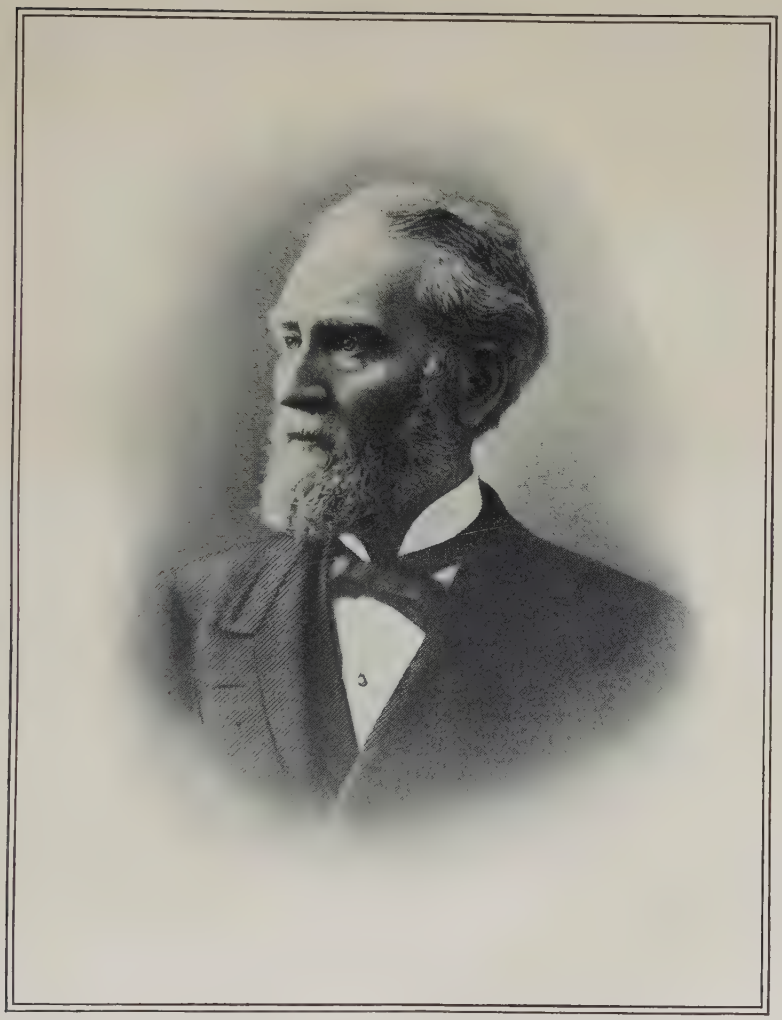
While we were talking, several persons who had paused to listen to us took up the discussion, and it became quite acrimonious. Epithets were hurled backward and forward. An Illinois man from "Egypt" shouted, "I don't want no d—d niggers nowhere! I want to git shet on 'em! I don't want 'em in Illinois nor in Kansas. I don't want no Ab'litionist like Seward pesterin' me! Give me that good ole-line Henry Clay Whig, Abe Linkern, and we'll show you what Illinois kin do!"

"That's all d—d nonsense!" replied a New Yorker. "Talk about a country lawyer and pettifoger like Abe Lincoln put up against a statesman like William H. Seward! He don't trot in the same class with him!"

The young gentleman with whom I had been talking extended his hand, and, asking me where I was staying, politely took his leave.

At the Illinois headquarters, where I went, I found our people jubilant. Mr. Judd was dancing about the room. Judge Davis, always dignified, was smiling and giving vent to his feelings by the little satisfied grunt or snort which we have before described. Mr. Swett was at the table writing a letter. "Tell him to keep a stiff upper-lip and fuzzy eyebrows, Swett," said Oglesby, who stood near; "tell him the New York men have found out we are not all sapsuckers," by which I understood that Mr. Swett's letter was for Mr. Lincoln, who had remained at Springfield. Mr. Joseph Medill was telling of an interview with some old Ohio friends, that was very encouraging. "You are doing fine work in the Tribune," said Mr. E. B. Washburne. "Everybody reads the Tribune, and your editorials are making friends for us every hour among the delegates of other States."

Meanwhile, men of prominence from other States were coming and going, each having a little private conference with our managers, and then rushing off to some other delegation. Notwith-



Joseph Medill.

standing the appearance of things at the Wigwam and on the street that afternoon, I felt that Judge Davis and Mr. Judd and Mr. Swett knew what they were about, and I went to my room at the Tremont House confident of success.

I had never, before that afternoon, come in contact with one of the high-toned young gentlemen of New York. I do not mean the appellation "high-toned" as one of sarcasm. I saw that this young man was really of a finer mould than I had been accustomed to meet. He was modest, unpretentious, conciliatory in his bearing, yet he was self-poised, strong, and courageous, giving one the idea that, retiring as he was, in an emergency he could be a hero. Fair and considerate as he had shown himself in the discussion, one felt that he expected, and would require and enforce if necessary, equal consideration and fairness to himself. It was plain that he knew the world, and what was due from man to man. I said to myself that the culture and refinement which he exemplifies must come from environments of comfort and elegance and ease, such as wealth and family and position can give. I realized as never before the true significance of the term "well-bred."

While engaged in these reflections, there was a rap at my door. A bell-boy entered and handed me a card upon which I read, "Paul Percival." I was startled, and stared at the boy, almost forgetting to tell him to show the gentleman to my room. "So," I said to myself, "Rose's friend is in Chicago, and I am to see him." Could it be possible, I thought, that he is as charming as the young gentleman I had just met? He too must be a man of extraordinary character, to have made such an impression upon Rose. All this was running through my mind, when he entered the room and warmly grasped my hand. To my surprise, it was the same young gentleman whom I had just been considering, and who had so impressed me by his appeal for Mr. Seward.

"I need no introduction to you," he exclaimed, "after what Miss Silverton has told me of you. I suspected who you were, the moment I heard your voice in praise of Mr. Lincoln; and when you spoke of Galesburg, and of Mr. Lovejoy, I was sure I could not be mistaken."

He must have observed, I afterwards thought, that I was a good deal overcome. I could scarcely stammer out words of ordinary

politeness. He had impressed me, on my first meeting him, as being a man not only of fine ability but of commanding personality,— a man who could not only influence but dominate men. Rose had given me a high ideal of the young man in whom she had taken such deep interest, but it had not nearly come up to the reality as exemplified by the man before me.

"You must pardon me for thus thrusting myself upon you," he said, "but really I feel that I know you almost intimately,— and, strange as it may appear, I had already become very fond of you. With Miss Silverton, I have followed your career from the time she first knew you. She was never weary of talking of the incidents with which you have been connected, and I was never weary of listening. As you know, she invests every subject she considers with the charm of her own remarkable personality; but when she spoke of matters in which you were interested, or in any way connected with you, she seemed inspired."

"I must confess," I stammered, "that I had a similar feeling toward you; but from what she wrote of you, of your position and success in the great metropolis, I did not venture to hope that I could ever meet you upon any such terms as to have special relations with you. Much as Miss Rose has written me about you, I had no idea you were a person who could impress me as you did by your appeal for Mr. Seward to-day. During most of my life," I continued, "my horizon has been very limited. My vision, since I came to the West, has penetrated very little beyond the limits of Illinois. It has not been my privilege to have relations with young men who have had advantages of family and social position, such as have fallen to your lot, as you will realize if you should learn to know me better."

"Do not speak like that," he said, a little impatiently.

"Let me explain," I answered. "I have been speaking constantly, as I was doing when you came up, to different people in the interest of Mr. Lincoln; but no one had answered me as you did. I had no proper conception of Mr. Seward, and of what he has done for the Republican party during all these years. To me, there had been really but one great man. That man was an Illinois man,— Stephen A. Douglas. I did not like him, much as I admired his abilities; in fact, I had almost come to hate him.

He had done great things and achieved great results in extending the limits and power of the Republic. But he bowed down to the slave-power. He took advantage of the prejudice against Free-soilers and Abolitionists, and augmented it with all his power. He was the means of repealing the Missouri Compromise. In Illinois, Douglas carried everything before him. No one could withstand him. He was absolute. Then Abraham Lincoln appeared. You know,—the world knows,—how bravely Mr. Lincoln met and how successfully he coped with that mighty statesman and orator; and do you wonder that we, the Free-soilers of Illinois, idolize Mr. Lincoln? But when I met you, I was almost convinced that in justice and fairness we ought to favor Mr. Seward."

"And you," he said, "have almost convinced me that I ought to favor Mr. Lincoln; not so much by what you said in our discussion as by what Miss Silverton has told me of your relations with him at Springfield, and by what she has read me from your letters giving accounts of affairs in Illinois. Mr. Lincoln is certainly a true and noble man. If he had had a little more experience in public affairs, I think it would be safe to trust the government in his hands. Mr. Seward has had experience. He has been tested. He is no doubt as able a statesman as we have in the Republican party, of which it may almost be said he was the founder; and, as I said, he has been twice Governor of the great State of New York, and has represented her in the Senate for nearly twelve years." He paused a moment, and then added, "But let us not talk politics,—let us talk of what is dearer to our hearts. Have you, as she said, ever helped poor runaway slaves to liberty?"

"I have done a little service," I said, "on the Underground Railway, but so little that I claim no special credit for it. I have a friend at Galesburg who has done a great deal of excellent service on that line; and I was once,—in fact, the first time I ever saw him,—placed in a position to render some little asssistance in helping him to save a passenger. You did not meet Rose's father at Weisbaden, she wrote me."

"No," he replied, "I was obliged to leave just before he came."

"So Miss Rose wrote me," I said. "It is a great pity. While General Silverton believes in Douglas and in all his measures, he

is one of the noblest men I ever saw,—a true type of Southern chivalry. Everybody who knows him loves him. You would surely like him. What is your opinion of Mrs. Silverton? Do you think that she is really on the road to health?"

"I am sure of it," he replied. "They had Doctor Von Raader, the most eminent specialist in Europe and in fact in the world, to visit her, and upon a thorough diagnosis of the case he entirely changed the treatment and is effecting a marvellous cure. She will no doubt soon be as well as she ever was. I became very much in love with her."

"With Mrs. Silverton?" I queried.

"Yes," he said, "with Mrs. Silverton. She is so gentle and refined. When I first saw her, she had almost given up hope. She seemed to be taking hold upon spiritual things; her thoughts were all upon the better life. Miss Rose told me that you had heard her mother sing."

"I have heard her sing old ballads and hymns," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "the music of the heart. She sang divinely."

"Miss Rose," I said, "devoted herself entirely to her mother, did she not?"

"Yes," he said, "and to reading and study. Miss Rose was impatient, you cannot tell how impatient, to come home. She wants to be here while so much is going on. I never saw such an earnest Abolitionist. I think she would have been glad to be with that old hero, John Brown, at Harper's Ferry, and would have considered it a privilege to suffer with him. She is a great reader. You know she has spoken French from her childhood, having learned it from her mother. She now speaks German almost as well. She reads the best German authors in the original, and you know what an omniverous reader she is."

"What does she talk about?" I asked.

"She talks of books," he replied, "of the political situations in America, and — of you."

"And she writes," I said, "of you."

It was growing late, and Mr. Percival said he must go to see Mr. Evarts. He added that he liked me even better than he had expected from what Rose had told him. He invited me to visit him in New York.

"You will, of course, meet the party,— the General, Rose, and Mrs. Silverton,— when they land in New York?" I said.

"I would like to do so," he replied, "but I fear it will be out of the question,— that my duty will call me elsewhere. But will you not meet them?" he asked.

"I shall hardly be able to go to New York," I replied. "It is something more than to go down to the dock!"

"I know," he replied. "But now I must leave you. I fear we cannot meet to-morrow. It will be a great day. What would we New York people do if Mr. Seward should not be nominated? There is danger of his defeat; our people feel it. It will be a dreadful blow. Some of them have followed Mr. Seward's fortunes all their lives. Many of them would sacrifice everything for his success. They worship him. For many years he has been their guide, counsellor, and friend. I fear the effect upon Mr. Evarts. What shall we say to the Republicans of New York? We shall be crushed. Good night, and God bless you." And he hastened away.

At no time during the convention had I seen so much enthusiasm among the Seward men as I saw that evening as I passed among the crowd. Expecting the ballotting to begin that afternoon, they had packed the Wigwam, and whenever their candidate's name was pronounced there was tumultous applause. With their candidate so far in the lead, and his name hailed with such marked demonstration, it was but natural that they should have felt that victory was already won. I myself caught the contagion, and was depressed by it. Curiously, there was to me a consolation in reflecting that it would be a great satisfaction to Mr. Paul Percival.

In one of the crowds I heard a loud voice shouting praises of Seward. Thinking the voice was familiar, I approached closer and found that the man was Dwight Earle. Knowing his sentiments as I did, I was much surprised, and stopped to listen.

"Abe Lincoln is a regular mudsill, a gawky!" he said. "What would he do in the White House? He'd be a bull in a china-shop. Think of him receiving the diplomatic corps and telling them off-color stories! It won't do! Let's nominate a gentleman. Everybody knows that Mr. Seward is a gentleman. He will know just what to say, and where to put his hands, which Abe Lincoln won't. Seward's the man!"

Presently Earle saw me, and, giving up his harangue, joined me.

"How could you talk to that crowd for Seward?" I asked. "I thought you were a Democrat. Do you intend to vote for Mr. Seward if nominated to-morrow, as seems probable?"

"Not a bit of it," he replied. "I'd see him d—d first!"

"Then why are you supporting him?" I asked.

"Don't you see the reason?" he replied. "Don't you see that Seward can't be elected, and the black Republican party can't outlive another defeat.

"Then you have gone back to Douglas, I suppose?"

"I'd see him—" I cannot repeat the dreadful invectives he applied to Senator Douglas, of which "loafer," "drunkard," "blackguard," and "demagogue" were among the mildest.

"No," he said, "I don't want any Douglas in mine. He can't be elected anyway. Lincoln might be elected, but he has no show for the nomination. Thurlow Weed and the New York politicians know more in a minute than Judd and Davis and Swett ever dreamed of. Talk about such men managing politics against men who have grown up under the shadow of Tammany Hall,—among the 'Silver Grays' and the 'Barn-burners' and the 'old Hunkers' of New York! Did you hear the cheering for Seward in the Wigwam this afternoon? Did you look at the Lincoln delegates from the country districts, as they sat there with their Sunday clothes on? They thought it was the slogan of victory,—and it was all done by Tom Hyer and his clacquers from the Bowery; and Tammany pays their expenses."

"What interest has Tammany, and what interest have you, in Seward?" I asked.

"Can't you see?" he retorted. "Seward will be defeated if nominated, and the election will be thrown into the House of Representatives. Douglas can't get a Southern State, and he will get only the Northern States that Seward's unpopularity will give him. The House will elect Breckenridge, the Union will be saved, and the Democratic party will continue in power."

"You really are a Danite, Dwight," I said. "A serpent by the way."

Without paying any heed to my remark, he exclaimed, "Have you heard about Rose Silverton?"

"What about her?" I asked, a little startled.

"Why," he answered, "about her being in love with a New York aristocrat whom she met on the ship going over? I heard all about it from a Chicago family that went over on the same ship, and have been staying at Weisbaden, where the Silvertons are. The young aristocrat visits the Silvertons,— brought a doctor from Munich, and they think he saved Mrs. Silverton's life. They are all coming home, and it is believed Rose and he will soon be married."

"What do you know of the young man?" I asked.

"I know he is high-toned and very handsome," he replied; "that he is in Mr. Evarts's law office, and expects to be a partner; that Mr. Evarts took him in because of his money and his relation to the 'silk-stockings'; and that he is already making a reputation as a lawyer. But surely Rose must have written you about him?"

"She has mentioned him," I said; "but I must go to our Illinois headquarters."

"It 's no use," said Dwight; "you might as well stay away. Your rail-splitter is a dead cock in the pit." I heard him chuckle as I bade him good-night and walked away.

There was a great crowd at Illinois headquarters. Word was being given out that the Lincoln men were to occupy the Wigwam early in the morning, before the Seward men would get in. We were told what door-keepers would admit Illinois men. We were determined that the Seward men should not again crowd us out, as they had done before. Many of our own men declared their determination to be on hand before daylight in the morning, — to take their lunches with them and be prepared for a long siege.

Judge Davis and Mr. Judd and Mr. Swett were not in the room, and could not be found. We afterwards learned what they were doing: they were making combinations with the Pennsylvania and Indiana delegates. When they did come, the expression of their faces gave me more confidence than I had felt up to that time. If there was a bargain, we did not know it; but we know the support Mr. Lincoln got from those States, and we know that Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania and Caleb B. Smith of Indiana were made members of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet.

The events of that famous day in the great Wigwam have often been described. I remember how happily Mr. Evarts placed Mr. Seward's name before the convention, and the applause it received. But this applause was as nothing compared with the deafening cheers and shouts, prolonged for nearly half an hour by the vast assemblage, when Norman B. Judd, standing upon a high chair, proposed as a candidate for the nomination "The Rail-splitter and Giant-killer of Illinois, Abraham Lincoln." As the cheers would die away they would again break out in some remote part of the great building, and swell to a grand chorus. It seemed as if all the people of Illinois were assembled outside, and I remember how their acclamations resounded through the apertures between the single rough board-walls of the great building. The Seward men, when they arrived, found the building occupied by the "early birds" of Illinois, to whom they had taught the lesson, on the day before, of the importance of being on hand early; and when they came they found there was little room for them. There were evidently many more Lincoln men than Seward men on the inside of the building. The Lincoln men outside, to whom everything that was going on inside was instantly communicated, were a hundred to one. There was force in the declaration of the Seward men, that if the convention had been held anywhere else but at Chicago the result would have been different.

I remember the applause of the Seward men when their candidate was given 173½ votes on the first ballot, and Lincoln 102; and the intense feeling when on the second ballot Mr. Seward had 184½ votes, having gained but 11, while Mr. Lincoln had 181 votes, having gained 79; and the breathless interest of the hundreds who were keeping tally, when, on the third ballot, Mr. Lincoln had run up to 231½ votes, lacking but one and a half votes of the nomination, which required 233. I remember the bursts of applause when the convention realized that Mr. Lincoln was so near the goal, and the hush and stillness and solemnity when Mr. Carter of Ohio arose and changed four votes of that State from Chase to Lincoln; and how uproariously and wildly men cheered, and yelled, and screamed, and danced, and sang, and hugged each other. Hats and umbrellas and coats and vests were thrown as high as strength would permit, in a perfect orgie of rapturous

enthusiasm. And I remember how the motion to make the nomination unanimous brought those men, delirious with joy, back to their senses, and with what depths of emotion they listened to the solemn cadences of the voice of Mr. Evarts, representing his crushed associates of the New York delegation, to whom the blow had been no less cruel than it was to their great leader. I shall never forget the pathos and tenderness with which Mr. Evarts uttered the sentiment, "The name of William Henry Seward will be remembered when Presidents are forgotten"; and how, in the name of their great leader and of the entire delegation of the great State of New York, he seconded the motion to make the nomination of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois unanimous, which was instantly adopted, and the vast crowd moved slowly out, leaving the delegates to continue their work by placing that sagacious statesman and wise counsellor, Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, in the second place on the ticket.

The issues were joined for the great Presidential campaign of 1860, and the men were found who were to lead the Republican hosts to victory.

CHAPTER XX.

WITH OLD FRIENDS AT THE GRANGE

WHILE the great Republican Convention was in session, General Silverton and his family had been making their homeward voyage across the Atlantic. I would have been glad to greet them when they landed at New York; but in those days voyages were not made with such speed and accuracy of time as now, and I might have found it necessary to await them for days or even weeks. Besides, I thought that perhaps Mr. Paul Percival had a better right to meet them than had I; so I remained at home, trying to content myself with writing a letter of welcome to be delivered to Rose upon their arrival on our shores.

Rose wrote me from New York, in answer to my letter. To my surprise and even disappointment, she said that Mr. Percival did not meet them at the ship, as she had hoped and expected he would do; he had written her that the exigencies of the political campaign required his presence elsewhere at the time. She further said that at the Astor House, where they stayed, they

found an old gentleman in whom she had become very much interested,—a Colonel Besançon of New Orleans, whom her father had met when on a visit to that city, and who had visited him at their home in Pike County while they were abroad. She described him as a courtly "gentleman of the old school"; she said he spoke the purest French, and had much to tell her of her mother's native city, where he knew many of her relatives. She found, much to her surprise, that he knew Paul Percival; he had large business interests in New York, which were in the hands of Mr. Evarts, the great lawyer in whose office Mr. Percival was, and the latter had been placed in special charge of his business, and thus he had seen much of the young gentleman, and greatly admired him. The only thing about him he did not like was his politics; he was supporting "that boorish story-telling Illinois country lawyer, Abe Lincoln," for President. Mr. Seward, the Colonel said, was bad enough, but at least he was a gentleman; he said the election of either of them would result in the dissolution of the Union, which he deplored, and which he would resist, whoever was elected. He talked much of Douglas, of whom he was an ardent admirer; he spoke of his sagacity and statesmanship; of his position in the Mexican war; of his influence in the acquisition of Texas, California, and New Mexico; of his efforts to give us control of Nicaragua and the Central American States. He spoke especially of the Senator's position in favor of the acquisition of Cuba, and told of his speech at New Orleans in December following the Lincoln-Douglas debates, in which he declared: "It is our destiny to have Cuba, and it is folly to debate the question. It naturally belongs to the American continent; it guards the mouth of the Mississippi River, which is the great artery of the American continent. Its acquisition is a matter of time only." Rose went on to say that the Colonel was very bitter upon the Southern extremists, and especially upon the delegates from Louisiana who opposed Douglas in the Charleston convention; he said that although they might carry the South into disunion, they could never influence him to be disloyal to the flag he had followed at New Orleans under the leadership of General Jackson,—that he would rather see every slave set free than see the Union broken up.

In a subsequent letter, Rose said that her father and mother

had left for home, after exacting a promise from Colonel Besançon to visit them, and that she had remained in the city to visit friends whom she had made abroad. She said she had written Mr. Percival of her father's and mother's departure, and had given him her New York address, and that he had visited her and taken her to drive; that he talked of nothing but politics — and of me. He told how Mr. Seward, Mr. Evarts, and Mr. Weed were working to get the Republicans of New York, who were greatly demoralized by the defeat of Mr. Seward at Chicago, into line to support Mr. Lincoln and the party; that they found this extremely difficult, but were satisfied that when they had recovered from the mortification of their defeat at Chicago they would fall in line and give the State to Mr. Lincoln by a large majority. She said that Mr. Percival had told her of meeting me at Chicago. "I will not tell you all he said in your praise," she continued, "as I fear it would make you vain; but I will tell you that he likes you beyond measure." He told her many interesting things about New York, she said, but when she asked him to call on her he simply replied that it would be impossible for him to do so. She added that she would soon be at home, where she, as well as her father and mother, hoped to have me make them a visit. The General had already written me, extending a similar invitation.

So after all these years of waiting, I was again to see Rose Silverton. I knew that she had changed; it could not be otherwise. She went away a young and simple girl; she was coming back a cultured woman. I felt that with all her advantages and opportunities, and with her extraordinary natural abilities, she must have become a lady of superior character and attainments. I realized the changed condition under which we would now meet, and I could not but feel that they were much to my disadvantage.

I had finished my work at the college, had studied law, and was entering upon the duties of the profession to which I expected to devote my life. I felt that I was, for a young man of no better opportunities than I had had, fairly well informed. I knew I was devoting too much time to politics; but in those days of intense and absorbing political interest, when the fundamental principles upon which the government was founded were involved in every public discussion, with the mightiest representatives of each side of

the controversy citizens of our own State, how could an earnest patriotic Illinois boy keep from being drawn into the conflict? The contest between Lincoln and Douglas,— or far more important, the conflict of principles, the conflict between the civilizations they represented, to be decided in our country for all time,— was becoming every day more and more intense. While I was never a politician, and have none of the qualities essential to a political manager or "boss," yet after the issues were made up and the candidates in the field, and the conflict of principles began, I could never keep out of a political campaign. I read law diligently and practiced in the courts sufficiently to become fairly well-grounded in its principles, which afterwards, when obliged to give attention to international law, proved to be of great advantage to me. I studied political questions thoroughly, and this involved inquiry into American and English history; but my recreation and delight was in general literature. I seldom read a book through,— have scarcely ever consumed and digested the entire contents of one; but I revelled in browsing here and there, always more and more hungry as I went along. The influence that did most, however, to develop my mind and cultivate my taste at that time was my correspondence with Rose Silverton. This was to me a constant inspiration. I was always desiring to inform her of what was going on, to give her my views and to learn hers. Thus I profitted by the discussion of ideas, and by the perusal of her letters, which were models of literary excellence.

One June afternoon, with many misgivings, I walked up the avenue in front of General Silverton's mansion at the Grange. I was sure of a kindly and even cordial reception, but I feared it would not be such as I had hoped and longed for through all the years that had passed since I had been separated from my dear friends. While I knew that I had the esteem and confidence of the whole household, especially of Rose, I felt that the place in her affections which would have been dearer to me than life was now occupied by another. Realizing this, I felt that I ought, after having learned so much from her letters, to be resigned to it; but I felt that it would be very hard to hear it from her own lips.

Before I reached the house, Rose appeared at the open door, hurried down the walk to greet me, and gave me both her hands.

"I saw you from my window," she said, "and could not wait; and so I ran out to meet you. How fine you look! I never saw such a change. I had not considered the years that have passed. You were but a boy when we parted,—not yet twenty-one."

"I was but twenty years old," I said.

"You are now more than twenty-five," she replied. "I knew it all the time, but did not realize it." She stepped back to look at me, and I raised my eyes to hers. There was the same bright, cheery, kindly expression in her face, but I at once realized that a great change had come over her. She had always been a sensible, thoughtful, well-informed girl, more discreet and wise than any other I had ever known; but I was not prepared to meet a self-poised, mature woman, with all the graces and dignity of a fine lady. She was taller than when she left, and lithe and graceful in bearing. She seemed to wish to impress upon me that there had been no change in her, but that she was just the same as when she went away.

I said, "It is very good of you, Miss Silverton, to greet me so kindly."

"Please," she said, "do not call me Miss Silverton. Call me Rose, as you used to do." She placed her arm in mine and led me to the house.

General and Mrs. Silverton had come out upon the veranda as we approached, and both greeted me cordially. Mrs. Silverton looked the picture of health, and as Rose stood beside her I was struck by their resemblance. It was the same that I had noticed when I first met them as they came on the boat at Milwaukee, except that now it was still more striking.

"We have been impatient to see you," said Mrs. Silverton. "You can have no idea how much we talked about you at Weisbaden. Your letters were always welcome, and Rose and I read them together with great interest. You kept us informed of events at home better than the newspapers did." The General added his greetings to theirs, and as we passed into the house they plied me with questions about myself and my surroundings, and finally entered upon an account of their own experiences abroad, which continued during the dinner and into the evening, until the conversation drifted to public affairs.

"To think," exclaimed Rose, "that Mr. Lincoln is nominated for President! And Papa, I believe, really thinks he is going to be elected!"

"I do not say so outside my own family," said the General, "but it really looks so to me. I think," he continued, "in fact, I know, that it will result in war. I know the Southern people; they are mad, mad,— and they will rebel, and no one knows what it will lead to. Why will not the American people, why will not you, my young friend, support Douglas? His election would give peace and quiet to the country; but you of the Free Soil party are as mad as are the Southern people, and Rose, my own daughter, is as mad as the rest."

"Do you remember," asked Rose, tactfully changing the subject, "how I disliked Mr. Lincoln when he was laughing in such glee while Senator Douglas was saying those coarse and brutal things? and do you recall that coarse expression of his as he and the Senator met us in the aisle, 'We 'll hang his hide on the fence to-morrow'?"

"I remember it perfectly," I said, "and Senator Douglas has not forgotten the rebuke you gave him. He spoke of it to me when I met him after the joint debate at Galesburg."

"I liked Mr. Lincoln when he spoke the next day," said Rose. "I did not think it possible he could be so earnest and serious, and I was happily disappointed to find him able to answer the Senator; but who would have thought he would ever be a candidate for President, and that I should desire beyond everything else to see him elected!"

"I think we had better not get into a political discussion," said the General; and so the matter was dropped.

The next morning General Silverton and I took a long walk over the place. Hobbs was still in charge of the cattle. The General apologized to me for keeping him, and said that he had never intended to have him about again; that he always had a feeling of loathing when he came into his presence, and never could endure him, but Mrs. Silverton and Rose, who knew nothing of his brutality to the poor fugitive, had plead for him. "Besides," said the General, "there has been a great change in him. He has, as he says, 'got religion,' and is one of the pillars of the Meth-

odist Church. I have thought, as I have heard him bellow like a bull at a revival, under the inspiration of the exhortation, and knowing as I do how easily he manages the stock, that there is a kind of kinship between the cattle and him. Certainly there has been a great change in him for the better. The only times when his old brutal instinct gets control of him is when the name of that man Dwight Earle is recalled. It seems that the fellow used Hobbs for some of his crooked schemes,— had him make affidavits to prove his titles to lands, and then cheated him out of his pay, and, to shield himself, made him the scapegoat for his own crimes, which came near sending him to the penitentiary. Hobbs, I think, might have overlooked all this; but one day he heard Earle denouncing Senator Douglas. This he could not stand, and would certainly have killed the fellow if someone, to save the neighborhood from the odium of such a tragedy rather than from any regard for him, had not spirited him away."

When we discovered Hobbs, a little later, I was impressed with what the General said of his kinship to the cattle. He was in a yard surrounded by a high board fence, in company with the bull; and the two great muscular animals were together in an attitude that would have made a striking picture if one could have been taken. Hobbs, bareheaded, coatless, vestless, and sunburned, his wide-open shirt exposing his great shoulders and hairy breast, his bare arms showing his wonderful muscular development, was standing beside the bull, resting his right arm on his neck, and leaning his bulky body against the ample shoulders of the monster, whose head was held high in the air, while Hobbs was leisurely scratching him behind the ears. If a "snap-shot" of them could have been taken, as they turned together to look at us, there would have been seen a striking resemblance in the faces and expression of the pair.

Releasing himself and picking up his hat, Hobbs came towards the gate, while the bull dashed at us angrily and would doubtlessly have attacked us if the fence had not kept him back.

"He is becoming very vicious," said the General; "nobody except Hobbs can handle him. He is now twelve years old, and is growing more cross every year; but Hobbs and he seem to have a perfect understanding."

Hobbs came out, hat in hand, bowing obsequiously, as usual.

He was, of course, surprised to see me. The General asked about the cattle, which we could see in the distance grazing in the fine blue-grass pasture; and Hobbs reported everything as going well with them.

"The General tells me that you take good care of the cattle, Mr. Hobbs," I said.

"Never lost a calf this season," he replied. "I jes' stay with the cows, an' nuss an' nuss 'em an' they come through all right. Don't I know that every calf is wuth fifty dollars the minit it 's born alive, an' a hunderd when it 's three months old? Haint lost a calf," and, glad to be thus considered, he continued to prattle on.

Finally the General said, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice, "Hobbs, how is the great land-shark?"

The outburst of profanity that followed this question was something terrible. I had never heard anything from anybody, even from the mate of a Mississippi steamboat, that compared with it. The only palliating thing about it was that between the sentences there was an abject apology to the General.

"I thought," said the General, when there came a pause in the storm, "I thought, Hobbs, that you had got religion!"

"I hev!" said Hobbs; "I've got religion, an' I tole 'em in meetin', when the bless'd Lord shined into my soul, I tole 'em, says I, a —— —— —— like Dwight Earle could n't never be forgive by God nor man; an' when I tole 'em what he 'd said 'bout Douglas, they said, 'Hobbs is raised up by the grace o' God ter smite the —— —— —— son of Belial! Yes, my b'loved brethern, ter smite the —— —— —— hip and thigh!' says the preacher, an' everybody cried 'Amen!' an' sech a pourin' out o' the sperit o' the Lord haint never afore been shed abroad in Pike County. Thet very night was added to the church o' sech as shall be saved."

"What did you tell them Earle said about Douglas, Hobbs?" the General asked.

"Tole 'em he said Douglas hed turned Ab'litionist, an' was fer freein' niggers, an' kep' 'em from makin' Kansas a slave State, an' broke up the hull blamed nigger market; that he was no better than Lovejoy, an' as big a rascal as Abe Linkern hisself."

"What did the Republicans say about it, Hobbs?"

"Republicans!" exclaimed Hobbs, "these yer converts is pious people. plucked as bran's from the burnin'. The grace o' God is powerful ter save even Republicans an' sinners, as the preacher says; but when the sperit o' the Lord comes onto 'em, they ain't no longer Republicans an' sinners. Earl tole me," persisted Hobbs, "thet this young gen'leman here, General, was a workin' agin me; thet he kem to you an' said I wa'n't squar, I wa'n't a Democrat, I wa'n't good to the stock; thet he was a Ab'litionist, as was his father afore him. I fust foun' out he was a liar from Miss Rose. She tole me when he kem down hyer thet his father was ab'lition, but he was n't; thet she knowed it from his own lips. Thet —— —— liar made me think you 'd got the General agin me, an' was tryin' to beat me out o' my job, an' he tole me ef you was out o' the way he 'd gimme a good job. I was mad at yer all, acause o' his cussed lyin'."

"Well," said the General, "you can go back to your stock."

The big fellow turned back, and we walked on; but suddenly he called to us. We turned, and he growled between his teeth, "Ef I ever git my hands on thet —— —— —— I'll give him suthin' wuss nor the milk-sick!"

Rose and I spent most of the afternoon together. Her mother came in for a while, and we talked together of the old times. Rose entertained me with accounts of what she had seen abroad, but more with what she had read. She was familiar with Goethe and Schiller, whom she had read in the original, and with the metaphysical and philosophical writings of Europe, in which the Germans were then most prominent. She referred to our being together at Springfield, to my visits to them, and seemed constantly to be making an effort to be her old self, as she had been when we separated. It seemed as though she had never been more friendly and cordial; yet somehow there was a change; I felt myself in the presence of a great lady, who had grown far beyond me. Was I becoming estranged from her,—was I losing my affection for her?

Quick as she was to observe, it seemed to me that Rose divined what was passing through my mind. She brought a low stool, and, placing it before me, sat down and looked up into my face. "My dear friend," she said, "I hope you will not become cold and distant with me. You are my earliest and most faithful friend. How-

ever much I have changed otherwise, I hope you will not think I have changed toward you."

"But," I said, "Miss Rose—"

"Don't say Miss Rose," she interrupted; "call me Rose, as you used to do."

"Well, Rose," I said, "perhaps we both have changed. You have written me of Mr. Percival. I have seen him, and I do not wonder at your regard for him. I, too, like him. He is gifted, noble, and generous. He has position, power, and influence. He is already successful in life; while with me so far, life is only an experiment, with the odds against me. He is the man for you, and I feel that for me to in any way allow myself, if it were possible, to come between him and you would be doing you a grievous wrong. I feel that I can do you no greater service than to tell you to devote yourself to him."

"How strange it is!" she said. "I cannot understand it at all. In every serious conversation I have had with Mr. Percival since I told him of you, he has urged me to devote myself to you; and now you urge me to devote myself to him! You both seem to want to give me up. Any other young woman would look upon such an attitude as evidence that both of you were weary of her, and wanted to rid yourselves of her. I will harbor no such thought, for I feel that you are both sincerely my friends. Curiously, while my father is more devoted to you than he has ever been to any other young man, my mother is no less devoted to Mr. Percival. I have written to you of how much she owes to him; but aside from all that she likes him very much. My father has never seen Mr. Percival, and I think from some expressions he has used, that he is becoming prejudiced against him. I believe this would pass away if my father could see him; but Mr. Percival, unfortunately, has always missed him. On the other hand, while my mother likes you she seems to be almost jealous of you on account of my father's devotion to you. My father and you are much together, and there seems to be a kind of freemasonry between you, to which Mamma and I are not admitted."

"But, Rose," I said, "you know, and I know, that upon meeting Mr. Percival your father would like him, as was the case with your mother and you, as was the case with me, as was the case

with Colonel Besançon, as is the case with everyone. Knowing this, why can you not devote yourself to him?"

"There is more than one reason," she replied. "In the first place, he has never asked me to; in the second, while I have the greatest admiration for him, I am not sure that I like him in such a way as to give myself up to him, even if he should ask me. Now," she said, rising and placing her hand in mine, "I am glad we have had this talk. I desire that we should be friends, just as we were when I went away,—with the same old regard for each other. I am still young, and you are not much older than I. Let us be friends just as we were. And now it is time to dress for dinner."

To say I was not happy at again being placed in such relations with Rose Silverton would be far from the truth. With all her opportunities, of which she had made the most, with all her acquirements, she was the same frank, simple-hearted girl that she was when she went away, and we were to be friends as of old. I did not build too many hopes for myself upon this, for I was still of the opinion that her happiness would be assured by the relations I expected would finally be established between her and Mr. Percival; and what I desired more than anything else was her happiness. But it was inexpressibly gratifying to me that she and I were to be again upon the old terms of confidence and friendliness.

As may be supposed, from this time my visit was delightful. We walked and rode and visited familiar places together, and recalled the old days, she entertaining me with the experiences and stores of knowledge which had come to her while abroad, and I telling her of what had occurred in our own country while she had been away.

The morning of the day when I was to leave the Grange, the General summoned me to his library. "I wanted to tell you," he began, "of my efforts to find the lost one. I waited for some time, as Mr. Browning recommended; but I could not give him up. My efforts are all fruitless. I have no clue. Either he is dead or is concealing himself. I have spared no expense to find him. Allan Pinkerton has the case in hand, and his whole force has instructions to report any clue that may lead to a discovery. They have directions that if the young man shall be discovered it shall be reported to no one but himself; and I rely upon his discretion to avoid embarrassing the young man, if found, by reveal-

ing his identity. The search is quite expensive, and Mr. Pinkerton advises me to give it up. But I am unwilling to do so. It is a comfort to me to know that it is the business of somebody to find him, and that any day there may be good news.

"Have you never learned anything of him?" I asked.

"We have learned," the General replied, "that he actually was at Rio de Janeiro when his last draft on his letter of credit was made; that there he became acquainted with a large coffee-planter; that the acquaintance ripened into friendship; that the planter offered him employment as manager of a plantation; that, finding him apt and faithful, the planter took him into partnership with him in one of his plantations; that the crop for two successive years was bountiful, the price of coffee advanced, and, as is not uncommon in that country, an enormous profit was made,— enough, in fact, to pay for the whole plantation; that the young man had the prospect of becoming very wealthy, but suddenly he begged the gentleman who had made him his partner to buy his interest, which he did reluctantly, as he did not wish to part with the young man, and he, after honorably discharging every obligation, disappeared."

"But did they find no clue to where he went?" I asked.

"They thought, from something that was said in his presence," answered the General, "something about the Peruvian mines, in which he seemed to take great interest, that he went to Peru. Search was made in that country, especially through the mines. Two or three times the officer reported that he was upon his track, but every clue proved to be wrong, until finally Mr. Pinkerton became satisfied that the young man, if he had been in that country at all, had not made himself known."

"How much money had he when he disappeared?" I asked.

"It could not have been less than twenty-five thousand dollars," replied the General. "He put it into notes of the Bank of England, of large denominations, which are good all over the world. From the hour he took those notes he sank into oblivion as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up; and he has never reappeared."

"But," continued the General, "I wanted to tell you of Colonel Besançon. He is in despair at not finding the young man. At his advanced age, although in vigorous health, he fears

that he may die at any time. He is very impatient. Colonel Besançon enjoined upon me to tell you that he has made a will giving to the son of Juliette Besançon and of me all of his New York property. The will was drawn by Mr. William M. Evarts. You and I are named as executors; but in case of the death or disqualification of either of us, Mr. Paul Percival is to take the vacant place, and in case of the death or disqualification of both of us he is to become sole executor. The will provides that the executors shall not be required to give bonds, and that in case of death or disqualification of all the executors named, the Surrogate of the city of New York shall take charge of the property. The will provides that diligent search shall be made for the young man for twenty-five years after Colonel Besançon's death, and if he shall not be found the property shall be equally divided between those nearest of kin to him and those nearest of kin to his deceased wife,—that is, between the Besançons and the Bertrands, all of whom live in France."

"Does Mr. Percival know of this?" I asked.

"He does not," answered the General. "No one knows of my relations to the fugitive except you and Mr. Browning and Colonel Besançon, and now Mr. Evarts. It is specially understood that, as Mr. Percival is not named as one of the original executors, he must not be apprised of it unless the exigency arrives when he will be required to act. The will refers to my marriage to Juliette Besançon in New York, and the official record of it. It seems to me to be as complete as, under the circumstances, a will can be made. Mr. Evarts is custodian of it. It is sealed, and of course its contents will not be divulged while Colonel Besançon lives. Should the wanderer be found, he will, upon the death of Colonel Besançon, be one of the richest young men in the city of New York."

"But," I said, "if he shall be found, in order to probate the will his identity will have to be legally established, and in order to do this the circumstances of his birth will have to be revealed."

"Colonel Besançon had thought of all this," said the General; "but Mr. Evarts told him he could recommend no other way to vest the property in the young man, and Colonel Besançon insisted upon making the will. He is determined that the young man shall have the property if he can be found."

Hobbs was watching for me as I came out, after this interview. He was leaning over the front fence, and when he saw me he beckoned to me with a sweep of his great right arm, several times repeated, to come to him. I joined him, and he led me to the carriage-house, where he had me sit down on a saw-horse, and after carefully looking about to see that nobody could hear him, he began. "I jes' wanted to tell yer," he said, "thet I haint nothin' agin yer. The hull thing was thet —— —— —— Earle."

"Leave out the hard words, Hobbs," I said, "and tell me what you want to."

"Yer see," said Hobbs, "thet —— —— ——, scuse me, thet feller jes' pizened me agin yer. I tole him down thar in the steerage 'bout yer pap talkin' Ab'lition, an' he said, 'Why, the cub's jes' like the ole bar.' I knowed what Ab'litioners was,— puttin' up niggers to kill an' murder people in their beds, an' sneakin' 'em off to Canady. I knowed thet Ab'litioners would kill a Democrat as they would a dog, jes' as ole John Brown did in Kansas an' in Virginny. Earle said thet you wanted yer pap to lick me, an' you'd help with a singletree. He said you made fun o' me when I hed the milk-sick,— thet you said you allowed I'd turn inside out an' throw up my boots. He said you an' yer pap was tarred with the same stick,— an' thet you'd pizen the General agin me. When the General kem home from visitin' you in Henry County, he was pizened sho 'nough. He turned me out o' the house, an' put me in the barn, an' I was sho you pizened him. He said he heerd a man up in Pittsfield say thet he heerd you tell the General, 'Hobbs ain't squar, Hobbs ain't 'quainted with stock, Hobbs ain't no Democrat.' I tole him 'bout the perarie fire, an' 'bout the nigger gittin' away, an' he said he hed no doubt you tole the General up in Henry County thet I tried to burn up the cattle ter git shet on 'em. He pizens everbody he kin. He pizened me. But the Lord saved me. Blessed be the name o' the Lord! I've got religion. I haint no sech feller ez I was. I'm plucked as a bran' from the burnin'. I'm born agin. The grace o' God is shed abroad in my heart. Tell the General, Hobbs is squar, Hobbs is 'quainted with stock, Hobbs is a Democrat."

"All right, Hobbs," I said, and broke away from him. His was the most remarkable case of repentance and change of heart that I had ever seen. So far as it went, it was genuine.

Mrs. Silverton was as kind and cordial to me as ever, but I could see from her manner that she now looked upon me with a feeling of compassion. She had become so wrapped up in Mr. Percival, that the serious consideration of anyone else in connection with Rose, in so far as any had been entertained, had been dismissed from her mind. She knew that I was fond of Rose, and that it would be hard for me to give her up; and I could see that, kind and sympathetic as was her nature, she pitied me. I had enjoyed my visit beyond measure. I had gone to them with many forebodings,— I came away with a light heart, because I was confident that, for the present at least, my relations with the family would not be interrupted.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OF 1860

TO the people of Illinois, the national political campaign of 1860 was a continuance of the State campaign of 1858, when Douglas and Lincoln were pitted against each other in joint debate. The Presidential contest there really began when Mr. Lincoln's wonderful ability had made it clear that he was able to cope with Senator Douglas. From that time his friends pushed him forward with might and main; while Douglas's friends, aroused to the dangers that menaced them, sought by every means in their power to stem the tide that was turning in favor of the man whom less than two years before he had publicly characterized as merely a "kind, amiable, and intelligent gentleman."

Mr. Lincoln was fifty-one years old at this time, and Senator Douglas was forty-seven. Most of the rank and file of the Democratic party had entered politics since Douglas had been its undisputed leader, and they had constantly contributed to his wonderful successes, in which they felt a personal interest. They had absolute faith in him,— in his ability and in his patriotism; and they had come to regard him as invincible. There was not a county in the State in which there were not dozens of Democrats who personally knew him, some of them as well as they knew each other, and he personally knew them as well as they knew him. In all his

political career, he had never quailed before an adversary and never deserted a friend.

The whole life of Abraham Lincoln had been a struggle filled with disappointments; but he had toiled on, from the time he first appeared in the little hamlet of Salem, on the Sangamon River, to the present. The circle of his acquaintances had gradually widened, until it extended to the remotest limits of the State. It was found that he had convictions and principles, which neither the blandishments of flattery nor the promise of emolument could overcome. Before anyone outside the State had come to have any conception of his great virtues, they were generally recognized and appreciated by the people of Illinois. They trusted him, believed in him, and loved him. His acquaintances and personal friends became as numerous and as devoted as those of the great Senator, and they were equally earnest in his support. Could it be possible that after all his discouragements and disappointments he was at last to reach the goal for which his illustrious rival, who had so long overshadowed him, had been vainly struggling during all his illustrious career?

Senator Douglas, upon his nomination for the Presidency, canvassed the country, making many speeches; but Mr. Lincoln remained silent, declaring that as his views had been given to the country very fully in the debates of two years before and in his speeches that followed, and in his other public utterances, and as in his letter of acceptance he had endorsed the platform upon which he had been nominated, his position was well known, and he would therefore, without saying more, quietly await the verdict of the people. He had a room in the State House at Springfield, where he received his friends. Our former acquaintance, John G. Nicolay, whom we met as editor of the "Pike County Free Press" at Pittsfield, became his secretary, received all who called, and proved to be of great service to Mr. Lincoln and his cause. With Mr. Nicolay was associated Mr. John Hay, whom we also met at Pittsfield.

The people of the State seemed to give themselves up entirely to this political campaign. As I look back upon the struggle, I wonder now that lands were cultivated or that anyone found time for any of the ordinary avocations of life. Mass-meetings were held by both parties at every county seat and every centre of

population. Every schoolhouse and grove resounded with stirring appeals of orators and music of the bands. Nothing was omitted that would bring people together and arouse them when assembled. Everyone who could speak at all was pressed into the service. Among the Illinois speakers on the Republican side were Lyman Trumbull, United States Senator; Richard Yates, candidate for Governor; Owen Lovejoy, O. H. Browning, John Wentworth, John M. Palmer, Richard J. Oglesby, Shelby M. Cullom, Stephen A. Hurlburt, B. M. Prentiss, L. W. Waters, Thomas J. Henderson, Wm. Pitt Kellogg, I. N. Arnold, John F. Farnsworth, D. T. Linnegar, D. L. Phillips, Joseph Knox, Washington Bushnell, Thomas A. Boyd, Jackson Grimshaw, Smith D. Atkins, B. F. Marsh, Lawrence Weldon, Joseph G. Cannon, and C. B. Denio. Among those on the Democratic side were John A. Logan, Robert G. Ingersoll, William R. Morrison, Don Morrison, John A. Rawlins, Calvin A. Warren, S. Corning Judd, Lewis W. Ross, James C. Allen, William A. Richardson, Green B. Raum, and John A. Mc Clernand. Most of these men were, or afterwards became, distinguished.

The Illinois Republican speakers were supported in the State by eminent speakers from abroad. William H. Seward, notwithstanding his defeat for the nomination at Chicago, entered into the campaign with great earnestness, and finally came to Illinois. He made three speeches in the State, one of which was in Chicago at the greatest meeting held in that city during the campaign. "Old Tom Corwin" of Ohio, who had been for many years regarded as the greatest of stump orators, made a canvass of the State in support of Mr. Lincoln. Senator John P. Hale of New Hampshire came also to Illinois and made speeches abounding in pathos and humor; with him came General James W. Nye of New York, a great orator, afterwards Senator from Nevada. James R. Doolittle of Wisconsin also canvassed our State and made some of the best Republican speeches that we heard. One of the most effective speakers we had from abroad was the great Ohio Abolitionist Joshua R. Giddings. One of the ablest, perhaps the ablest, of our Republican orators was Carl Schurz.

But eminent and effective as these speakers were, they did not surpass our own. In clearness of statement and convincing argu-

ment, very few Americans have ever equalled Lyman Trumbull. In splendor of rhetoric, Governor Yates was not surpassed; instinct as he was with patriotism and zeal, few could resist the power of his eloquence. Owen Lovejoy set the prairies in a blaze. Never did the blood of a martyr cry out more eloquently and effectively than did that of Elijah P. Lovejoy through the lips of his brother Owen, who was present at Alton when Elijah was murdered.

There were no bitterer speeches made on the Democratic side than those of John A. Logan; and no one denounced in such extravagant language the "black Republicans" or talked more about "nigger equality" than he. I did not hear him, but the papers were full of his extreme utterances. We Republicans all disliked and hated him. He was elected to Congress by a majority of over fifteen thousand in his district, comprising all the counties of lower "Egypt," the southern counties of Illinois. Republicans ascribed his great popularity to the ignorance and disloyalty of the people of that region. When we found, in the Civil War which followed, that those same counties furnished the Union armies with more soldiers in proportion to population than any other counties in the State, and afterwards more officials for important public positions, we modified our views in regard to those "Egyptians."

In that campaign there first appeared upon the hustings and before public assemblages in Illinois a man who became known as the greatest of American orators; whom Henry Ward Beecher afterwards designated as "the most brilliant speaker of the English tongue of all men upon this globe." This wonderful man was none other than Robert G. Ingersoll, then the Democratic candidate for Congress in our District. Douglas man although he was, no one was so eloquent in denunciation of human slavery and of those who were plotting against the Union. To those of us who knew and heard Robert G. Ingersoll at that time, it was not surprising that on the day of the firing upon Fort Sumter he declared himself for his country and against her enemies, and that from that day forward he was a Republican in politics. No man can estimate the power and influence of Ingersoll in arousing the American people to a sense of their solemn responsibilities when the war came upon them, or in awakening them to a sense of justice and a proper appre-

R. G. Ingersoll

ciation of the rights of men. One must have heard him before a great audience in the open air, as we in Illinois so often did, to appreciate his great power. Every emotion of his soul, every pulsation of his heart, was for his country and for liberty; and no other man has ever been able in so high a degree to inspire others with the sentiments that animated him. No just history of Illinois can be written without placing high upon the scroll of fame the name of Robert G. Ingersoll

One of the most effective elements of the Republican mass-meetings was the songs rendered by the famous Lombard Quartette, the best for such occasions I have ever heard. During several political campaigns afterwards the Lombards sang, always for the Republicans. Few men contributed more toward Republican victories than did Frank and Jule Lombard. Mention should be made also of the work of the newspaper press, which was a potent factor, the Chicago Tribune taking the lead on the Republican side, and the Chicago Times on the Democratic side.

The most influential and effective Republican organization in this campaign was that known as the "Wide Awakes." They were composed of marching clubs, and were organized in every neighborhood throughout the State. They were at first composed mostly of young men; but the organization became so popular that many men in middle life took their places in the ranks. The men became very well drilled, and could go through quite a number of evolutions. This "Wide Awake" drill proved to be of considerable advantage to the raw recruits who became real soldiers in the Civil War which soon followed.

The greatest Republican meeting held in Illinois during the campaign was at Springfield, Mr. Lincoln's home, on the 8th of August. Every possible effort was made to make it, in numbers and in the character of the speakers, the greatest political meeting ever held in the West. It was said that there were delegations present from every county in the State. Mr. Lincoln had consented to be present, and it was the only time during the campaign when the people of the State at large were able to see him. There was no means of computing the number of those who assembled at this great meeting; but it was enormous. People travelled hundreds of miles to reach it. Three carloads went from Galesburg, a

distance, as we then had to go, of a hundred and fifty miles. The crowd covered acres of ground. There were many stands for speakers, around each of which were assembled great throngs listening to the orators who could be seen on the platforms in many directions, and whose voices could be heard in the distance. I happened to be placed upon a stand facing the main entrance gate to the enclosure, which I could distinctly see, looking over the heads of my hearers who stood with their backs to it. When soaring in one of my loftiest flights, I saw a carriage approaching the gate, toward which people were running. I knew what it meant, and abruptly breaking off said, "Gentlemen, there comes Honest Old Abe; let us all go and see him," and jumping to the ground I hastened through the crowd in that direction, my audience following me. Upon talking with other speakers afterwards, I learned that several of them were left speaking to vacancy, their audiences, who had heard the commotion, having vanished. "Dick" Oglesby said, "The —— Sapsuckers left me all to myself, pawing the air." In a few seconds the crowd about Mr. Lincoln's carriage became too dense for the horses to move it, and they were taken off and the carriage was drawn by men to the grand-stand, where Mr. Lincoln alighted. It had been arranged that I was to sit upon that platform with other invited guests; but it was impossible for me to reach it. And such a speech as Mr. Lincoln made! He did not speak five minutes; but he made the supreme effort of his life — at saying nothing. He simply expressed his thanks to his friends for coming to see him, and told them how glad he was to see them; and that was all. He had made silence his motto for the campaign, and could not be moved from it. The Democratic papers, whose candidate, Senator Douglas, was speaking constantly, did not cease ridiculing that speech of Mr. Lincoln's until the campaign closed. They published it with great flaring headlines,— "Great Speech of Abe Lincoln!" "Greatest Speech of the Campaign!" "Greatest Speech Abe Ever Made!" "Supreme Effort of his Life!" Then followed the speech,— "My friends, I'm glad to see you! You've come to see me, and I've come to see you! I'm glad to see you, and I hope you are glad to see me."

In the evenings the streets of Springfield were ablaze with thousands of lamps carried by marching "Wide Awakes," whose

evolutions, especially the zigzag rail-fence figures, were extremely picturesque. Of course we all marched by Mr. Lincoln's house, from which he and his family reviewed us.

Reports from other States were very encouraging. Mr. Percival wrote Rose that Mr. Lincoln was proving to be a strong candidate in New York, that Mr. Seward was bringing his friends into line in enthusiastic support of him, that he, Mr. Percival was himself looking after the finances of the campaign and making a few speeches, and that Thurlow Weed had perfected an organization that was bound to carry the State. He said that Colonel Besançon had become convinced that Lincoln would be elected, and that war would follow; and he was considering what disposition to make of his property in case Louisiana should withdraw from the Union, as under all circumstances he should remain loyal to his country, and to remain a Union man in a disloyal State might cause him trouble.

When in Chicago one day I called upon Mr. Judd, the chairman of the Republican State Committee. While with Mr. Judd, a card was brought in which Mr. Judd showed to me. I made an exclamation as I glanced at it, which Mr. Judd noticed. The card bore the name of Dwight Earle.

"Do you know the gentleman?" asked Mr. Judd.

I was about to answer in a way that would not have been complimentary, but restrained myself and said, "I think you had better see the gentleman and judge of him for yourself."

He told the messenger to show the gentleman in. Dwight was very much taken aback when he saw me, but Mr. Judd asked him to go on and tell him to what he was indebted for the call.

"I expected you to be alone," said Dwight.

"It 's just as well," said Mr. Judd. "Please to tell me how I can serve you."

Dwight stammered a little, and said, "I want to work for you in the campaign."

"Are you a Republican?" asked Mr. Judd.

"Well, I can't just say I am," said Dwight, with some hesitation; "but I want just what you want. I want to beat Douglas."

"You are not a Republican, yet you want to beat Douglas?" queried Mr. Judd. "How is that?"

"The fact is," said Dwight, "I am a Breckenridge Democrat. I want to beat Douglas, and we have made up our minds that we can't get any more votes in Illinois for Breckenridge than we have already, and that the only way to get votes away from Douglas is to get every Democrat we can to vote for Lincoln. If the Republican committee will pay my expenses, I will travel from one end of the State to the other and work among the Democrats. You know that I can do you some good," he said, turning to me.

"That is for Mr. Judd to say," I replied.

"Then you, a Democrat and a Breckenridge man, propose to go through this State announcing that you are for Lincoln, and to urge your Democratic friends to support him, if the committee will pay your expenses?"

"That's about it," said Dwight.

"Well, Mr. Earle," replied Mr. Judd, "we are not working in that way. While we want very much to have Mr. Lincoln carry the State, we want no one to work for him who is not really for him. We know that Mr. Lincoln, who is personally friendly to Judge Douglas, would not consent to such politics, and I am sure that no member of the Republican State Committee would consent to it. I bid you good-morning, sir," and, as crestfallen as a person of his nature could be, Dwight withdrew.

Breckenridge received in Illinois, with the help of all the federal officers from one end of the State to the other, and with men like Dwight Earle, hired to work for him, only 2292 votes.

With the defeat of four years previous fresh before us, and with Douglas's immense popularity, by which he had never failed to carry the State, we Republicans had misgivings, until the news came of the October elections. Mr. W. H. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln's law partner, writes that while he was in the midst of a speech at Petersburg, almost on the site of New Salem, where Mr. Lincoln spent his young manhood, a letter was handed up to him, which he read to the audience as follows:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Oct. 10, 1860.

"DEAR WILLIAM:

"I cannot give you details, but it is entirely certain that Pennsylvania and Indiana have gone Republican very largely; Pennsylvania 25,000, and Indiana 5,000 to 10,000. Ohio of course is safe.

"Yours as ever, A. LINCOLN."

From that time forward we were confident of success, the only questions seeming to be of majorities. The tide was with Lincoln. We knew it, and everbody knew it; yet Mr. Lincoln's majority over Douglas in Illinois was only 13,000,— much smaller than the Republicans expected,— so small, indeed, as to show the immense popularity and prestige of Douglas. It must not be forgotten that the Democratic party was divided; that the Democratic administration, with all the federal patronage, was bitterly hostile to Douglas; that even if he carried Illinois, there was no hope of his election; that the October elections in other States had shown that the tide had turned against him, and that there was no hope or even possibility of his election. Yet notwithstanding all this, the Democrats of Illinois were so loyal and devoted to Senator Douglas, that in an aggregate of three hundred and thirty thousand votes, a change of less than 7,000 from Lincoln to him would have given him the State.

The "American party," which four years before had polled 37,000 votes in Illinois for Mr. Fillmore, gave John Bell less than 5,000,— a change of more than 30,000, most of which went to Mr. Lincoln.

With his election to the Presidency, in November, 1860, the real life-work of Abraham Lincoln began. Up to that time, his life had been one of preparation for the tremendous responsibilities of the four and a half years succeeding. His career had been one of constant struggle and meagre triumphs. He had endured poverty, neglect, "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," — everything to daunt and discourage him. He had been the associate of the poor, and had patiently suffered with them. He knew their feelings, their longings, their hopes, their aspirations, their prejudices. He had drank the cup of poverty and want to the dregs. As farm hand, as rail-splitter, as flatboatman, as sawmill tender, as grocery-keeper, as militiaman, as surveyor, as member of the Legislature, as lawyer, as Member of Congress, he had seen every phase and condition of life. Time and again opportunity had seemed ready to open to him avenues leading to success. Fortune had many times appeared ready to smile upon him, but when seemingly about to reach the goal of his ambition an insurmountable obstacle had always appeared, and just as the prize seemed to be within his grasp it was seized by one

more fortunate. He did not know it,— his friends did not realize it,— but in all those years of trial and disappointment Abraham Lincoln was going through a course of training for the greatest responsibilities that were ever rolled upon a human soul. Fifty-one years of training for four and a half years of responsibilities! And now the time of preparation was ended, and that for taking up the responsibilities had begun.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GATHERING STORM—TREASON IN ILLINOIS

BY arrangement, General Silverton and I met in January, 1861, at Springfield. The Legislature was in session, and Mr. Lincoln was still there, arranging for his coming inauguration, and receiving visitors from all parts of the country.

The General and I went together to the State House to call upon Mr. Lincoln. Mr. J. G. Nicolay, Mr. Lincoln's secretary, was very cordial to his old Pike County friend. Although differing from the General in politics, he had always been on good terms with him. Mr. Nicolay remembered my visit to the editorial office of the "Pike County Free Press," and of John Hay's venture in editorial work. As soon as Mr. Lincoln was disengaged he led us to him. Mr. Lincoln received us cordially, saying at once, "Your old friend, and I may say my old friend, Senator Douglas, is doing a great work in Congress. He is offering the South everything to avert secession,— more, indeed, than I as a Republican could offer; but I will go to the extreme in concessions that are consistent with my duty and obligations, to avert war, and I hope that in some way, through mutual concessions honorable to both, the differences between the North and the South may be adjusted in a way acceptable to all parties. In any event, I shall rely upon the patriotism and loyalty of Senator Douglas."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Mr. Lincoln," said the General. "As you know, I am Southern born. I have always been a Democrat. I have never supported nor favored you for anything. I thought you ought not to be elected, and that Senator Douglas ought to be. I was for him, and against you, sincerely and earn-

estly. I never have regretted this for a moment, for I believed that your election would precipitate war between the North and the South. As I said, I am Southern born; but I want to assure you that I am for my country, and if the Southern people shall rebel and fire upon the flag we have followed so long, whatever others may do, I will stand by you and help you put them down."

"I knew you would!" said Mr. Lincoln, grasping the General's hands in both of his. "While, as you say, you have never favored me politically, I have always relied upon your patriotism; and now I cannot find words to express my appreciation of what you have said to me."

Mr. Lincoln then addressed himself to me and said a few pleasant things about my work for him in the campaign. We were about to withdraw, when Mr. Lincoln asked, "How is the young lady? How is your daughter, General?"

"A rank Abolitionist!" answered the General; "a rank Abolitionist! She was for you all the time?"

"Give her my compliments," said Mr. Lincoln, laughing, "and tell her I have heard with pleasure of the interest she took in my election," and we withdrew.

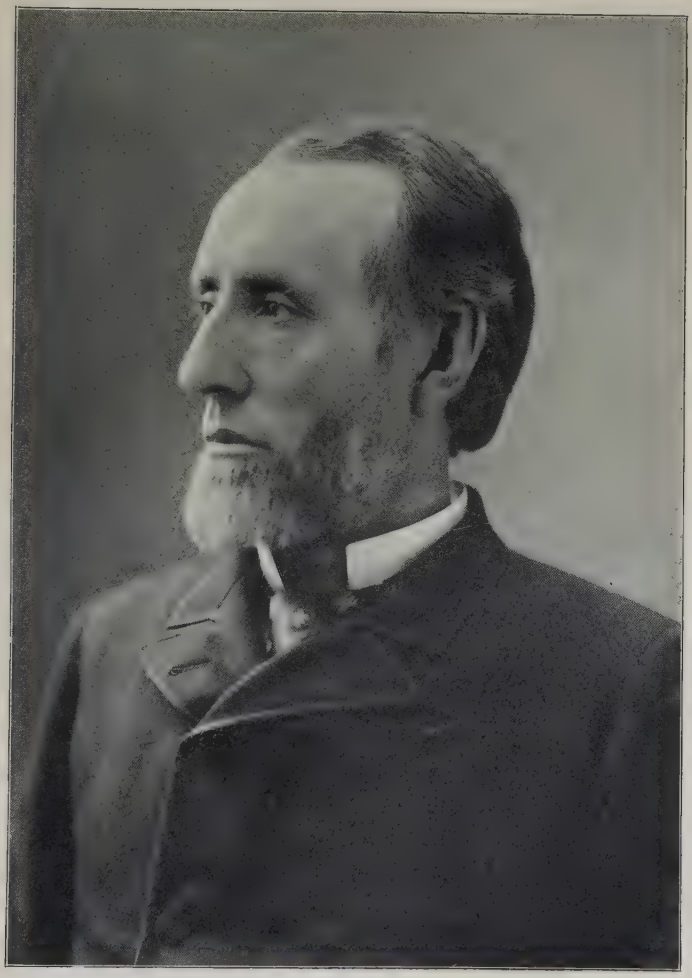
We went from Mr. Lincoln directly into the hall of the House of Representatives, in the same building, which we frequently visited. Everybody was intensely anxious and much wrought up. We heard from the Democratic side of the House such expressions as "You cannot coerce the South!" "If war be made upon the Southern people, it will begin right here in Springfield, and will be fought out here in Illinois!" "If the Southern people want to secede, let them go in peace." "We are not going to sit quietly by and see our Southern brethren shot down." Happily, the number of those who expressed such sentiments was very limited, and these were afterwards glad to have them passed over and forgotten. Fortunately for them, there were no shorthand reporters to take down and preserve what was said.

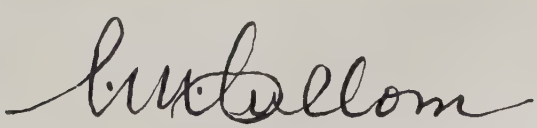
I there met for the first time Mr. Shelby M. Cullom, who was then Speaker of the House at Springfield. He was still young, but was old enough to have been a Presidential elector on the American ticket four years before. Like so many others who voted that ticket, and against General Fremont, Mr. Cullom had

come over to the Republican party, and was now taking a high place in his party's counsels.*

While the President-elect was awaiting his entrance upon the momentous responsibilities that were before him, and preparing for their duties, Douglas, the foremost man in the Senate, was devoting his whole energies to an effort to avert the calamities of civil war. No other American statesman seemed so thoroughly to realize the awful perils that were impending, and none worked with greater earnestness to avert them. With John J. Crittenden and others, representing the South, and Charles Francis Adams and others of the North, he worked to effect some compromise that might tide the ship of state over the breakers. He begged and pleaded with anti-slavery men of the North and with the

*I have known Senator Cullom from that time, a period of more than forty years. During nearly all that time he has been serving the people of Illinois in responsible public positions — as member of the lower House of Congress, Governor of the State, United States Senator, delegate in national conventions, and in other places of responsibility and trust. He entered public life when Lincoln and Douglas were at the zenith of their fame, and has served contemporaneously with Yates, Trumbull, Palmer, Logan, Oglesby, Davis, and other distinguished Illinoisans. In him are combined the instincts of the politician and the sagacity of the statesman. He knows just how much to promise, and, when the time comes for performance, he stands by the obligation. He knows whom it is absolutely essential to have in a political contest, and gets them; and while he tries to bring all to his support, he knows just who can be safely spared. He knows the potentiality of the allurements of favors to come, and makes the most of them. He is always going to do, and always hopes to do, "something handsome" for more persons than there are positions; and keeps all upon the *qui vive* of expectancy and appreciation of his zeal in their behalf. When he happens to succeed in any individual case, he is as delighted as is the successful candidate, and rejoices with him, encouraging the legions of others to believe that their time will also come. For those who have been specially devoted to him, he usually manages to find something which satisfies them, except those living at Springfield, which has been his home for forty years, where their numbers are too great for anyone to satisfy. Everyone who knows Senator Cullom well, and has not been soured by disappointment, realizes that nothing would delight him more than to be able to give a lucrative position to every honest, deserving Republican in the State. While all his long and faithful service has been devoted to the public welfare, he has never accumulated anything for himself. There has been no important measure before Congress and the country since he has been in the Senate and House of Representatives in which he has not taken an active if not a conspicuous part. It may be doubted whether the services of any Senator in Congress, excepting alone Senator Allison, have been so valuable to the country. He is a plain, practical, sincere, earnest man, and while his friends can point to nothing brilliant in his utterances, neither malice nor envy can find anything foolish or frivolous upon the innumerable pages of the Congressional Record where his speeches are printed. Scarcely any man in Congress is so richly endowed with the genius of common sense. Senator Cullom is not so brilliant as was Yates; he is not so logical and incisive as was Trumbull; he is not so aggressive as was Logan; he has none of the magnetic power of Oglesby; Davis, Browning, and Palmer all excelled him as lawyers; yet still it may be doubted whether, outside the military service, and always excepting Lincoln and Douglas, any other Illinoisan has accomplished more for his State and Country.





pro-slavery men of the South to make concessions to each other, offering to sacrifice himself and the measures for which he had devoted his life, even offering to give up the doctrine of "popular sovereignty," and, by the most solemn guarantees of the general government, establish slavery in the Southern and freedom in the Northern Territories. Scarcely any chapters could be written of the life of the great Senator, or in fact of the history of the events of those days of anxiety and gloom, more striking than those giving detailed accounts of Senator Douglas's heroic struggles in that crisis to save the country from the horrors of civil war.

General Silverton insisted that I visit the Grange on my way home from Springfield, and little urging was needed to induce me to accept. Rose, who had frequently written me, was very much elated at the Republican success; but she now feared that all the fruits of the victory would be lost. She was incensed at those Republicans in Congress who were ready to permit the extension of slavery in order to save the Union. She feared that after all a mistake had been made in nominating and electing Mr. Lincoln; and in this she reflected the forebodings of a vast number of Republicans throughout the country. I tried to reassure her, as I did many others, by saying that Mr. Lincoln never would consent to adding another foot of slave territory to the Republic; that the moral influence of the new administration, in so far as it could be done constitutionally, would be exerted in favor of freedom; and showed, as best I could how much better for the cause of freedom it was to nominate and elect such a man than to have been defeated with a candidate of more radical views.

Rose said nothing of Mr. Percival, until, anxious to hear from him, I asked her about him. "He seems now to think of little but public affairs," she said. "He is every day becoming more convinced that there will be war between the States."

"What does he intend to do in that case?" I asked.

"He declares," she said, "that if war comes he will go into the army and give his services to save the Union; that his object in going into the Seventh Regiment was to be prepared for such an emergency, and that he is already arranging his business affairs with reference to it. It alarms me," continued Rose. "Mamma and I talk about it all the time. We cannot sleep on account of it."

While we were talking, the General came in, very much aroused. He said that he had driven to Pittsfield, and had there seen "that man Dwight Earle," who was in the neighborhood claiming to be looking after what he was pleased to call his real estate interests; that he was making himself ridiculous by his denunciations of Senator Douglas; that Hobbs had been up there the night before, and had an interview with him; that he had learned that Earle was coming down to the Grange that afternoon, and from what had leaked out it was feared that Hobbs intended to do him harm.

"I was so impressed by what I heard," continued the General, "that on coming home I spoke to Hobbs about it. Hobbs said that he had called Earle to account for lying to him and for swindling him out of his money, but that he cared less for the money than for what Earle said about Douglas,— that he had called Douglas a 'Demigob,' which he could not stand; and that he would give him a dose that was "wuss than the milk-sick." Thereupon, the General told Hobbs that there could be no violence permitted on his place, and then he insisted upon his telling just what he had meant to do to the fellow. After much hesitation, Hobbs replied, that he "allowed to feed him to Taurus." The General added that Hobbs had put the bull into the yard with the high board-fence, and evidently intended to cast Earle into it with him, to be literally torn to pieces. Both Mrs. Silverton and Rose shuddered; but the General said there need be no further apprehension,— that Hobbs had never disobeyed him when he had given him a positive injunction, and never would.

I could not refrain from commending Hobbs for his devotion to Senator Douglas.

"Do you know," said the General, "it all started by the Senator's asking the fellow for a chew of tobacco? Years ago, when Douglas was running against Mr. Browning for Congress, Browning came here first. He took great pains to convince our people that he was 'one of them,' but I thought he overdid it a little. Hobbs asked him to have a 'chaw of terbacker.' Mr. Browning replied, 'Thanks; I do not chew tobacco.' When Douglas came, almost the first time he saw Hobbs he asked him for a chew of tobacco, and that won the fellow's heart."

Dwight Earle came down that afternoon. Although he was received courteously, he could not have failed to see that his presence was not wanted. He talked a good deal of the troubled condition of public affairs, and was greatly interested in the organization of the new Confederate government at Montgomery, with Jefferson Davis at its head, and freely predicted its success. He could not say too much in extolling the virtues of Southern men or in condemnation of Northern men who were devoted to the Union. The General's patience finally becoming exhausted, he told Earle that he ought to go to the South,— that down there they were organizing troops of soldiers and drilling every day, and, holding such disloyal sentiments, he ought to be there in the ranks. Illinois was no place for him, the General added, and he could not be responsible for his safety in Pike County.

Earle became much excited, and declared that he was an American citizen and had the right to express his views, and that he would stand by the Constitution.

"Claiming the privileges of American citizenship and the protection of the Constitution while plotting to destroy them!" exclaimed the General. "Illinois is no place for you! Why don't you go South?"

"Wait," said Earle. "Do not make a mistake. The sympathies of most of the Illinois people are with the South. Many of them are Southern born, and right here in Illinois, right here in Pike County, they will fight for the South. If there is to be war it will begin in the counties running east, beginning with Hancock on the Mississippi, and taking in McDonough, Fulton, and that tier of counties to the eastern border, and it will be fought down through the State. We are organizing here; and that is why I do not go South. I have a perfect understanding with the Southern leaders as to what we shall do."

It was plain that by a great effort the General was suppressing an outburst of indignation, as were we all. It was difficult for me to restrain my feelings, but I was myself a guest in the house, and I felt that it was the General's province to let the man go on or silence him, as he chose.

"Will you kindly tell me upon what you base your hopes and ambitions?" asked the General.

"It's all very plain," answered Earle. "In the first place, the Democrats of Illinois believe in the Virginia Resolutions of 1798, of which Thomas Jefferson, the founder and father of the Democratic party, was the author. Those resolutions proclaim the doctrine that the General Government has no right to coerce a State. The very fact that independent commonwealths, such as the Colonies were during the Revolution, could enter together into a compact to establish a government such as they voluntarily formed, implies the right to withdraw from that compact. All the argument and all the logic is on the side of the South; and the Democrats of Illinois will not permit the Southern people to be coerced. Eighteen thousand Democrats in Egypt," continued Dwight, "voted for John A. Logan for Congress. Those men all sympathize with the South, and when your war breaks out you will hear from them. Lincoln only carried the State by thirteen thousand, a bare majority, with the aggregate vote running up into the hundreds of thousands. Not only are those who voted against Lincoln opposed to coercion, but many who voted for him are. He cannot get his own State to support him in making war upon the South. If you have read John A. Logan's speeches during the campaign, you know perfectly well where his sympathies are; and his supporters will follow him into the Southern army, or to the Devil. The same is largely true of other Democratic leaders and their followers. Douglas is trying, by offering to give up his 'popular sovereignty' ideas and guaranteeing slavery 'south of thirty-six-thirty,' to get back into the good graces of the South. But the Southern people will never again take him into their confidence; they found him to be a demagogue when he deserted them on the Lecompton bill and turned Kansas over to the Abolitionists. A man never gets a chance to sell out the South more than once!"

"So you believe, Mr. Earle," said the General, "that to be a Democrat in Illinois is to be disloyal to your country!"

"I do not say that," said Earle. "I believe that to be a real, true Democrat,—to follow President Buchanan and to follow Breckenridge,—is to be loyal to our country."

"You do Senator Douglas great injustice," said the General. "It is true that he is even willing to give up the principle enunciated in his Nebraska bill, but it is as a compromise to save the Union.

While as a settlement of the question, and to save the country from the horrors of civil war, he is willing to guarantee slavery south of the Missouri Compromise line, he proposes at the same time to guarantee freedom north of that line."

"That shows him to be a demagogue!" reiterated Earle. "Now, secession is already accomplished. Seven States have already seceded and have peaceably established a Confederate Government at Montgomery. These States are united, while the North is divided. They have possession of every government fortress and arsenal, save three, in the whole South. Through the policy of President Buchanan, they have possession of nearly all the public arms and munitions of war. The ablest officers of the army are on their side. Jefferson Davis, himself a graduate of West Point, who served in the war with Mexico, and was one of the ablest Secretaries of War the country ever had, Jefferson Davis is President of the Southern Confederacy. Do you think that your rail-splitter and country lawyer, Abe Lincoln, can cope with Jefferson Davis? And besides him, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, and all the best men in the army, will cast their lot with the South."

"But the North has General Scott," said General Silverton.

"Yes, it has," said Earle, "and the name of the old hero I admit is a tower of strength; but it's only a name. He is an octogenarian, and too feeble to do anything. It's all up with the North,—the North knows, it and the South knows it too. Even that old Abolitionist, Horace Greeley, who in the New York Tribune has done more than a hundred thousand other men to stir up trouble between the North and the South, now shows the white feather and says in his paper, 'Let the erring sisters depart in peace.' The only one of the great papers of the country that seems to have any nerve is the Chicago Tribune; and the reason is that it made such a fight for Lincoln's nomination, and now has to back him up."

I was so wrought up by these disloyal utterances that I could restrain myself no longer, and was about to reply, when there came an attack from an unsuspected quarter. Rose stepped forward and with suppressed emotion said, "Mr. Earle, you are abusing the hospitality of this house. You ought to be ashamed of your-

self. You are at heart as much of a rebel as Jeff Davis, whom you laud so highly; and if you had any manhood in you, you would now be in Charleston with Beauregard, instead of here inciting Northern people to rebel. I cannot bear to listen to you, and I wish you would leave the house."

"Tut! tut!" said the General. "I have given Mr. Earle my opinion of him, and that, my daughter, is sufficient. He is under our roof, and while it is proper that we express our views plainly, we must try to restrain ourselves. I have always been a Democrat; but under this roof everyone has always been free to express his views, however distasteful they be. Besides, there is much truth in what Mr. Earle says. This doctrine of the right of secession is not new to the South. It was promulgated, not in the same form, but in substance, by Mr. Jefferson in the Resolutions of 1798 to which Mr. Earle has referred. In later years, Mr. Calhoun was its ablest exponent. Dreadful as is the contemplation of such a calamity, I firmly believe that if Mr. Lincoln, when he shall accede to the Presidency, should begin war upon the South, he would not be supported by the people of Illinois. I hope and pray that he will not be driven into the inauguration of such a policy. Everything depends upon his prudence in handling this delicate question. If, while they are quietly and peacefully organizing a government at Montgomery, he should march an army into the South and make war upon them, the country would not sustain him."

"But General," I said, "are we to submit to having our forts and public property wrested from us, without an effort to defend them?"

"That is precisely where Mr. Buchanan has come short of his duty," said the General. "He should have held the forts and defended them and other property of the United States. This would not have been making war upon the South. If the Southern people had attacked them, they would have inaugurated war upon the Government, and justified the Government in putting them down."

Earle arose, and, bowing, took his leave, the General conducting him to the vehicle in which he had driven down. As they walked down to the gate, we saw Hobbs on the driveway watch-

ing them intently, with a look that boded Earle no good, but he did not approach them.

I had made up my mind to attend the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, and said so. "I am afraid that there will be trouble there," said the General. "A President has never been assassinated in this country, but I fear for Mr. Lincoln."

The next morning when the General came down, he proposed that the whole party, he and Mrs. Silverton and Rose, meet me at the inauguration. Rose was very desirous of going, and Mrs. Silverton did not hold back. After some deliberation, they decided to go; and it was arranged that we should all stay at the old National Hotel. The General afterwards confided to me that he hoped to meet Colonel Besançon there.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEWS OF THE FUGITIVE

SOON after I returned home from my trip to Springfield, I met my old friend, George Davis, who wished especially to consult me regarding a matter in which he believed I would take a deep interest. "I have seldom withheld anything from you," he said; "yet still I have doubts as to whether I ought to reveal to you what is now in my mind. I have decided, however, to do so, upon condition that you will make me a pledge, which I feel it my duty to exact, that you will not reveal to anybody, especially to Colonel Besançon or General Silverton, or anyone connected with them, what I lay before you."

As may be supposed, with my relations to General Silverton and Colonel Besançon, I felt no little reluctance in making such a pledge; but I felt so sure that Davis would not require it unless there was good reason for doing so, and I was so anxious to learn what he had to tell me, believing rightly that it had to do with our fugitive friend, that I gave the pledge he asked.

Without saying more, Davis handed me a letter to read. It was in an unfamiliar hand, and bore neither date nor address.

"Dear friend," the letter ran, "nothing could now prompt me to address you except the conviction that it would be the

height of ingratitude for me longer to withhold expression of my indebtedness to you. I am unwilling that you should for a single moment believe I could become indifferent to you, or unappreciative of your many kindnesses to me. Not a day passes during which I do not devote some thought to you, and at night I never close my eyes in sleep until I have prayed God to bless you and give your reward.

"I am aware that in writing you this letter I expose myself to such peril that I am obliged to ask you to keep it, and even the fact of my existence, a profound secret. I have been able to step out from my old self, out of my former personality, to give up name, identity, everything. I have taken up an entirely new vocation, in which I have so far been as successful as I could reasonably expect to be, and have the good-will and confidence of those with whom I have cast my lot.

"My highest ambition is to be able to do my part in ameliorating the condition of the slave. I am confident that the hour is at hand for effective service in that direction. I can scarcely hope, by myself alone, to accomplish anything in that direction; but by keeping my identity a secret, I hope to be able to accomplish much by the aid of others.

"I cannot tell you where I am, nor anything of my present vocation or my plans for the future. All I can say of myself is that I am not in want, and that I am as contented and happy as anyone of sensibility could expect to be with such a cloud resting upon him. I sometimes have misgivings as to the propriety of holding myself out to the world as what I am not; but I take the greatest pains to so order my life that no human being can be injured by it. As the years go by, I have less and less apprehension of my identity being discovered. I have met and conversed with a number of persons whom I knew in Missouri and Illinois and Canada, and not one has recognized in me the poor friendless boy they once knew. I have even met and spoken with you, my dear friend, at Galesburg. It was for but a moment, yet it required all the resolution and self-control I could summon to keep me from being unnerved. You did not recognize in the plain business man the poor fugitive whom you had saved. I have also met and spoken with the young gentleman who, when a boy, accompanied you

and me into Princeton, after the prairie fire. Of course he could not recognize me, for he had only seen me in the darkness of night, except during the excitement of the fire, and witnessed my escape from the clutches of the monster who had recognized me as a fugitive slave. I am glad to learn that this young gentleman is still near to you, and is still your devoted friend. I shall always be deeply interested in him.

"I must tell you that I have more than once revisited the grave of my mother, and covered it with flowers and watered it with my tears. I have faith that from an abode of bliss, where all are free, she sees and watches over me. And now, dear friend, farewell. Do not try to find me, but keep me in your heart, and think kindly of THE POOR FUGITIVE."

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM ILLINOIS TO WASHINGTON

IN accordance with my arrangements with General Silverton and his family to be present with them at Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, I arrived at the national capitol on the 22d of February, Washington's birthday. On that day Mr. Lincoln was at Philadelphia, speaking before a vast number of people at Independence Hall, making the anniversary and the sacred place the subject of his address by recalling to his hearers the patriotism of Washington and the sublime sentiments of the Declaration of Independence. He was to go to Harrisburg and speak there on the 23d, thence to Baltimore and speak there on the 24th, and go on to Washington the same evening. From the time he left Springfield, Mr. Lincoln had spoken to vast crowds in the leading cities of the North, with the purpose chiefly of arousing a strong sentiment for the Union and thus stemming the rising tide of secession.

General Silverton and family had not yet arrived in Washington, but I drove to the National Hotel and registered. As I turned away from the desk, I found myself face to face with Paul Percival.

"Miss Silverton wrote me of your coming," he said, extending his hand, "and I was looking for you." Then he added, in a low

voice, "Come with me; there are people in Washington whose business it is to listen and pick up information."

He led the way to the second floor of the hotel and down the long veranda which overlooked the inside court, tapped at a door which was at once opened, and presented me, speaking almost in a whisper, to the only occupant of the room — Mr. Allan Pinkerton. I was startled when I heard the name of the great chief of detectives, one of whose most important tasks just then was to discover the person whom of all others General Silverton wished to find, for which service he would no doubt, if successful, receive a large reward. My first thought was that the great man might have got some inkling of the fugitive's visiting Galesburg, and possibly of his letter to George Davis, and that I was to be subjected to a rigid examination by him. But Mr. Percival at once relieved my apprehensions by saying, "Mr. Pinkerton knows who you are and all about you, as he does about me, and in fact almost everybody. He wants you to help us." Then Mr. Percival explained to me that he had come to Washington at the request of Governor Seward, and that Mr. Pinkerton had been looking after the personal safety of Mr. Lincoln.

"Mr. Lincoln is in Philadelphia to-day," I said, "and I understand he is to speak at Harrisburg to-morrow, and at Baltimore the day after, and after speaking at Baltimore he is to come to Washington the same night."

"That is precisely what Mr. Lincoln will not do, so far as Baltimore is concerned," whispered Mr. Pinkerton. "He will come through there to-morrow night, and will arrive here on Saturday morning at six o'clock. We have information that convinces Mr. Seward that it is not safe for Mr. Lincoln to appear at Baltimore. Mr. Percival, who represents Mr. Seward, has told me all about you. I want two or three men upon whom I can rely, who know Mr. Lincoln, to be at the Baltimore and Ohio station when Mr. Lincoln arrives. I will myself be there, Mr. Percival will be there, and I want you to be there."

"What are we to do?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied, "unless there should be an emergency. I will furnish you with revolvers, but I have no idea you will have occasion to use them. Of course, if an attack should be made

upon Mr. Lincoln, you will, I am sure, use them effectively; but there probably will be none, as we are managing so that everybody will be looking for him at Baltimore, where he is advertised to speak. I simply want you, who know Mr. Lincoln, to be ready for any possible emergency, as a matter of precaution. I do not want you to speak to Mr. Lincoln, or in any way make yourself known or observed unless an emergency requires, any more than any other persons about the station."

I promised to do as he wished. Mr. Percival went with me to my room, where he explained how he happened to be at Washington. Mr. Seward, he said, had become alarmed for Mr. Lincoln's safety. Through information received from General Scott and the detectives, he had become satisfied that there would be an attempt to assassinate the President-elect at Baltimore, if he should speak there.

"Mr. Seward thought," continued Mr. Percival, "that I might be of service, and asked Mr. Evarts to send me over. I have been present at several interviews, and have learned what was going on. Senator Seward has great faith in Mr. Pinkerton, who has kept him informed. It has been decided that Mr. Lincoln is to give up the idea of appearing at Baltimore, and is to leave Harrisburg secretly to-morrow evening and come in the night directly through Philadelphia and Baltimore to Washington, arriving here the day after to-morrow morning. Of course the whole movement is to be kept secret until Mr. Lincoln is safe in Washington. Until that is announced, the public are to suppose that he will appear at Baltimore according to the programme. Mr. Pinkerton wants three or four persons, upon whose discretion and courage he can rely, to be at the train when Mr. Lincoln leaves it, and, without making themselves known, keep near him until he enters his carriage. He preferred someone who knows Mr. Lincoln, and would recognize him and his party at sight; and so I recommended you."

"Do you remain at Washington until after the inauguration?" I asked; and then added, "General Silverton and family will arrive on Saturday."

"Saturday?" he queried, and after a moment's reflection he said, "No, I cannot remain. As soon as Mr. Lincoln is safe in Washington, I must return to New York."

"I am sorry," I said, "I very much want the General to meet you, as I think he is becoming a little annoyed at never being able to see you. I hope he will not become really prejudiced against you, but from something that has been said I fear that this may happen. Can you not remain over and meet him?"

"I fear it will be impossible," he replied; "but I will see."

"Of course you will be at the inauguration?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied; "I expect to come with my regiment. What do you think of Mr. Lincoln now?" he asked, and without waiting for a reply he added, "To me he is most disappointing. I had regarded him as a man of more character than he now shows. He seems to have no proper appreciation of the gravity of the situation. He says that, 'The crisis, the panic, the anxiety of the country is at this time artificial,' and makes light of the situation. In reading his speeches on his way from Springfield one would suppose that there was not the slightest cause for apprehension. At Indianapolis he gave his audience to understand that for the President to march an army into South Carolina to put down the secessionists would be such 'invasion' and 'coercion' as would be unjustifiable. Really," continued Mr. Percival, "I sometimes wish that Mr. Douglas could be President. Unless I mistake his character, Mr. Jefferson Davis would not quietly preside many days at Montgomery after Douglas's inauguration as President of the United States."

I could only reply by admonishing him to wait and see.

"Yes," he said, "we must wait. Mr. Lincoln must be given a fair trial. He is surely a good man. He is so true and sincere as to have gained the good-will and esteem of those who are politically hostile to him, even of his political rivals like Mr. Douglas, as no other statesman ever did. I have the highest personal regard for Mr. Lincoln, but when I think of the tremendous responsibilities that will devolve upon him, and read what he is saying every day, I tremble for fear that he is not strong enough,—that he has no strength and determination, and I will say the courage, for such a situation as confronts him. It seems to me that we want another General Jackson,—whom it is very clear Mr. Lincoln is not."

"Wait and see," I repeated. "How, in your opinion, would Mr. Seward have done?"

"No better than Mr. Lincoln," he replied. "We are disappointed in Mr. Seward. He has even less appreciation of the situation than Mr. Lincoln. He says there will be no trouble,— that if a war should break out it would be over in sixty days."

"You will come to see Miss Silverton, will you not, Mr. Percival?" I asked. "I think she expects to see you, and will be disappointed if you do not come." Then I added, with some hesitation, "I think she is very fond of you,— more so, I will say, than of any other person."

"You are mistaken, entirely mistaken!" he exclaimed; "even if she has any such fancy, she is only deceiving herself. Whatever you may think, or whatever in her imagination she may think, she does not like me in the way you mean. You are mistaken, and she is mistaken."

"Excuse me," I replied; "she thinks that before she knew you, your heart was already given to another."

The young gentleman paused, and for some moments seemed struggling to suppress his emotion. Finally, in slow and measured tones, but with the most kindly manner, he said, "My dear friend, I cannot tell you about my relations with others, without betraying them and doing them a great wrong; but I will tell you, once for all, that I have no such feeling toward Miss Silverton as you seem to think, and I am sure that whatever may be her passing fancy she can have no such feeling toward me. I esteem her beyond measure. My devotion to her is so great that, knowing her as I do, it would be the happiest day of my life if I could place her hand in yours."

Mr. Percival was so earnest and frank that I knew he was sincere. I arose and grasped his hand, exclaiming, "You are certainly the noblest man I ever saw."

"I have an appointment with Senator Seward," Mr. Percival said, "and must go. We will meet at the Baltimore and Ohio station at half-past five on Saturday morning. I can make no earlier engagement with you, as my time is not my own."

I accompanied him to the stairway, and as I was turning away he whispered, "You are not to recognize Mr. Pinkerton if you meet him. Should he wish to see you he will send for you."

At half-past five o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 24th of February, I was at the Baltimore and Ohio station, where I

found Mr. Paul Percival had preceded me. Except a nod we gave each other, there was no sign of recognition. If Mr. Pinkerton was there, he kept himself so much in the shadows that I did not see him. There was already quite a crowd, among whom I recognized Mr. E. B. Washburne of Illinois. A few minutes after six o'clock the train rolled into the station. Quite a large crowd got off. I soon recognized the towering figure of Mr. Lincoln, enveloped in his inevitable shawl. He wore a light-colored soft felt hat; he was not disguised in a "Scotch cap and cloak," as was stated. As he walked up the platform, I recognized on one side the stalwart figure of Colonel Ward H. Lamon, and on the other a man whom I afterwards learned was a detective. Mr. Percival and I walked close behind, but managed to keep from being observed. The only incident worth mentioning was that Mr. Washburne, who had managed to get near enough, seized Mr. Lincoln's hand, exclaiming in a loud voice, "Abe, you can't play that on me?" Thereupon Mr. Lamon raised his arm, which Mr. Lincoln caught, exclaiming, "Don't strike him! Don't strike him! It's Washburne. Don't you know him?" They all, including Mr. Washburne, got into a hack, Lamon simply saying to the driver, "Willard's," and were driven away.

Mr. Percival and I walked together to the National Hotel, where he left me to prepare for his journey home, as he was to leave at noon. We were too much occupied with our own reflections to talk. As he took his leave at the door, he said, "I still wish he had more of the spirit of General Jackson."

"Wait!" I said again; and we separated.

The General and Mrs. Silverton and Rose arrived that evening. The ladies were much disappointed at not seeing Mr. Percival, but the General seemed indifferent about it.

We drove out frequently, and saw much of Washington. The city was far less beautiful than it is now, but even then it was a lovely place. The General saw many Southern men whom he knew, especially men from Virginia, and also many Western men. He talked with all the Democratic members of Congress from Illinois. He frequently saw Senator Douglas, but was not encouraged by what he said of the situation. General Silverton thought that among the Illinois Democratic members of the House, John A. McClernand was the most pronounced against secession.

Of all those I met at Washington, General Silverton was the only one who seemed to see clearly that civil war could not be averted. He had from the first predicted that the election of Mr. Lincoln would bring on war between the States; but he never for a moment questioned the duty of American patriots to support and uphold Mr. Lincoln. Now, as he met his old Democratic friends, he declared that as patriotic men there was but one course for them to pursue,— to be loyal to the government. He had had several interviews with Senator Douglas, who, while he was doing everything possible to avert war, was determined to be loyal to his country in case of an appeal to arms.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

THERE perhaps never was a man confronted with difficulties so perplexing and obstacles apparently so insurmountable as those that confronted Abraham Lincoln on the day of his first inauguration as President of the United States. He then became the President of a Republic founded upon a Constitution which he solemnly swore to "preserve, protect, and defend," whose chief corner-stone was the principle that government should rest on the consent of the governed. He found that seven States had already withdrawn from the Republic of the United States over which he was called upon to preside, and, so far from giving their consent to be governed by him, were already organized into a separate and hostile Republic, with as many more States ready to follow. He found this new and hostile Republic in possession of arms and equipments and munitions of war, with armies in the field ready and determined to resist his authority to the bitter end. He found that he had but the skeleton of an army, and practically no navy; while his treasury was bankrupt. He knew that if those States could thus withdraw and establish a new government, each by itself or collectively, every other State might do so; and with a principle so established, counties could withdraw from states, cities from counties, wards from cities, and the government over which he had been called to preside was but a rope of sand. The hardest and most embarrassing feature of the situation was that of overriding

the popular will in a nation founded upon the consent of the governed. The people of those seven seceding States had, hastily it is true, and without due deliberation, withdrawn from the Union and set up a government of their own. How could Mr. Lincoln, without trampling upon and disregarding every principle of self-government, make war upon them? There was no precedent for him to follow. There had never before been such a combination of the people in States, or of States in unison, to set up separate governments. To add to Mr. Lincoln's perplexities, there was a general feeling of doubt, and of consequent apathy and indifference, among those who remained loyal to the Union. There was apparently but little realization of the chaos and ruin that would have been inevitable had the right of secession been conceded. The loyal people did not wish to make war upon the South. They themselves were at peace; why not let the Southern people go if they so desired? Why attempt to put them down by force of arms?

Mr. Lincoln fully appreciated these things when he prepared his inaugural address, which was written before he left Springfield. There is no other state paper so pathetic as this. Mr. Lincoln's plaintive pleadings, in his apparent helplessness, begging those who had withdrawn from the Union to come back and resume their places, were indeed pitiful. No other state paper so vividly portrays the gloom of doubt and uncertainty and despair that filled those evil days.

After a very brief introduction, Mr. Lincoln addressed himself to the people of the Southern States, among whom, to quote his language, "Apprehension seems to exist that by the accession of a Republican President their property [slaves], and their peace and personal security, were to be endangered," and he went on to quote from his own speeches to show that he "had no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery where it exists," and declared that he had "no lawful right to do so, and no inclination to do so." He quoted from the platform of the convention which nominated him, denouncing the "lawless invasion by armed force of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext." He cited the provisions of the Constitution, and argued that the fugitive-slave law was in accordance therewith. "I take the official oath to-day," he said, "with no mental reser-

vations." He solemnly declared that his purpose was simply "to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and collect the duties," and that "beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against the people anywhere." It seems incredible now that Mr. Lincoln should have made such a declaration. Think of President Grant, President Cleveland, President McKinley, or President Roosevelt, making such a declaration and pledge to those who had already seized upon the nation's fortresses and arms and munitions of war, and had set up a government of their own in hostility to the government of their country!

Mr. Lincoln proceeded: "Where hostility to the United States shall be so great and so universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object"; and then follows a long argument, and the most earnest appeals to the Southern people to induce them to come back, begging them to "think calmly and well upon this whole subject," adding that "Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time." He urged that he could not consent to secession, because the people have conferred upon him no authority "to fix the terms for the separation of the States." Mr. Lincoln eloquently closed his humiliating appeal to the Southern people as follows:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You can have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend it.' I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

If the question be asked now, why Mr. Lincoln, instead of making such humiliating pledges and appeals, eloquent as they were, did not summon the loyal men of the country to the sup-

port of the skeleton of an army under the command of General Scott, to put down secession and restore the authority of the United States over every part of the common country, the answer is that such a summons would have been as ineffectual as the Pope's bull against the comet. "You can call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come?" The great mass of the people of the Northern States at that time would have looked upon such a summons for creating an army to march against the Southern people as the height of folly. No man knew this better than Mr. Lincoln. He was absolutely impotent. There was but one thing that could arouse the loyal people of the North to a realization of the awful perils that were impending. That was an armed attack upon the government and property of the United States, such as soon came in the assault upon Fort Sumter.

On the day of President Lincoln's inauguration, the most conspicuous men on the platform, next to Mr. Buchanan, the retiring President, were Illinoisans, — Abraham Lincoln, the President-elect; Stephen A. Douglas, who had been his chief competitor for the great office; and E. D. Baker, really an Illinoisan, then Senator from Oregon, who had been for many years an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln in Illinois, and now introduced him to the great audience.

Mr. Lincoln wore on this occasion, probably for the first time in his life, a high silk hat. As he arose to speak, he looked about for a place to deposit it. Senator Douglas at once stepped forward and took the hat and held it, looking over the great crowd with an expression so significant that it could not be misunderstood; it meant, as clearly as if expressed in words, the declaration of the great Senator that the man before them, who was about to take the oath of office, having been elected President of the United States, must from that moment be recognized, respected, and obeyed, in every relation and prerogative of his great office; that he himself would be at the President's side to aid and support him in the momentous tasks and responsibilities upon which he was entering, and that Senator Douglas wished his position clearly understood by his friends and followers.

Scarcely any other incident in American history is more striking than that of those three Illinoisans, Lincoln, Douglas, and Baker,

representing the strength and character, the conscience and patriotism, of the new era upon which the country was entering, standing side by side and in marked contrast with President Buchanan, and with Chief Justice Taney who administered the oath of office, representing the weakness and imbecility, the narrow sectionalism and moral obliquity, of the era which had just been closed.

Mr. Buchanan was dignified and suave. His head was tipped a little to the left side, as if it might fall off unless supported by the massive stock and white neckerchief he wore. He seemed cheerful, giving one the impression that he was glad to lay down the burdens of office,— as well he might have been, weak and ineffective as he had proved himself to be in the face of a great crisis.

The Diplomatic Corps, led by Lord Lyons, the British Minister, in their gorgeous trappings of gold and embroidery, interested me especially, as I had never seen anything of the kind before. Rose agreed with me that the simple dress of our own cabinet officers was more in accordance with the Republican simplicity of our government. The officers of our army and navy, resplendent in their showy uniforms, made a fine appearance. Fortunately, perhaps, they little knew what was then before them. I thought, too, that our Senators and Members of Congress were as fine a body of men as I had ever seen.

The central figure was of course Mr. Lincoln, the President-elect, who seemed ill at ease in his brand-new suit of clothes. As I looked at him, standing before that distinguished company, I thought of his past life,— of the dreary cabin in Kentucky where he first saw the light; of the floorless log-hut on Pigeon Creek in Indiana where he spent his boyhood; of the sunshine which illumed it upon the advent of the good step-mother; of the wearisome journey to Illinois; of the rail-splitting with John Hanks; of the flat-boating, the sawmill, and the grocery at New Salem; of the Clary Grove boys; of his many disappointments, failing always when the goal was almost within reach, until at last he had attained the summit of earthly ambition, and was to be invested with a glory more resplendent and responsibilities more tremendous than those of any earthly monarch.

We were interested in watching Mrs. Lincoln, as she sat there proudly, her face beaming with conscious pride — vanity, some

said; a lady of the most sensitive nature, of the most delicate nervous organization, every chord of which was drawn to the highest tension, and responsive when moved upon as is the Æolian harp to a breath of summer. She looked to be, as she was, a woman of excellent family and high breeding, open-hearted, frank,— perhaps too frank at times. During the years when Mr. Lincoln was studying, reflecting, dreaming, philosophizing, this restless, indomitable woman was at his side inciting him to higher attainment, and pointing out to him the paths that led to success. Appreciating as did no other his transcendant abilities, she was not satisfied with herself nor with him until she had, by the power of her own individuality, brought him to realize and to feel that he was worthy of the greatest honors his country could bestow, and that justice to himself and obligation to her required that, instead of always giving way to others, he should himself aspire to these honors. She had done her part in bringing her husband to this high position, and in this supreme moment she had the right to be proud, and being a woman, she had the right to be vain.

Throughout the entire proceedings, a feeling of anxiety seemed to pervade the great assemblage. The mutterings and threatenings of the discordant elements in the country had given the public serious apprehensions for Mr. Lincoln's safety. The report of plots for his assassination, which had alarmed Mr. Seward, had been given general credence throughout the country. Many thousands of Southern sympathizers were in the audience, some of them quite conspicuous. Several distinguished Southerners who afterwards held high rank in the Confederate army, and whose sympathies were well known, were pointed out, as they looked on with absorbing interest, but apparently with a conviction that the Union was already dissolved. There was of course no apprehension of personal danger to Mr. Lincoln from men of their high character and position; but it was felt that there was danger from men of less degree, who had been worked up to the pitch of frenzy. By the advice of Mr. Seward, and under the direction of General Scott, precautions were taken for any emergency; and such troops as were available were at hand. There were many detectives in citizen's clothing scattered through the audience; these, as was understood, were under the control and direction of Mr. Pinker-

ton. There was, however, no outbreak, and we all breathed more freely when the exercises were over.

Just after Mr. Lincoln had been presented to the audience by Senator Baker, I chanced to recognize, away over on the other side of the platform, Mr. Allan Pinkerton, the great detective. Without any demonstration, his face showing no especial interest in what was going on, as if unconsciously, with a yawn he stretched out his arms, and in doing so he raised a white handkerchief above his head, which I afterwards understood was a signal. At once a young officer in uniform came upon the platform and went to him, and they conferred together for a moment. I called Rose's attention to them, when she exclaimed, "Why, it is Mr. Percival!" and I then recognized him. Upon leaving Mr. Pinkerton, Mr. Percival went directly to Mr. Seward and spoke to him for a moment, and as he turned from Mr. Seward, he seemed to recognize us, and moved toward us, looking directly at us, but suddenly he turned aside, descended from the platform, and was lost in the crowd. Mrs. Silverton had also recognized the young man, and just as he was turning away she called her husband's attention to him. The General looked in the direction where the young man was moving away, simply remarking, "Yes, I see him, I see him," but giving the matter no more attention.

Rose was not at all pleased with the inaugural address. She thought that instead of begging the secessionists to come back, and pledging them that he would only hold the property of the United States and would not molest them, he should have warned them that unless they gave up their rebel government, ceased recruiting soldiers, and disbanded the armies they had organized, he would put them down by force. She was very indignant when Mr. Lincoln declared in favor of the fugitive-slave law, and argued that it was constitutional and should be enforced. "What have we gained by electing him?" she exclaimed. "We might just as well have kept that old Buchanan in. Douglas would never have humbled himself in that way before a lot of rebels. He would have given them fair warning that he would put them down." The General said that he would have felt about as Rose did, if he had not, since coming to Washington and talking with Democratic Congressmen and other politicians, found that none of them except

Douglas seemed willing to do anything. "Rose is right in one thing," he added. "Douglas would have given them to understand that they could not trifle with him, and if they continued their preparations for war he would have made the fur fly." I could only say, as I had said so many times before, "Wait."

Upon reaching the hotel, we found cards from Mr. Paul Percival for General and Mrs. Silverton, and also for Rose and me. I also found a note stating that an Illinois man in great distress, who had known me for many years, was detained at police headquarters, and had asked to have me notified that he wished me to help him. I showed the note to Judge Kellogg, our Congressman, and he gave me a line to the captain of police, endorsing me. I hastened to the place, where I found quite a number of persons who had been "run in." They were not locked up in cells, but simply detained for investigation. Among them was Dwight Earle, who had sent for me.

"What have you been doing, Dwight, to bring you here?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied, "absolutely nothing."

"What is this man charged with?" I asked of the officer who accompanied me.

"He made a disturbance at the inauguration," was the reply, "and under our instructions to arrest every suspicious person, we were obliged to take him in."

"What did he do?" I asked.

"He made a great outcry," said the officer, "at Senator Douglas's holding the President's hat, calling the Senator names and applying to him the vilest epithets, and declaring that he ought to be pulled down off the platform."

"I said," responded Earle, "that Douglas was a turncoat; that he had sold out the Democratic party to Abe Lincoln; that he had turned against President Buchanan in favor of nigger equality in Kansas. I could not stand it to see him perch himself up there and hold Abe Lincoln's hat, and he a candidate against Lincoln for President! Think of John C. Breckinridge or John Bell, the other candidates, standing up there holding Abe Lincoln's hat!"

"The police did perfectly right," I said. "You ought to have known that such a thing would bring you into trouble. Don't

you know how anxious everybody was, after what was heard from Baltimore? Don't you know that every possible precaution was taken to prevent Mr. Lincoln's assassination? Did you not know that every suspicious person would be looked after? Don't you know that everybody breathes more freely now that Mr. Lincoln is safely inaugurated and in the White House?"

"You are turning against me, like all the rest," whined Earle. "I wouldn't touch a hair of Lincoln's head. I did more for his election than any Republican in Illinois. He knows it,— Judd knows it,— everybody knows it."

"I thought you were a Democrat, Dwight," I said.

"I am a Democrat," he replied. "I pulled Illinois Democrats away from Douglas to Breckenridge, and kept Douglas from carrying the State against Lincoln; and I expect Lincoln to remember it."

"Do you expect Mr. Lincoln to reward you for it, Dwight?" I asked. "Are you expecting an office?"

"I am," said Dwight. "I spent my time and money, and why shouldn't I be recognized?"

"Well, Dwight, if I get you out of this will you behave yourself while you are in Washington?" I asked.

"I will," he answered. "This has been a good lesson for me."

I handed Judge Kellogg's letter to the officer and said, "I think this man will behave himself after this. He will do Mr. Lincoln no harm. I think you can safely let him go."

"All right," replied the officer, and turning to Dwight he said, "You can go." He slinked out through the grated iron gate and disappeared.

Colonel Besançon did not reach Washington in time for the inauguration. In fact, he thought best not to be present. While he was a stanch Union man, he had no especial interest in seeing a Republican President inaugurated.

General Silverton had long desired to revisit the place of his birth, and where he had grown to manhood, the old home of the Silvertons and the Selbys in Prince George's County, Virginia. He had also other reasons for wishing to go to Virginia. While at Washington, in frequent conferences with Senator Douglas, the Senator had expressed the hope that the General might be able to do something toward keeping his native State from secession. If

Virginia should remain loyal, the Confederate Government could not hope to cope with the United States. A convention to consider the question of secession was then in session at Richmond, and thus far it had withstood the efforts of the extreme element to force the State out of the Union and into the Confederacy.

General Silverton had frequently spoken with Colonel Robert E. Lee, whom he knew well, and who, like himself, was a Virginian by birth. Colonel Lee had declared that he would retire from the army and take up the Confederate cause only in case his State should secede from the Union. The General had also been on intimate terms, years before, with Ex-President John Tyler, and knew intimately Governor Letcher, the chief executive of the State. Knowing of these relations, President Lincoln also was desirous that the General should go to Richmond. Accordingly he decided to go the week after the inauguration, and asked Colonel Besançon to accompany him. The latter was very glad to do so, as it gave him an opportunity of visiting the neighborhood where his lamented daughter had grown to womanhood. They also arranged to visit Norfolk, where she had been landed by the slave-ship.

Mr. Paul Percival wrote Rose from New York, expressing regrets at not meeting her and her father and mother and me, when he called. He said that he saw us upon the stage, and would have joined us; but he had been intrusted with a very important message that must be delivered at once, and decided that it was not safe to delay it for a moment. He hoped and expected, he said, to see us afterwards, but was detained on duty with his regiment until the hour of their departure; and he expressed his intention of visiting us while in Washington. Rose replied, telling him of her especial regret at his not seeing her father, who was to leave the city early in the week following.

There was, as I remember, no inaugural ball; if there was, we did not attend it. But there was a grand reception at the White House, which we did attend. I have no recollection of any dancing, although there must have been some; but I distinctly remember the grand march or promenade around the great East Room, Mr. Lincoln leading with Mrs. Browning upon his arm, and Mr. Browning immediately following with Mrs. Lincoln. I remem-

ber Senator Douglas and Mrs. Douglas, she the most beautiful woman in Washington,—excepting only, as I thought, the one whom I had the honor of escorting. Many other Illinois people, from Chicago and other localities, were present and shared in the splendors of this great reception.

Mr. Nicolay and Mr. Hay, Secretaries to the President, were very cordial. The relation of these two young Illinois men to the President seemed more domestic than official.* I was especially pleased to see how patiently Mr. Nicolay, who was chief secretary, interested himself in those who called. Of course Senators and Members of Congress had the preference, but he received all others courteously and kindly, saw that their recommendations and other papers were properly filled out, and, so far as possible, secured for them audiences with the President.

General Silverton and Colonel Besançon had left Washington when Paul Percival came over. Mrs. Silverton was pleased to see him, but expressed great disappointment that he did not come in time to see the General. "I will tell you frankly, Mr. Percival," she said, "that my husband is not pleased with your indifference to him. Rose and I have said so much in your praise, and especially of your assistance when we were abroad, as to make him feel that, with your relations with us, he ought to know you. Of course he is not a man to say much upon such a matter, but I know he feels it, and I fear he is becoming prejudiced against you. I am sure that if you would see him, and talk with him, every such feeling would be dissipated, and he would like you as well as we do."

I was surprised to see how much Mr. Percival was moved by this. "I have never looked upon it in that light," he said; "but

* Comparatively few persons now living can recall, in our distinguished Secretary of State at Washington, the John Hay of those far-off days as he was known amongst us Illinois boys; but those who can are very proud of it. Mr. Hay was very youthful in appearance; a photograph of him, still in my possession, taken about that time, gives him the appearance of a bright plump-cheeked boy. Although slight in figure, he was considerable of an athlete; I have seen him put the backs of two chairs together, and placing himself before one and taking a standing jump he would clear the backs of both chairs, coming down squarely in front of the other.

Through their long acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln and their intimate relations with him, and possessing at the same time the literary qualifications for such a work, these two men, Mr. Hay and Mr. Nicolay, were enabled to produce a history of Lincoln's life which will be authority for all time. Miss Tarbell's "Early Life of Lincoln" is also a standard and authoritative work, particularly for those who wish to trace the development of Mr. Lincoln's character from his earlier years.

now that it is suggested, it is quite plain to me. I think Mrs. Silverton is right; and I wish you would assure the General that this will not continue."

At this moment a servant entered with cards for Mrs. Silverton, the General, and Rose, which she handed to me to look at. They were the cards of Mr. Francis P. Blair.

"Why," I exclaimed, "Mr. Blair is the only Republican member of Congress from a slave State!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Silverton; "we call him an Abolitionist."

"I want to see him," said Rose; and without consulting her mother she said to the waiting servant, "Please show the gentleman up."

Mr. Percival and I were about to withdraw, but Mrs. Silverton restrained us. "I want you to meet him," she said. "His father, Francis P. Blair, Senior, was once a warm friend of my husband's. He was in President Jackson's Cabinet, and General Silverton thought a great deal of him."

"I like Mr. Blair for himself," said Rose. "He has made a most gallant fight for freedom in Missouri."

It could be seen at a glance that Mr. Blair was no ordinary man. Tall, wiry, sinewy, his earnest gray eyes shone with intelligence. His hair was auburn, and his heavy mustache almost red. He had a kind of devil-may-care, independent way, which showed that he belonged to no one, but thought and acted for himself.

"I have heard much of you," said Rose, after the usual greeting. "We live near St. Louis."

"And I have heard of you, Miss Silverton. We at St. Louis know that, although your father is a Douglas man, you are an outspoken Free-Soiler."

"I am an Abolitionist!" exclaimed Rose.

"Whatever we are or have been," said Mr. Blair, "the time is at hand when we must declare ourselves. When the war bursts upon us, as it will do very soon, we shall have to take sides."

"Do you believe there will be war?" asked Mr. Percival.

"It will be upon us in thirty days," said Mr. Blair. "I am going to leave for home to-night to look after Missouri. The rebels are trying to take her out of the Union; but we shall stop it. The Union men of Missouri will fight."

"Will they have Union soldiers in that slave State?" asked Mr. Percival.

"Tens of thousands of them," said Mr. Blair. "Do not make the mistake, young man, of concluding that because Missouri is a slave State there is no loyal sentiment there. There is plenty of it, and our Union men are tired of the taunts and jeers of the secessionists. They are ready to fight."

"I am looking for a commission in the volunteer service," said Mr. Percival, "and I want to serve in the West."

"Do you know anything of military service?" asked Mr. Blair.

"I am a first lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment of New York," he replied. "I think I am capable of being captain of a company."

"If you hold that rank in the Seventh New York, you certainly are," said Mr. Blair. "Write me early, when the storm comes. I think we shall want just such men as you; we have too few who have had any military training." And Mr. Blair took his leave.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A STUDY IN PSYCHOLOGY

MR. PERCIVAL informed me that he must soon return to New York, and would be glad if I would spend the evening with him. I decided to do so.

Mrs. Silverton withdrew, and soon after I made my excuses, leaving Mr. Percival and Rose together in an alcove of the great parlor of the hotel. When we met again at dinner, I was surprised and pained to find a striking change in Rose's attitude toward Mr. Percival. She was cold and distant, and showed indifference to everything he said. Her manner was quite unlike anything I had ever seen in her before. Dignified and stately, but most courteous, she seemed to patronize Mr. Percival, as much as to say, "I will endure you, I will not cast you off altogether, I will permit you to live, I will be merciful to you, but you must not pass the limits I have fixed for your approach."

But what surprised me even more was the manifestation of regard,—tenderness, I will say,—of Rose toward me. Without

in the least degree overstepping the bounds of propriety or delicacy, she was more kindly and cordial to me than ever before. It was all so strange that Mrs. Silverton observed it, and tried many womanly devices to bring about a change in Rose, but all to no avail.

Mr. Percival, for his part, seemed less concerned than might have been expected. One would have supposed that he would be indignant; but he was not. He seemed to look upon Rose's treatment of him more in sorrow than in anger; yet he made no effort to conciliate or reconcile her.

As soon as it was proper for her to do so, Rose withdrew from the table, politely extending her hand to Mr. Percival, bidding him good-bye and wishing him a safe journey back to New York, and asking me to conduct her to the parlor. Mr. Percival at once said that he begged pardon, but I had an engagement with him, and he would wait for me down-stairs, adding, rather bitterly, as it seemed, "After to-night, Miss Silverton, you can have him all to yourself."

Mrs. Silverton took his arm, saying that she wished to talk with him; and they walked away down the corridor. She evidently was bent upon effecting a reconciliation.

"What can all this mean?" I asked Rose, when we were alone.

"It means," she said, "that much as I have respected and admired Mr. Percival, my relations with him cannot continue as they have been. I am greatly disappointed in him. Sometime I may tell you the whole story; but I cannot do so now. I will say, however, that when you shall have heard it you will not merely excuse but will justify me. I want to say to you," she continued, "that I have never liked you as much as I do to-night,— no, not even when as a little girl I was so charmed with you on the steamboat. But now go and meet your engagement with Mr. Percival; you need have no hesitation on my account. I want you to see him; it may be that he will say to you what he has said to me." And, taking both my hands, she bade me good-night.

Neither Mr. Percival nor I seemed to care what direction we were taking, as we walked together down Pennsylvania Avenue. Not a word passed between us. Each was communing with him-

self. By the light of the moon I could see his erect figure, an Apollo in grace and beauty. When we came to the Capitol we entered the grounds from the west front, at the base of the hill, and ascended the stone steps, finally seating ourselves near the main middle entrance of the great building.

It was a beautiful evening, such as is sometimes vouchsafed to Washington at that early season of the opening spring. The moon was full, and enveloped the city at our feet with a halo whose lights and shadows were enchanting. The great Avenue, leading up to the Treasury, and to the Executive Mansion where we knew our President was now safely established, was alive with people who had come from all parts of the country seeking political favors. We could see the great Interior Department building and the Post Office Department building near by, the Smithsonian Institution, and the half-finished shaft of the great Washington Monument; while beyond, making a background for the city, the waters of the Potomac glimmered in the moonlight. Looking down upon the river was the stately mansion of Arlington, the home of Robert E. Lee, whose great estate is now occupied as a National Cemetery for Union soldiers, and over its portal is inscribed a beautiful stanza written by a Confederate Colonel, Theodore O'Hara:

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

"It was a great deal for me to ask that you give up this evening to me," said Mr. Percival, "but there is something that I felt is due you, something I must say to you, and say it now. It is more than likely that I may never see you again. In spite of the humiliating pledges and pleadings of our new President, war is inevitable. It will be forced upon him by the men who are now laughing in their sleeves and jeering at his honeyed words. Hear me through," he said, as I was about to interrupt him. "I have much to say, and it will be of no advantage to either of us to argue on the political situation. War is coming; and what I want is to get right into the conflict. I think I can do this more effectively with Western men. I want responsibility and rank enough to do effective work; and these I cannot get in my regiment. I have great

admiration for Mr. Blair, who is sure to be influential in the West, especially in his own State of Missouri, in the organization of her loyal regiments. I would accept no place higher than that of Captain. I feel that I am competent to command a company, and do it well; but I do not want a position above one I am competent to fill.

"Now as to what I wished to tell you. I have done what I thought to be right. My relations with Mrs. and Miss Silverton must not continue as they have been. I have decided upon this fully and irrevocably. Perhaps I should not even now have acted upon the matter as I have to-day, had not Mrs. Silverton intimated to me, as you heard, that her husband had become annoyed,—I think that was the word,—at my relations with them, while not seeking to meet him. I have great regard for him, and would be glad to meet him; but you will readily see that if I now take pains to place myself before him, it will be showing a peculiar interest in his daughter, such as I do not feel. I want you to know, as I feel it to be my duty that you should fully realize, as I have already said to you, that while I have unbounded admiration for Miss Silverton, it is not of such a nature as exists between lovers. Miss Silverton has fancied that she likes me,—loves me, it might be said. But I know better; I know that it is only a fancy; and so I have to-day, in justice to her and to myself, and to you, taken the course that appeared to be the only possible one to dispell the illusion."

"But," I interrupted, "you must not do this! You are worthy of her. You can give her the position in life that is necessary to her happiness. You are rich and prosperous, and have high family relations in the city in which you were born and reared. You are in every way the peer of the Silvertons, who are among the aristocratic families of the old Dominion. You have education, culture, address, everything; and, splendid as is your position of inheritance and attainments, Rose Silverton is your equal. With all her stores of knowledge and with her nobility of character, she is gentle and affectionate and domestic in her nature. You two are fitted for each other, and I feel that anyone who, for his own advantage, should help to bring about your separation, would be unworthy of the friendship of either one of you."

Feeling as I did, I could not say less; but I was pained by the fear that I had said too much. He seemed quite overcome, and

it was some moments before he could control himself sufficiently to speak.

"All you have said of Miss Silverton is true," he stammered; "but I do not love her; I have no such affection for her as is implied in what you have said." Then, after a pause as if to collect his thoughts, he continued: "I will tell you what I did not intend to tell you to-night. I have loved one woman with an intensity of devotion that cannot be expressed in words. She was not so brilliant as Miss Silverton, but she was all in all to me. She was well informed, had read many books, was educated and refined, and was to me the sweetest, gentlest, kindliest human being that ever walked this earth. She loved me, and I loved her."

"Where is she?" I asked.

"Here," he replied.

"Here?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, here," he said. "I feel, I know, that wherever I am, she is there also, at my side, encouraging me, warning me, guiding me. When I pray, she is always in my mind; for I know that she has gone before, to intercede for me."

"Then she is dead?" I queried.

He looked up, and the moon shone upon his face, irradiating it with an almost celestial beauty as, with an expression of the most implicit faith, he repeated the familiar lines:

> "There is no death: what seems so is transition;
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian
> Whose portals we call death."

He paused for some moments, overcome by his emotions. A spell was upon me, so profound that I too was overcome. My heart went out to him in sympathy. He had laid his heart bare before me, and I found that the man whose state had seemed so exalted was to me an object of compassion.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I could not help it. If you could realize how I love her, and how consoling it is to me to turn to her, you would not blame me."

"Blame you!" I exclaimed. "In thus showing me your inmost soul you have awakened in my heart the deepest sympathy. You have made me know you as never before."

"After this too generous estimate of me," he replied, "it is hard for me to repeat to you what, only this afternoon, I said to Miss Silverton concerning you. But this is the purpose for which I asked you to give me your attention this evening; and I must proceed. Blame me, censure me if you will, but I beg you not to do so until we meet again — if we ever do. I may have been mistaken as to what was best; but I intended it for your good and for hers. I came over here with the fixed purpose of saying to her what I have said; but, even after so determining, I think my heart would have failed me had not Mrs. Silverton told me of her husband's feeling toward me. That decided me."

He paused for a moment, and then proceeded. "Miss Silverton loves you beyond the power of expression. I saw this at my first meeting with her mother and her, when your name was mentioned. Every interview I had with her thereafter confirmed me in this opinion. She loved to talk of you, and every time we were together the thoughts uppermost in her mind were of you. It may be," he continued, tenderly, "that at one time she fancied she loved me. It was only a fancy, as I well knew. I was much with her and her mother, and while I made no advances of any kind, I found myself in a position where I could be of service to them in their great need. This so gratified Mrs. Silverton that she became devoted to me, and has ever since wished to bestow upon me her most precious treasure — her daughter. Devoted as she is to her mother, this had its influence upon her, and she worked herself up into the illusion that she loved me. Even if this had been more than a fancy, I could not reciprocate it; but I had the sincerest regard for her and interest in her welfare, and I took every possible means of commending you to her and to her mother. As I should have known, however, this had precisely the opposite effect from that I intended. I then learned that the way to a woman's good graces is through laudation of the man she truly loves, if she be in love; but I was so stupid that it was a long time before it occurred to me that the antithesis to this proposition is also true, — that nothing is so sure to estrange a woman from a man as for him to assail the one she loves. That I have done this afternoon. I have assailed you."

"Assailed me!" I exclaimed.

"I have assailed you," he replied. "I told Rose Silverton that you were a chicken-hearted, timorous, time-serving trimmer,— that you started out in life, under your father's influence, as a bold, aggressive, uncompromising Abolitionist, but that you had fallen under the influence of cowardly designing politicians, whose principles, or want of principles, are expressed in the term 'Old-line Whiggery'; that you are allied with the unprincipled 'Union-savers' who are willing to rivet the fetters of the slave still more securely in order to save the Union; that you are for the infamous fugitive-slave bill, and endorse all that Lincoln said in favor of enforcing it."

"Did you say that to Rose?" I exclaimed.

"I did, and more," he replied. "Hear me through. I said to her that you are not enterprising,— that for a young man of your abilities to be content to settle down in a little country town like Galesburg, among common people, shows an utter want of ambition and of character."

"Excuse me," I said. "I have heard quite enough."

"You shall hear me through," he said, laying his hand upon my arm. "Then you may kill me if you will. I must tell you how this affected Miss Silverton. When I began my attack upon you, she was so overwhelmed with astonishment,— dazed, I should say,— that she could scarcely speak. I thought she would take refuge in what is the customary retreat and defense of women— tears. But nothing of the kind; her eyes never moistened. As I proceeded, she became indignant, angry, outraged, but was cold and impassive. She asked me if I had said to you what I had said to her; and when I replied that I had not, she burst out with denunciations of me for what she regarded as my cowardice and treachery. She made it quite clear that she despised me. And her defense and eulogy of you were still more eloquent. 'I know that young man,' she exclaimed. 'I have known him since we were children. I know that every pulsation of his heart is for liberty. He knows Abraham Lincoln, and believes in him. He knows that this great man hates slavery as intensely as does Owen Lovejoy, whom he also knows. He believes Abraham Lincoln has been raised up to destroy slavery and to save this nation. He has not given up a single iota of his principles. Talk to me of his

endorsing the fugitive-slave law! When have you ever risked your life, and put yourself in peril of being dragged to a felon's cell, to free a poor fugitive slave? He has done both; and you dare insinuate that he favors that infamous law! When you show me that you yourself have denied and suffered from that cruel enactment, I may think that you are sincere. You assail him for his love of his home in Illinois, where he has grown to manhood. The chief corner-stone of the town where he lives is liberty. That town was founded and is occupied by good men, whose highest aspirations are to set men free. That little town at which you sneer is known in thousands of slave cabins as the first and most important station on the Underground Railway. Every slave knows that if he can get to Galesburg there is hope. You say he is not ambitious. He is not ambitious for place or position. He is not ambitious to *seem*, but he is ambitious *to be*.' I cannot tell you all she said in your honor. She proved beyond the possibility of doubt that she loves you. This was what I desired, even though in accomplishing it I have made her distrust and despise me. But I have given her back to you. Henceforth she is all your own. And now good-bye."

I made no answer. He extended his hand, which I took mechanically, and I felt a tremor which shook his whole frame. He rapidly descended the long flight of steps, walked out through the Capitol grounds, turned toward the Baltimore and Ohio station, and was lost to my view. I was alone. I could see the carriages and omnibuses driving rapidly down the avenue, and turning toward the station in haste to catch the New York train.

How long I sat there in the moonlight I never knew. Finally I descended the steps and walked up the great avenue. I passed the National Hotel and Newspaper Row, and went by the still unfinished Treasury building into the White House grounds toward the Executive Mansion, in which every light was extinguished except that in George Nicolay's room, where I could see a majestic figure passing and repassing the window, which I knew could be none other than that of President Lincoln. When at last, weary with my long walk and with my mental agitation, I reached my hotel, the words were still ringing in my ears, "I have given her back to you. Henceforth she is all your own!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SHAPING OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT

WHEN I met Mrs. Silverton and Rose at breakfast the next morning, no reference was made to Mr. Percival. I did not feel like speaking of him, nor did they; it seemed to be tacitly understood that it would be better to make no reference to him.

General Silverton and Colonel Besançon returned the next day, and gave us an interesting account of their trip to the Old Dominion. The Colonel's visit to Prince George's County, where his lamented daughter was reared, had greatly increased his interest in her and his desire to find his grandson. The scenes about the Silverton and Selby estates, and the incidents of the childhood and youth of his lost daughter, so graphically described by General Silverton, seemed to have made her more of a living reality to him. Of course no mention of the matter was made in the presence of Mrs. Silverton and Rose, who had never suspected such a relation; but when the General and I were with him in his room, the old gentleman gave free expression to his feelings.

"To think," he said, "that she was so near us when I was longing for her, and when my poor heart-broken wife was wasting away, always hoping to see her child, and always disappointed, until death relieved her! To think that a Besançon and a Bertrand could be a slave! I must find her boy. For aught we know, his condition may be as deplorable as was that of his mother."

"If I could only know he is alive, and that there is hope," said the General, "it would be some relief to me. But the more I think of it, the less can I believe it true. You know he used to write to your friend Davis," the General said, turning to me; "it seems strange that he no longer writes him."

I was a good deal embarrassed by this turn in the conversation. The young man had written to Davis, and I knew it; I had seen the letter. But I was under a pledge to tell no one of it, particularly General Silverton or any of his relatives. I was aware that the knowledge that the young man was alive would greatly relieve both General Silverton and Colonel Besançon; but I knew that it

would have had the effect of arousing them to more active and persistent effort to discover him, which was the thing of all others the young man sought to avoid.

In my relations to General Silverton, I felt that it was due to him that I should give him all the information I had in regard to a matter so momentous to him; but I could not, after the promise Davis had exacted from me, betray the trust. I made up my mind that as soon as I should again see Davis I would beg him to relieve me from my pledge, at least so far as to satisfy the General that the boy was still alive.

Mr. John Hay called that evening to say that the President would be glad to see the two gentleman regarding the result of their mission, and made an appointment for the next day. I was invited to accompany them.

The President was in consultation with Secretary Seward and other members of the Cabinet when our cards went in; but we waited only a few moments when we were ushered into the large room east of the library, since occupied as a public reception-room, but which Mr. Lincoln himself occupied. He began by thanking General Silverton, a Democrat, for interesting himself so heartily in support of the Government in those trying times. He expressed pleasure at meeting Colonel Besançon, whom he styled as one "faithful among the faithless," and expressed wonder that other men who, like him, had fought under General Jackson at New Orleans, could turn against the Union in such a crisis. He was cordial to me, as he always was to young men, and kindly referred to the interest I had taken in the success of the Republican party in Illinois.

"The majority of the people of Virginia are opposed to secession, Mr. President," said the General, "but it is as certain as anything can be that if there be an outbreak of hostilities Virginia will secede. The people do not want to break up the Union, and they deplore the hasty action of South Carolina and the other Southern States; they know that in case of war Virginia will bear the brunt of it,—that it will be fought out upon her soil; but their interests are, as they believe, with the South, and certainly their sympathies are. The hot-heads are all for secession; and while the sober judgment of a large majority of the people is against it,

a single spark may at any moment so inflame them as to awaken sympathies with the South and carry the State out of the Union."

"Did you talk with many of their people?" asked the President.

"I did," said the General. "The men of sense and judgment do not want war; but still I could see they are being drawn into the maelstrom of secession. I had hopes of the Governor, John Letcher. Although largely in the minority of the Democratic party, he bravely supported Douglas for the Presidency, and I thought he would stand by the Union. But this very fact seems to have influenced him to favor secession, apparently for the purpose of restoring himself to favor with the hot-heads. He will do all he can to take the State out of the Union. We talked with Ex-President Tyler, with Senator Mason, and with most of the prominent men of the State; but more especially with the influential planters. They are for the Union, and have, as you know, elected an overwhelming Union majority to the constitutional convention.* Yet I fear that upon the first outbreak of hostilities, the hot-heads will carry the State out of the Union."

"What do you think, Mr. President," asked Colonel Besançon, "was one of the arguments I heard in Virginia in favor of secession? It was that an act is pending in the Confederate Congress forbidding the importation of slaves from States outside of the Confederacy. It is claimed that if this act shall become a law it will strike a staggering blow to one of the most important industries of the State,—the raising of negroes for the market. Think of it! I wish," continued the Colonel, "that we in Louisiana had never bought a Virginia negro."

Mr. Lincoln did not reply for a moment; then he said, sadly, "And that is the grand old commonwealth that gave us Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Patrick Henry! That is the Old Dominion that gave to the Union the Northwest Territory out of which five great States have been created, and dedicated all that vast domain to freedom! It cannot be possible!"

"It is possible, Mr. President," said Colonel Besançon; "the act will be passed by the Confederate Congress, and Virginia will secede and keep her slave-markets. Just now Virginia is begging

* So late as April 4 (eight days prior to the attack upon Sumter) that Virginia convention, by a vote of 89 to 45, decided not to pass an ordinance of secession.

you, Mr. President, not to open hostilities, and they are making the same plea to Jeff Davis,— good-Lord-and-good-Devil prayers,— not just exactly knowing into whose hands they will fall."

The General defended his native State. He said that only the baser sort of its people were influenced by such considerations as had been mentioned, but that the people at large had become imbued with the State Rights doctrine as inculcated first by Mr. Jefferson and then by Mr. Calhoun. They were honest in their views. "Had I myself remained in Virginia," he added, "I have no doubt I would have felt the same way. I tell you, Mr. President, it is a benefit to a Virginian to remove to Illinois and become first a Jackson Democrat and then a Douglas Democrat!"

"Nothing better than that," said Mr. Lincoln, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "except becoming a Henry Clay Whig and then a Republican!"

Just then we heard the usher at the door say, "You must give me your card, and I will take it in to the President."

A voice that sounded familiar replied, "I haint got any keards. Do yer reckon I tote a deck o' keards 'round with me? I never wuz peart at keards, an' Linkern don't know a jack o' clubs from a ten-spot." Then a familiar figure brushed past the doorkeeper and joined us.

"How are you, Bill?" said Mr. Lincoln, and they shook hands cordially. "My old friend Mr. Green, gentlemen,— Mr. Green of Menard County, an especial friend. Mr. Green and I were in business together at one time. We finally broke up, failed, — or rather I did, and my friend here was on my paper and had to pay about a thousand dollars of my debts; but you didn't crowd me, did you, Bill?"

"No, I didn't; I hed better sense. But I got all my money back, and twice as much, in law-work you did fer me."

"He never crowded me, and never even dunned me; but it took me seven years to pay him off," said Mr. Lincoln. "But I paid it all, didn't I, Bill?"

"Every picayune, and interest at ten per cent," said Green.

"How are all the folks, Bill?" asked the President.

"Peart," said Green. "How's yourn?"

"All well," was the reply. "Have you seen Hannah lately?"

"Saw her jes' afore leavin'. Hannah Armstrong can't quit talkin' o' you, Abe; an' she never will, while that boy o' hers lives that you saved from havin' his neck stretched."

Mr. Lincoln touched the bell and directed the messenger to request the usher to come to him. "This," said Mr. Lincoln, "is my old friend Mr. Green. You need not ask him for a card, but let him come in whenever he will. He can always come to me, whoever is with me."

It was the same old W. G. Green whom we had fallen in with on our journey from Chicago when we first came to Illinois, who had talked so much of "Linkern" and repeated his stories, but to whom it had never occurred that "Linkern was a great man like Yates,—he was so common."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DARK DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC

AT the time of which I write, there was a general impression throughout the world that the days of the great Republic were numbered. Years before, Macaulay had written to an American friend, "Your Constitution is all sail and no anchor," and had expressed grave doubts as to whether the Republic would survive the nineteenth century.*

The people of the South had for two generations, or since the

* DeTocqueville, the eminent philosopher, an admirer of our government and people, a true friend who sincerely wished us well, after spending two years in the United States, was driven to the conclusion, expressed in his "Democracy in America," that "The Union is a vast body which presents no definite object to patriotic feeling. Americans have much more to hope and fear from the States than from the Union. They are more likely to attach themselves to the former than to the latter. The Federal Government is very far removed from its subjects, while the provincial governments are within reach of them all." He speaks of the Federal Government as "naturally weak," and says that "if the sovereignty of the Union were to engage in a struggle with that of the States at the present day [1835—twenty-five years before the election of President Lincoln] its defeat may be confidently predicted, and it is not probable that such a struggle would be seriously undertaken. As often as steady resistance is offered to the Federal Government, it will be found to yield. If one of the States chose to withdraw its name from the compact, it would be difficult to disprove its right of doing so, and the Federal Government would have no means of maintaining its claims directly either by force or by right." After thus at length giving a statement of his observations upon this matter, DeTocqueville came to the conclusion that "if any portion of the Union seriously desired to separate itself from the other States, they would not be able, nor would they attempt, to prevent it"

adoption of the Federal Constitution, schooled themselves in the doctrine that whenever there was a conflict between the legislation of a State and that of the Federal Government, the Federal Government must yield; that it could have no authority and exercise no control except what is especially delegated to it by the Constitution. The great source of authority upon this question was found in the celebrated Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, of which Thomas Jefferson was the author.*

Such sentiments as these, of which Mr. John C. Calhoun had been the ablest expounder after Mr. Jefferson, had been taught in the South from the hour when the Federal Constitution was adopted, and were held also by many people in the North. The doctrine that under any circumstances the deliberate and solemn legislation of the Federal Government may be held in a State to be "unauthoritative, void, and of no force," of course carries with it the right of a State to refuse to obey such legislation.

It is not strange that out of such doctrines as these should have been evolved the claim of the right of a State to withdraw or secede from the Union. Familiar as they were with these theories, it is not surprising that such observers as Macaulay and DeTocqueville should have predicted the downfall of the Republic. Now, when President Lincoln was inaugurated, seven powerful States were already organized in a Confederacy to resist by force of arms the authority of the Federal Government. It is not strange, under these conditions, that people of other countries should have come to the conclusion that the Republic was tottering to its fall.

The theories of Jefferson, as expounded by Mr. Calhoun, were met from the first and ably refuted. The doctrine that the Federal Government is, with proper regard for the rights of the States, supreme in authority, under the Constitution, and that it is indi-

* An extract from the first of these Resolutions gives a very good idea of the fundamental principles upon which the claim of the right to resist the authority of the Federal Government was based.

"*Resolved*, That the several States composing the United States of America are not united upon the principle of unlimited submission to their General Government, but that, by a compact under the style and title of a Constitution of the United States and of amendments thereto, they constituted a General Government for special purposes; delegated to that Government certain definite powers, reserving, each State to itself, the residuary mass of right to their own self-government; and that whensoever the General Government assumes undelegated powers, its acts are unauthoritative, void, and of no force."

visible and perpetual, and cannot lawfully be dissolved, had from the outset its champions and defenders. Foremost of these was Alexander Hamilton. Next to him, and perhaps the ablest and most effective champion of this doctrine, was Chief Justice John Marshall, during his long career on the supreme bench. The ablest exponent of these doctrines in legislative halls, and before the people, was Daniel Webster. The issues, joined by Jefferson and Hamilton immediately upon the adoption of the Constitution, had been discussed for three-quarters of a century, each side becoming more positive and determined as the years went by. It was finally settled in the only way possible,— by the arbitrament of the sword; and settled for all time. It was decided that the Federal Government is, under the Constitution, supreme and indivisible.

Curiously, while this is so settled, the rights of the States in the Federal Union are more perfectly guaranteed than ever before. Now that the supremacy of the Federal Government is everywhere recognized, and that it is known that a million men are always ready to spring to arms to put down any attempt to destroy or disrupt the Union, there is no reason for apprehension of danger from any State or any combination of States, and consequently there can be no jealously of the power of any one State; and thus in all matters within the scope of their prerogatives the States are dealt with more liberally than ever before. While the Civil War established the Republic upon firm and enduring foundations, it also established as completely, and upon as firm and enduring foundations, the doctrine of State Rights.

But these principles had not been established when Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated. There were no precedents for him to follow. Had he begun the attack,— had the blood of one American then been shed by his direct command, even though it had been that of an officer of the Confederate Government who was at that very time armed to the teeth with weapons to destroy the Union and vindicate the right of secession,— the effect would have been to precipitate all the hesitating Southern States into the Confederacy, to solidify the South and to divide the North. There was at that time only one thing that could possibly justify such an attack. With the wisdom of a philosopher, the prescience

of a seer, and the sagacity of a statesman, Mr. Lincoln patiently waited. Had those to whose hands were committed the control of the Confederacy been equally sagacious, the result might have been far different. Had they waited until their government had been firmly established, what would it have mattered to them, with a united South and a divided North, with President Lincoln utterly helpless, having but the skeleton of an army and practically no navy, and no means of creating either, what would it have mattered to them if he provisioned Fort Sumter, which was all he attempted to do? Had not the Confederates made the fatal blunder of firing upon the flag of the United States, under which an attempt was being made to send provisions to famishing troops, it would have been impossible to arouse the loyal people of the country to assail them.

BOOK III.—IN WAR-TIME.

CHAPTER I.

THE AWAKENING OF THE NORTH

THE period of uncertainty and hesitation that followed the inauguration of President Lincoln was but the calm before the storm. His dream of conciliating the rebellious Southern States, and bringing them back into the Union by persuasion and entreaty, was soon rudely dispelled. Yet, as we have clearly shown, Mr. Lincoln had practically no other course to choose. Wiser and calmer than others in that feverish time, he knew that a policy of forcible coercion and armed attack upon the secessionists would not be supported by the people of the North, without whose support and cordial coöperation his efforts would be worse than vain. The great State of Illinois, essential as its support of the Government afterwards became, would not then have endorsed a policy of forcible coercion of the seceding States, and on that issue alone that State might have been lost to the Union.

This dubious and perilous situation was relieved by the secessionists themselves. They did the thing, and the only thing, that could arouse and unite the loyal people of the country,—that could rekindle the fires of patriotism which had been smouldering for a century and become almost extinguished. They fired upon the flag of our country. By so doing, it is true, they "fired the Southern heart"; they united the South, and precipitated it into the abyss of secession. But at the same time they awakened the slumbering North.

The firing upon Fort Sumter sent a thrill through the hearts of loyal men from Maine to California, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. Mechanics dropped their tools, farmers left their ploughs, business men left their counting-houses, students left their books, men of all ranks and professions congregated together and asked each other what was to be done. A feeling of indignation was expressed in every face. Every loyal citizen seemed to feel that

he had been personally affronted. Politics, theories, policies, all were forgotten in the universal desire to meet the challenge and avenge the wrong. There was no longer a feeling of doubt or hesitation about attacking men who had organized to resist the power of the government, and in so doing had fired upon the flag. There was no more quibbling, no more discussion. The loyal people were ready to give their services, and their lives if need be, and every dollar of their treasure, to fight until the last vestige of treason should be destroyed.

Then men came to realize and appreciate the wisdom of President Lincoln in waiting until the armed assault was made. Then they began to recognize the wisdom and forethought displayed in the Inaugural Address of this greatest of statesmen and profoundest of philosophers; then the world began to see that by his clear statement of the issues, by his arguments and his pathetic appeals, he had shown to his countrymen and to the world that the secessionists had not just cause for complaint,—that the loyal people were in the right and the secessionists were in the wrong.

Before the reverberations of the cannon at Fort Sumter had died away, the two greatest and most influential of American statesmen at that time, Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, both sons of Illinois, rivals for a generation, now united by a common sentiment of patriotism, were in close consultation. Douglas, aroused to a sense of the public peril, at once made his way to the Executive Mansion. It was a memorable and momentous meeting. Mr. Lincoln, only six months before, had been elected to the Presidency over his distinguished rival, who had received for the same great office nearly a million and a half of votes. Those who had supported Mr. Lincoln believed in the principles upon which he had been elected, and would naturally stand by him. Those who had supported Senator Douglas believed no less in his principles, and would follow him. No American, not even Henry Clay, ever had so devoted a personal following as had Stephen A. Douglas. For more than a quarter of a century he had been their political guide, counsellor, and friend; and although they knew that the division in their party made his candidacy hopeless, a vast number of men had still followed his fortunes and would always stand by him.

No report has ever been made of that portentous interview between President Lincoln and Senator Douglas; but its character can be inferred from its results. Immediately on leaving the Executive Mansion, Senator Douglas wrote out a brief statement for the press, which appeared the next morning in all the leading newspapers throughout the loyal States. The substance of the statement was that Senator Douglas had called upon the President and had an interesting conversation with him on the present condition of the country; that Senator Douglas had stated that while he was opposed to the administration on all its political issues, he "was prepared to fully sustain the President in the exercise of all his constitutional functions to preserve the Union, maintain the government, and defend the Federal Capitol. A firm policy and prompt action was necessary. The Capitol was in danger, and must be defended at all hazards, and at any expense of men and money."

Senator Douglas immediately left Washington and travelled through the country, arousing the loyal people as no other man could do. He was never before so earnest, and had never before spoken with such power. He finally went to Springfield, the Capitol of his own State, and spoke before both houses of the legislature, Shelby M. Cullom, speaker of the House, introducing him. After telling how he had labored for some compromise to avert war, the Senator exclaimed, "Forget party, remember only your country. . . . For the first time since the Constitution was adopted, there is no restriction against the spread of slavery in the Territories. When was the fugitive-slave law more faithfully executed? What single act has been done to justify this mad attempt to overthrow the Republic? We are told that because a certain party carried the Presidential election, therefore the South chose to consider her liberties insecure. If a defeat at the ballot-box is to justify rebellion, the future history of the United States may be read in the past of Mexico. Allow me to say to my old friends, that you will be false and unworthy of your principles if you allow political defeat to convert you into traitors. *The shortest way now to peace is the most stupendous preparation for war.*"

From Springfield the Senator went to Chicago, where a great crowd greeted him. Here he again urged his friends and political supporters to stand by the Union, declaring that there has never

been a time, since Washington was inaugurated as the first President of the United States, when the rights of the States stood firmer under the laws of the land than they do now. . . . There are only two sides to this question; every man must be for the United States or against it. . . . *There can be no neutrals in this war,—only patriots and traitors.* Thank God, Illinois is not divided on this question! I know they expected to present a united South against a divided North. They hoped that in the Northern States party questions would bring civil war between Democrats and Republicans. There is but one way to defeat this. In Illinois it is being defeated by closing up the ranks. War will thus be prevented upon our own soil. . . . When the question comes of war in the cotton-fields of the South or in the corn-fields of the North, I say the further off it is the better. . . . I express it as my conviction before God, that it is the duty of every American citizen to rally around the flag of his country. . . . Illinois has a proud position,—united, firm, determined never to permit the government to be destroyed."

Every word of these eloquent and patriotic utterances was taken up, as they fell from the lips of Senator Douglas, and were telegraphed and read by millions from ocean to ocean. It is impossible to over-estimate their power and influence in that crisis of his country's fate.

The great Senator did not long survive them. After delivering this Chicago address, he went to the old Tremont House which had long been his home; and he never left it. He lived to see tens of thousands of his followers, at his call, spring to arms to save the country; and then, overcome with his labors, he was prostrated upon a bed of sickness, and on the 3d day of June,—less than two months after the firing upon Fort Sumter,—he died. He sent a final admonition to his sons, who were far away: "Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States." These were his last words.

The end of compromise had come. The conflict between the theories of Hamilton and Jefferson, as to whether the United States of America was, under the Constitution, a complete, enduring, indivisible nation, or a mere aggregation of States either of which

could nullify the action of the general government or withdraw from it at will, had been submitted to the arbitration of the sword.

President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men to uphold the authority of the government. The ink with which the proclamation had been written was scarcely dry, when Richard Yates, the Governor of Illinois, issued a proclamation calling for volunteers and convening the Legislature in extra session. The call of the Governor was responded to with alacrity and enthusiasm. Douglas men and Lincoln men, animated by the same patriotic emotions, came forward, and side by side took their places in the ranks. It immediately appeared that far more men were offering themselves than were required to fill the quota. Many could not be accepted; and it was pathetic to see the disappointment of those brave men whom it was necessary to reject.

On the 29th of April Governor Yates received a telegram from the Secretary of War requesting him, as soon as enough Illinois troops were mustered in, to send a force to occupy Cairo. He did not wait for troops to be mustered in. In less than forty-eight hours, he had General Swift of Chicago flying down upon a special train of the Illinois Central Railway, with four batteries of artillery and six companies of infantry, and the most important strategic point west of the Alleghanies was safe in our possession. Cairo was from that time forward the central point of all the movements of our armies on the western rivers. The movement for its occupation was not made a day too soon.

Six regiments of volunteers were at once organized in Illinois. Out of respect for our six splendid Illinois regiments that served in the Mexican War, the numbering of the regiments then organized began with the seventh; and this was the number of the first Illinois regiment organized for service in the Civil War. The Colonels of these six new regiments were as follows: Seventh, John Cook; Eighth, Richard J. Oglesby; Ninth, Eleazer A. Paine; Tenth, Benjamin M. Prentiss; Eleventh, W. H. L. Wallace; Twelfth, John McArthur.

I was at Springfield when these regiments were organized, and assisted the Governor and State officers in the arduous labors so suddenly thrust upon them, becoming deeply interested in the work, and spending much time at the Capitol.

CHAPTER II.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND

CENTRAL among the patriotic figures of that heroic time in Illinois was our illustrious Governor, Richard Yates. The people of the State, imbued with patriotism, fervent in zeal for the welfare of their country, loyal, brave, enthusiastic, found concentrated in him all the elements of character and aspiration which animated themselves. He was the beau ideal of their quickened imaginations. Impulsive, eloquent, fearless, when it appeared to him that a thing ought to be said, he never hesitated, but proclaimed it with such startling audacity and brilliancy as to arrest attention from the Wisconsin line to Cairo; and he never failed to arouse the people to action. If he thought a thing should be done, he did it at once; and before anyone realized that it was under consideration it was already accomplished.*

One day, as I was seated by the Governor, while he was reading his mail, he handed me a letter. It was written upon foolscap paper, and covered the whole large sheet. It was from a small village in Southern Illinois. The substance of the letter was, that they had called a meeting there to enlist a company for the Union army. They were also to raise a pole, and fly the American flag upon it. As they were about to raise the pole, a large number of rebel sympathizers ("copperheads" we afterwards

*In his inaugural address, three months before hostilities began, Governor Yates said: "Can it be supposed for a moment that the people of the Valley of the Mississippi will ever consent that their great river shall flow for hundreds of miles through a foreign jurisdiction, and they be compelled, if not to fight their way in the face of forts frowning upon its banks, to submit to the imposition and annoyance of arbitrary taxes and exorbitant duties to be levied upon their commerce? I believe that before that day shall come, either shore of the 'Father of Waters' will be a continous sepulchre of the slain, and, with its cities in ruins and the cultivated fields on its sloping sides laid waste, it shall roll its foaming tide in solitary grandeur, as at the dawn of creation. I know that I speak for Illinois, and I believe for the Northwest, when I declare them a unit in the unalterable determination of her millions, occupying the great basin drained by the Mississippi, to permit no portion of that stream to be controlled by a foreign jurisdiction. . . . On the question of the Union of these States, all our people will be a unit. The foot of the traitor has never yet blasted the green sward of Illinois. All the running waters of the Northwest are waters of freedom and union; and come what will, as they glide to the great Gulf they will ever, by the Ordinance of 1787, and by the higher ordinance of Almighty God, bear only free men and free trade upon their bosoms, or their channels will be filled by the commingled blood of traitors, cowards, and slaves."

Yours Truly
Richd. Yates

called them), all armed, some of them desperadoes, rushed in upon them and overpowered them, tore up the flag, chopped up the pole, and broke up the meeting. They asked the Governor what they should do.

Before I had finished reading the long letter, the Governor had finished his reply, and was waiting to show it to me. It briefly summarized their letter, and then said, as I remember: "My advice is that you at once call another meeting, and get another flag and pole. Go on as before to raise your company. Arm yourselves completely. Do not provoke a quarrel, but if you are attacked kill as many of your assailants as possible; and if a jury can be found in Illinois that will convict any one of you for defending the flag of your country, I will pardon him."

As may be supposed, there was no further interference with patriotic meetings in our State, and disloyal men were more respectful in their treatment of the Stars and Stripes. This, it should be remembered, was some time before General John A. Dix issued his famous order: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

The messages and proclamations and addresses of Governor Yates, eloquent, enthusiastic, instinct with patriotism, would fill volumes. His energy and activity were tremendous. He could brook no delay, and was always impatient to accomplish results. He was always urging the authorities at Washington to move faster,— to do more,— to hasten every movement to overwhelm the enemy. Under his administration, two hundred and fifty-nine thousand Illinois men were put into the field, organized into a hundred and fifty-six regiments of infantry, seventeen regiments of cavalry, and two regiments of artillery.

Governor Yates's devotion to the soldier did not cease when that soldier was mustered in and had marched away. The Governor followed him to the battlefield, bound up his wounds, and brought him home to be nursed by loving relatives and friends or to die surrounded by them. He was always on the alert to see that Illinois soldiers in the field were properly fed and clothed, and that, so far as possible, they were provided with comforts. He richly earned the title by which he was everywhere known, "The Soldier's Friend."

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN GRANT OF GALENA

ONE day I called at the office of Mr. O. M. Hatch, Secretary of State, which at that time was a place of general rendezvous of Illinois politicians who came to Springfield, and there I found Mr. E. B. Washburne of Galena, the distinguished member of Congress, whom I knew. They were just then speaking of a gentleman who had come down from Galena with a company of volunteers from that place, under Mr. Washburne's escort.

"I have very little acquaintance with the gentleman," said Mr. Washburne, "and very few of our people at Galena know him. He is in his father's and his brother's leather store, and his duties are to keep accounts. He receives and weighs and pays for rawhides, as they are delivered at the back door, on the alley. This has not brought him into relations with the people of the town. He lives in a modest cottage on the hill, has quite a large family, and is, I think, in straitened circumstances. The profits of the business are not large, and of course his services cannot be very remunerative. He is a graduate of West Point, served with credit in the Mexican War, and afterwards under Fremont in California, attaining the rank of captain; and while out there he resigned, I do not know why. A few persons at Galena were aware that he had been an army officer; and on this account, when we called a meeting to raise our company, he was made chairman. It was on that occasion I first met him, although he had lived for some time in our city. He certainly was not a brilliant presiding officer; he said nothing, except simply what was necessary in putting the questions when motions were made."

"He seems very quiet," said Mr. Hatch.

"Yes," said Mr. Washburne; "but, quiet as he ordinarily is, he talks well when he feels himself at home. He has views about the organization and equipment of our regiments which may be worth considering. I persuaded him to come down here with us."

After the Galena company was accepted, the captain of whom Mr. Washburne spoke was about to start for home, when the Governor persuaded him to remain a few days, hoping that he

might be found useful. The Governor assigned him a desk in the Adjutant-General's office, adjoining his own. There I found him, with a mass of papers before him relating to our new regiments. The Governor introduced me to Captain Grant, Captain Ulysses S. Grant.

I observed nothing in the gentleman's manner or bearing to indicate that he was a military man, or that his tastes or antecedents were in that direction. But, on talking with him, I found that he knew much of military affairs, that he had very carefully studied the situation, and, as Mr. Washburne had said, had views of his own about them. I also found that he had been an observer of public affairs generally, and had opinions upon other subjects besides military ones. He seemed as modest as a girl, and, except when called upon or drawn out, was disinclined to talk. Unpretentious and retiring as he was, I believe that, but for the exigencies of the occasion, he would have been no better known or appreciated at Springfield than he had been at Galena. As it was, scarcely anybody at Springfield knew him, or was aware of his presence at the Capitol, except those with whom he was brought into direct contact through the service he was performing. Many men who had earned distinction in politics or otherwise, and were aspiring to positions in the volunteer service, were about the Governor's office; and it was but natural that they, rather than this modest gentleman whose name no one there had ever heard, should receive attention.

When I met this man, there seemed to be in his manner something familiar to me; and when I met him afterwards I felt sure that I had formerly known him,—but where, I could not possibly recall. One day I mentioned this to the Captain, and he said, "It is all perfectly clear; I have met you before, and I was waiting for you to speak of it, but should have finally spoken of it myself if you had not. You were quite young then, and it is not at all remarkable that you should not be able to recall me. Do you remember taking a Mississippi steamer for Quincy with some Illinois gentlemen, and coming down to the boat with them in company with General Silverton and his daughter, and how I was so attracted by the Kentucky mare the young lady rode that I went off the boat to look her over?"

"I remember it all very well, Captain," I said. "And you are the gentleman I met then? I recall the way you looked the mare over, and the comments you made about her afterwards."

"The fact is," the Captain went on, "I was about as much interested in the bright young lady who handled the mare so well; but I did not say so. I was also much interested in General Silverton,— such a fine Southern gentleman, a type we do not often see nowadays. I have since learned more about him, and become much interested in him. You are to be envied in having visited his place and seen his fine stock, although I understand he is devoting himself more to raising the standard of cattle than of horses."

Afterwards the Captain said he had read of Leonard Swett, another of our former party, the close friend of Mr. Lincoln.

"You did not wish to be presented to him," I said.

"No," he said. "I knew he would not care to meet a man in my position. I never permit myself to intrude upon such men. There is nothing in me or in my position in common with such gentlemen as Mr. Swett."

"I have not forgotten, Captain, the lady who called you 'Lyss,'" I said, "and who so gracefully turned me off by changing the subject when I was pursuing you with my laudations of General Fremont."

"My wife and my near relatives all call me 'Lyss,'" he said; "it is short for Ulysses."

Captain Grant made himself so useful, and showed such good sense, that the Governor became satisfied he was capable of more responsible duties than those incident to a desk in his office, and accordingly he placed him in command of the camps of organization,— "Camp Yates" at Springfield, the camp at Mattoon which was named "Camp Grant," and "Camp Douglas" at Anna in Union County. His duties had especial reference to the organization and mustering of troops.

The Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois volunteers, organized at Mattoon, had become very much demoralized. Over a thousand men had assembled there for duty, but through laxity of discipline and other causes, only about six hundred were ready to be mustered into the service. The Governor was desirous of finding an efficient and experienced officer to place in command of the regiment.

The Hon. Jesse K. Dubois, State Auditor,—the Nestor of the State administration,—advised that Captain Grant be offered the Colonelcy of the regiment. He was seconded in this by Colonel John S. Loomis, who was upon terms of personal intimacy with the Captain. Accordingly the Governor telegraphed Captain Grant, who was temporarily visiting his father at Covington, Kentucky, offering him the place. Captain Grant, with some misgivings as to his ability to perform the duties of so high a position, accepted the appointment, and took command of the regiment at Springfield, to which place it had been ordered, his commission as Colonel dating from June 15, 1861. In less than ten days he had filled the regiment to the maximum standard.

Colonel Grant was ordered to Missouri with his regiment, and was notified that railway transportation would be provided. He replied that it was his understanding that infantry should move on foot, and that he would march unless there was some emergency requiring haste. Accordingly the Twenty-first marched away, the only one of our regiments that left Springfield on foot. When the regiment reached the Illinois River, it was found that the situation in Northern Missouri required its immediate presence in the field, and it was transported by rail to Quincy. It was said that when it concluded its march to the river, Colonel Grant's was the best disciplined Illinois regiment in the service.

The history of General Grant from the time he thus entered the field is known by everyone. Many times I have heard Governor Yates, in public speeches and in private conversation, boast that "these fingers signed the commission that gave General Grant to his country and to the world."

CHAPTER IV.

SOME ILLINOIS WAR-HEROES

IN recalling the memories of those heroic times I cannot forbear mentioning briefly a few of the men I knew best among the prominent figures that are inseparably connected with the history of Illinois. The names I choose are put forward with no invidious intent; the war-heroes of Illinois are too many for one man to

know them all, and those here presented are simply those that came most in the range of my personal acquaintance and observation.

Prominent among these heroic figures is Captain John Pope, who came to Springfield early in the war to assist in the work of mustering State troops into the service of the government. Captain Pope belonged to one of the oldest and most distinguished families in the State. His father, Judge Nathaniel Pope, was the Delegate in Congress while Illinois was a Territory; and he was afterwards a District Judge. It was Judge Pope, who, as has been stated in these pages, was so largely influential in extending the limits of Illinois on the north to its present boundary.

Captain Pope, like Captain Grant, was a graduate of West Point; and, also like Captain Grant, he had served with credit in the Mexican War. But while Captain Grant at the time he came to Springfield had no position, Captain Pope was still holding his commission in the army, and was in active service. Since the Mexican War, Captain Pope had been entrusted with important military duties, and had performed them well. Elegant in deportment, charming in manners, with the bearing of a trained soldier, we regarded Captain Pope as a favorite son of Illinois, destined for a grand career.

He rose rapidly in military rank and prominence, and was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers on the same day that Grant was,—May 17, 1861. He had very important commands and distinguished himself in several campaigns and engagements, notably at Island Number Ten, in the Mississippi River. The Army of Virginia was finally placed under him. With the opportunities that had come to him, if he had succeeded as well as his friends had reason to expect, he would have become the most conspicuous hero of the War. Burnside and Hooker were given similar opportunities, but were equally unsuccessful. In the case of General Pope, his friends and admirers believed, and many still believe, that but for the envy and jealousy of military rivals, he would have accomplished all that was expected of him. That many of the statements put forth regarding his actions and utterances were unjust and cruel, seems apparent. That his manner, or I may say his temperament, was of such a nature as to awaken a spirit of antagonism and jealousy in the breasts of the officers who served with and under him, cannot be denied.

It may be truthfully said of General Grant that, resolute and inexorable as he was, and important as were the commands to which he was assigned, and rapid as were his promotions until at last all the armies of the United States were placed under him, no one who served with him or under him ever became envious or jealous of him. He was so just and generous and fair toward others, and withal so modest, that it was impossible to feel otherwise than devoted to him. He had great military ability, it is true; but other men of great military ability have failed utterly, while Grant always succeeded. Except for the repulse on the first morning of the battle of Shiloh, he was scarcely ever criticised, and never censured; and in that case he was able to gain all and more than all that was lost, and to achieve in the end a great victory. His officers and soldiers always supported him with zeal, and the more desperate the extremity the more enthusiastically they rallied to him.

General Pope lacked those qualities which attached men to him. Had General Pope, with his great abilities, been endowed with those personal qualities, he might have achieved far greater distinction for himself and far more glory for his country. The qualities which he so much lacked were conspicuous in General Grant. There is nothing more beautiful or impressive in the history of the great war than the record of the devotion and loyalty to General Grant of Generals Sherman and Sheridan, military chieftains who were in many respects his equals, and in some his superiors. It may be truthfully said that all the really great soldiers under General Grant's command were imbued with a similar spirit of devotion and loyalty.

General Grant was known as the silent man. He was frequently called a sphinx. This was because, when interrogated upon a delicate subject, upon which he did not wish to express himself (as was the case when I asked him about General Fremont on the Mississippi steamboat), he would, without explanation or apology, simply say nothing in reply,— a peculiarity I have never observed in any other person. With his intimate friends, and with those in whom he had confidence, Grant was never a silent man. With them, he was very fond of talking, and talked well,— so much, sometimes, as to seem almost garrulous.

One of the ablest and most conspicuous of our Illinois Generals was Stephen A. Hurlbut. While not reared to the profession

of arms, General Hurlbut had all the elements of a soldier. Born at Charleston, South Carolina, he studied law in the office of James L. Petigru, and practised his profession for several years in that hotbed of secession. He was a soldier in the Florida War, first a sergeant and finally a lieutenant on the staff, thus gaining a taste for military affairs. At Charleston he came thoroughly to understand and appreciate the spirit of discontent and impatience of restraint which finally plunged the State into the vortex of secession. Loyal and devoted to the Union as he himself was, this made a deep impression upon General Hurlburt and intensified his patriotism. When nearly thirty years old, he removed to Illinois and located at Belvidere, Boone County, where he entered upon the practice of his profession. He was a member of the convention that made the State Constitution of 1848, and was several times a member of the Legislature. While so serving, his relations became intimate with Mr. Lincoln, who esteemed him so highly that he made him one of the first Brigadier-Generals chosen from among civilians.

General Hurlburt was first placed in command in Northern Missouri, which he found infested with guerilla bands. While he respected the armies and the men actually organized and fighting for what they regarded as their rights, he looked upon the marauding and depredations of the bands that infested Missouri as nothing less than robbery and murder; and he dealt with their perpetrators severely. Not only this, but he held the counties and districts and cities that harbored and protected these outlaws responsible for their acts, and exacted from them reparation. Of course he was severely criticised, but he fearlessly did what he believed to be his duty, in which President Lincoln and the loyal people sustained him.

There can be no more thrilling nor pathetic story gleaned from the history of Illinois in the war than the account of the life and services and the sad death of General T. E. G. Ransom. I knew him well, and I never knew a more charming and worthy gentleman. He seemed too gentle to be a real soldier. Illinois never sent to the field a man of greater courage and fortitude. He entered the volunteer service as Major of the Eleventh Illinois Infantry, and, young as he was, rose from grade to grade until he

was a general officer entrusted with the most important commands. He was four times wounded in as many battles. General Grant speaks of him as "a most gallant and intelligent volunteer officer," and said that he "would have been equal to the command of a corps at least."*

General John A. McClernand was for many years prior to the Civil War the most conspicuous Democrat in Illinois, excepting only Senator Douglas. He had served for many years in Congress and in other responsible positions, and had been prominently identified with important public affairs. Although of the opposite political party, Mr. Lincoln had recognized and appreciated General McClernand's abilities. He was a man of culture and education, preparing his public utterances with such scholarly care that he was called "The Grecian Orator." As a soldier, General McClernand showed marked ability. He was a division and corps commander at Fort Henry, at Donelson, at Shiloh, and at Vicksburg.

General B. M. Prentiss, whom we used to call "Ben," was one of the most earnest, patriotic, whole-souled men I ever knew. He had served in the Mexican War, rising to the rank of Captain. He was very popular at Quincy, where he lived, and was foremost in all civic and military organizations. He was a good speaker, making up in earnestness and enthusiasm what he lacked in culture. His occupation was that of a rope-maker, and he used to say facetiously in his speeches, that to "spin yarns" was his trade. Within a week after Fort Sumter was fired upon, Captain Prentiss was at Cairo, at the head of a battalion of brave Quincy men, ready to defend that important position; and he continued in active service throughout the war. His name will always be associated with the battle of Shiloh, where his division was the first to receive the tremendous onslaught of the enemy, and the most

* General Ransom's death was as glorious as if he had fallen in battle. On the march to Rome, after he had taken part in the campaign which gave us Atlanta, he was taken sick; but although very weak, he persisted in remaining at the head of his command, although obliged much of the time to ride in an ambulance. Generals Sherman and Howard, and the medical directors, begged him to allow himself to be reported sick; but his reply was, "I will stay with my command until I leave in my coffin." He finally became so weak that he had to be carried by four men on a litter, and he died in a house by the wayside into which he was carried. He would have been thirty years old in the November following his death.

heroic in resisting it. The report went out at the time, and was generally believed, that General Prentiss and his whole command were captured that morning in their beds. The fact is that Prentiss was a wall of fire resisting the repeated assaults of the enemy from daylight in the morning until half-past five o'clock in the evening of that long heroic struggle, when, failing to be supported, he and his command were captured.*

I wish I could tell in detail the story of the life of General Philip Sidney Post; of his gallantry at Pea Ridge, where he was severely wounded; of his storming Montgomery Hill during the battle of Nashville, and his still more gallant charge upon Overton's Hill on the day after, when he received what was supposed to be a mortal wound; of his whole career during the war, and, after its close, of his success abroad in the Consular service, and at home as a Member of Congress. I wish I might recount the wonderful raid of General B. H. Grierson, which threw Generals Forrest and John Morgan in the shade. A whole volume could be illumined by an account of the heroism of General W. H. L. Wallace, who fell at Shiloh. I should delight in giving the history of General John A. Rawlins, the constant companion and friend of General Grant as Adjutant-General, and afterwards Secretary of War under the same great chief. Gladly would I write of General Smith D. Atkins, still an honored citizen of Freeport,—of his gallantry at Shiloh, and of his campaigns and battles under Kilpatrick. I could tell many things of General A. L. Chetlain, a man of French Huguenot stock, who was chosen Captain of the Galena company raised at the famous war meeting over which Captain U. S. Grant presided; of his honorable service at Forts Henry and Donelson, at Shiloh and Corinth, and of his career in civil life since the war. I could talk for hours of General C. E. Lippincott, of dear, gallant, brave "Charley" Lippincott, whom every patriot loved, of his splendid service in the war and his honorable career in civil life at home. I should like to tell of the gallantry of Colonel William R. Morrison, and of his distinguished service

* The historian John Fiske, in summing up the battle of Shiloh, says: "If among the Federal Generals there is anyone who deserves especial commemoration as having saved the day, it is Benjamin Prentiss for the glorious stand which he made in the Hornets' Nest."

after the war as leader of his party in Congress, one of the ablest and most genial men Illinois has produced.*

I do not feel able to do justice to an account of the service of General W. P. Carlin, who belongs to one of the oldest and best families of the State, as it has never been my privilege to know him well. The brave Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, our first martyr, murdered when hauling down a rebel flag at Alexandria, Virginia, must never be forgotten by the people of Illinois. I could write a volume about the Honorable Joseph W. Fifer, "Private Joe," who enlisted when scarcely in his teens, and after the war became State Senator and then Governor, proving that a private may be as able a statesman as a General. I want to tell of the services of General Thomas J. Henderson, with whom I made speeches for Fremont in 1856,—of his splendid career as a soldier, and of his twenty years' service in Congress; of Colonel T. Lyle Dickey, the friend of Lincoln, soldier, jurist, legislator; of the heroic Major William H. Medill, one of the bravest and truest men Illinois sent to the field, of his heroism in a dozen battles until he finally fell while leading a desperate charge at Gettysburg; of General John L. Beveridge, still living, crowned with honors,—of his gallantry at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, and in the Seven Days Battles around Richmond, and of his administration as Governor of Illinois; of bluff and brave General John McArthur, still loved and honored by every old soldier who meets him in Chicago, and by every citizen who remembers his deeds at Donelson and Shiloh and Corinth, and all through the war; of Colonel John A. Bross, who fell with his face to the foe in the disastrous charge on Cemetery Hill, always enthusiastic and brave, yet fighting for principle rather than for glory; of the scholarly and genial Colonel J. D. Webster, who, by his skill in posting the artillery at Pittsburg Landing, helped to turn the tide of battle for the Union cause; of General John C. Black, soldier, lawyer, orator, covered with honorable scars from wounds received in battle; of General Thomas O. Osborne,

* Colonels John A. Logan and William R. Morrison, both Democrats and both from "Egypt," were wounded in the thickest of the fight at Donelson, and were carried together in the same ambulance from the field. General Logan used to tell the story that he said to Morrison, "Bill, did you get a bad lick?" "Yes," replied Morrison, nursing his wounded leg with a grimace and a growl. "Yes, John, I think I got enough to go home and beat Phil Fouke for Congress!" And he did.

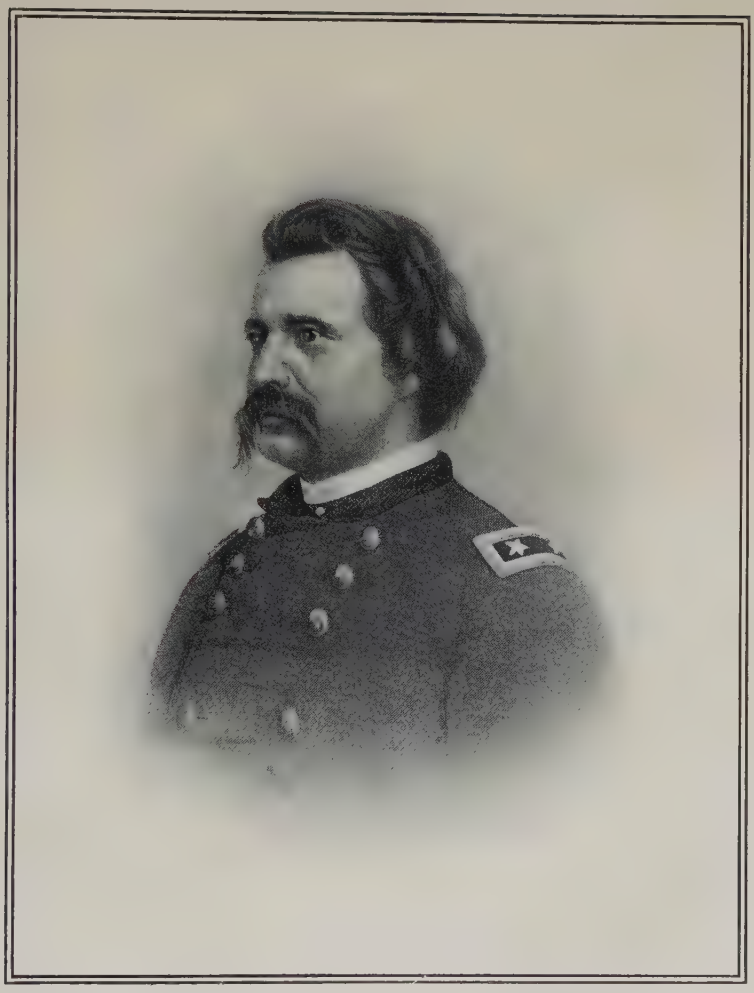
"Tom" Osborne, an able, cultured, genial man, whom everybody loves who knows him, who, after making a glorious record in the war, became a diplomat and ably represented his country abroad; of the gallant, brilliant General James A. Mulligan, of his heroic but hopeless defense of Lexington, Missouri, against great odds, of his glorious career in Virginia, until finally, mortally wounded at Winchester, he begged his men "not to lose the colors of the Irish Brigade," and, when his life-blood was ebbing away, as he was carried off the field gave his last dying order, "Lay me down and save the flag"; of Colonel Benjamin F. Marsh, "Frank Marsh," soldier, statesman, farmer, who made a fine record in the war, and has since been many years in Congress. I should especially like to speak of General James H. Wilson, who served successively as a staff officer with Generals T. W. Sherman, General McClellan, General McPherson, and General Grant, and won distinction as a cavalry commander second almost to none in the Union army. These are but a part of those I should like to speak of more fully, whose names are inscribed upon the scroll of fame of our great State of Illinois.

CHAPTER V.

OUR GREATEST VOLUNTEER SOLDIER

WORDS can hardly express the bitterness of feeling of the people in the neighborhood where I lived, and of the anti-slavery people generally throughout Illinois, against John A. Logan during the political campaign in which Mr. Lincoln was first elected President; and in this feeling I fully shared. Yet when the telegraph flashed the intelligence that he was dead, I found myself crying like a child.

Logan was the reputed author of the outrageous "black laws" of Illinois (though this charge was not true), and his name was connected with everything that was devised to humiliate and crush the black man; while in his speeches he held up the anti-slavery men to scorn and derision. His home was in lower "Egypt," far away from us, and our people estimated him only by what they read of his public utterances. They knew nothing of his good



John A. Logan

qualities, and presumed he had none. Yet this inexorable persecutor of the saints, this Saul of Tarsus of slavery, became the Apostle Paul of freedom. "When Saul was come to Jerusalem, he essayed to join himself to the disciples; but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple." This sentiment very fairly expresses the feeling of the people of our neighborhood concerning John A. Logan, when it became known that he was proposing to join the Union army.

From his childhood, John A. Logan had lived upon the borders of Kentucky and Missouri. His mother was a native of Tennessee, and most of his associates had always been Southern people or those of Southern lineage. Hence the breaking out of the Civil War found him in a very difficult position. The logic of events impelled him to turn against the people of the South, whom he had supported and defended, and with whom he had associated all his life, or be disloyal to his country. And in order to be loyal to his country, he must take sides with men he had always bitterly denounced, and who had constantly and bitterly denounced him. In case he should decide to take up arms for the integrity of the Union, he must fight side by side with the men who all his life had been his political enemies, and under the direction and control of Abraham Lincoln, whom he had held up to derision and scorn. Is it strange that with these antecedents and under these conditions there should have been a struggle in the heart of a young man of such intensity of feeling? Is it remarkable that in the appalling crisis that confronted him he should have given way to bitter expressions against those who, as he had always believed, were responsible for the unhappy condition of affairs? Is it strange that he should have become impatient with Senator Douglas for so hastily declaring himself to be on the side of Lincoln and against his old friends?

General Logan never used language to conceal his thoughts. He always spoke right out,—too bluntly sometimes, as it seemed to his friends. There was no mistaking his position. Reference has been made in a previous chapter to his disposition to grumble. A man who, when the test comes, is always ready and equal to every emergency, and never fails to do his duty, as was the case with John A. Logan, may be excused for grumbling. We know that when the supreme struggle of his life came, neither party

associations of a lifetime, nor the ties of friends and kindred, could swerve him from the course he had chosen. The decision was made to stand by his country's flag; and in this course he never faltered. As soon as his decision was made, he spoke in no uncertain tones. Although representing a Congressional district originally settled by Southern people, who at the breaking out of the war strongly sympathized with the South, he came out in a speech before the adjournment of the special session of Congress which was convened soon after the inauguration, and announced his undying loyalty and devotion to the Union. He followed this by resigning his seat in Congress, and drawing his sword in defense of his country.

The record of John A. Logan as a soldier is emblazoned upon the pages of his country's history, and need not be reproduced here. During the war, the most flattering inducements were held out to him to leave his command and take high positions in the councils of the nation. He had earned laurels enough, why not come home for substantial civic honors? Why not receive, as other soldiers had done, the tribute of commendation from the people at the polls? He was not the man for this. When again offered a seat in Congress, he replied in a most eloquent letter, appealing to his countrymen to stand by the army: "No! I am to-day a soldier of the Republic, so to remain, changeless and immutable, until her last and weakest enemy shall have expired and passed away. I have entered the field, to die if need be, for this government; and I never expect to return to peaceful pursuits until the object of this war of preservation has become a fact established."

He never faltered in this resolution. When he rode away from the grand review at Washington to the place of rendezvous for the final muster-out from service, and issued his wonderfully pathetic parting address to his soldiers, the commander of the Army of the Tennessee found himself, like his comrades, without occupation, position, or rank; simply mustered out of service.

Such a man, with such a record, could not be forgotten. He was offered a number of places — Minister to Mexico, Minister to Japan, and other honorable recognition. He would not accept. He was naturally a tribune of the people. Not until they called would he answer.

The people of Illinois were not slow in calling General Logan again to represent them in the councils of the nation. At the first opportunity, in but a little more than a year after he took part in the final grand review of the army, he was called from his retreat to represent the State at large in Congress; and from that time until his death, except for a period of two years, he represented Illinois in the national Senate and House of Representatives.

From the time when he proved that he loved his country better than his party, his sympathies and associations and labors were with the party under whose direction the country had been saved. In adversity as well as in prosperity, he never faltered. He was the boldest and most earnest champion of liberty, and of equality of citizenship. When the wail of the black man upon Southern fields entered his soul, he became at once, and was from that time forward, his most enthusiastic champion, and no original Abolitionist has done more for the emancipation and elevation of the negro. It would be difficult to name a man who, for a quarter of a century, was a more faithful, devoted, persistent advocate of the principles of a party than was John A. Logan. He not only stood by the principles of the Republican party, but he stood by the men who advocated those principles. He was not satisfied with himself gaining position, but he was just as determined that other men who had battled for those principles should be recognized. He was reviled, traduced, abused, called a machine politician; but he never faltered in his support of the men who carried his party to success. He never regarded it as a crime for a man to support the principles of the party to which he belonged.

In all his distinction as a Senator, General Logan never forgot that he had been a volunteer soldier, and never forgot his comrades in arms. They were to him as the apple of his eye. They were not only his comrades; they were his brothers, as dear to him as his kindred. Every pulsation of his heart, every emotion of his nature, went out in sympathy to them. He never forsook them, he never ceased to plan and labor and execute for them. During his whole remaining career he carried their trials, their burdens, and their sorrows, upon his own shoulders, as if they had been his own. In every legislative hall, upon the forum, in every public assemblage, his eloquent tongue pleaded for them. He gave them

comfort and consolation and hope. He bound up their wounds and smoothed their tear-stained pillows, and when the last tattoo was sounded and they laid themselves down to their final rest, he was the means of providing for their fatherless children. Though himself suffering from disease contracted in service with them, to which he finally succumbed, he would accept nothing from his country except the salary he earned. Yet he did more than any other toward placing four hundred thousand of his broken and suffering comrades and their helpless families upon the pension rolls of their grateful country.

General Logan was not one of those who had "greatness thrust upon him." Whatever he attained was by the "wrestling thews that throw the world." He always had an opinion upon measures and men. He always was in a position where duty and patriotism required that he should express his opinion. In councils of war and in councils of state, he was a leader. As such, he must provoke opposition. Others serenely followed in paths of which he was the pioneer, unscathed by the relentless foes he had valiantly met and overwhelmed, and, without provoking enmity, they complacently and without opposition reaped the fruits of victory. They could easily be reëlected, while he must meet the antagonism which had been provoked. No prominent American ever passed through so many exciting political contests. For everything he gained, he must go through a struggle. For him there were no fragrant meads nor green pastures beside still waters. Storms seemed always gathering to overwhelm him; his path was rugged and sore. There were always lions in the way; but he kept manfully on. No menaces of danger, no seductive lurings toward serene and quiet by-ways, could divert him. Through storm and danger and gloom he trod, fearlessly and without variableness, or shadow of turning from the pathway of duty, confident that those whom he had never betrayed would not fail him. In his career as statesman, as well as soldier, he always seemed to feel the elbow-touch of sympathy and support. Though standing alone in the Senate or House of Representatives, he seemed to feel a great multitude about him, ready to follow in every crisis. Panoplied with such faith and confidence, he was always brave. Others might falter, he did not. Neither Presidents, nor cabinets, nor combinations of statesmen could awe him.

He moved forward in the line of duty, surmounting every obstacle, until the victory promised to him that overcometh was achieved. At last, after all his conflicts and buffetings, just as he was about to reach the summit of earthly ambition, with the Presidency, to which a grateful people was ready to summon him, almost attained, he died,—one of the four greatest of the illustrious heroes whose fame is the chief pride and glory of Illinois.

. . . . . .

Lincoln, Douglas, Grant, and Logan! What other commonwealth can number among her immortals such great names? Such as these can scarcely be found in the realms of fancy. In the epics of Homer, such a galaxy does not appear. If one ascends the heights of Olympus and contemplates the Divinities in the sublimity and glory with which mythology endows them, he will search in vain for attributes so sublime and character so majestic. Had Illinois only given these four to the nation, she would have been distinguished as is no other commonwealth among the sisterhood of States. Yet were Lincoln and Douglas and Grant and Logan not numbered among those sent forth from the prairies, there would still appear in the firmament of American glory a constellation of Illinois statesmen and heroes that would illumine the world.

The temple of which the States of the American Union form the integral parts is the most sublime that was ever reared. Its foundations are laid in principles more substantial and enduring than granite; while the superstructure embodies and amplifies, in sublimity and beneficence, the wisdom and hopes and aspirations of all the ages.

In the midst of this mighty structure, exalted to lofty eminence, supported and dependent upon all the other States, uniting and giving strength and grace and beauty to the whole, so conspicuous through the achievements of her sons that all the people instinctively turn their eyes toward her, rises Illinois, whose splendors and glories illumine every part of the mighty edifice which she majestically canopies.

New York is justly called the Empire State, and Pennsylvania the Keystone State. Illinois must be recognized as the stately Dome of the American Republic.

CHAPTER VI.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUGITIVE

ONE day as I entered the Governor's office at Springfield, I met General Silverton. He took me aside and whispered eagerly: "He is alive; I have seen him!"

"Where is he, General?" I asked.

"I do not know where he is," he replied; "but I know he is alive."

"Have you spoken with him?" I asked.

"I have seen him," he said. "I know that it was he. Come to my room at the Chenery House this evening, and I will tell you all about it."

As I entered the General's room that evening, he was pacing the floor. He turned to me and exclaimed, as he had done before, "He is alive! I have seen him with my own eyes!"

"Where?" I asked.

"At her grave," he replied. He was so overcome that he tottered, and I feared he would fall. I assisted him to a chair, and after pausing a few moments to collect his thoughts, he went on more calmly.

"I frequently go over the river to look after the affairs of the Selby estate, and on such occasions I always visit her grave. On the day before yesterday, I went there on my customary business. In the evening, as the sun was going down, I took the path through the wood leading to the family burying-ground. I first stopped at the grave of my lamented sister, and, while musing there, I saw a young man stealthily making his way toward me across an open pasture from the direction opposite to that from which I had come. He was too far away for me to see his features, and my first thought was that he was one of the men belonging to the estate; but I soon saw that he was too well dressed and his bearing was too elegant for that. He carried in his hands a large paper box, and what was my astonishment to see him approach the grave of her who had been so dear to me. I was so hidden by clumps of shrubbery that while I could see him through the openings, he was unable to see me. He stopped at the grave, and after glancing about in

all directions he reverently removed his hat and fell upon his knees and bowed his head upon the little mound. He remained in that attitude for many minutes,—it seemed half an hour,—when he opened the box, and I saw that he was arranging flowers upon the grave. Although twilight was coming on, I was sure that he could be none other than the one I had so long and anxiously sought. I resolved to announce myself to him, but I had not the heart to interrupt him at his pious task. After arranging the flowers, he again fell upon his knees. I moved toward him. He arose and saw me; but whether or not he recognized me, I do not know. I hardly think he could have done so in the gathering darkness; but he turned and walked rapidly in the direction whence he had come. I called, but it only made him increase his speed. I hastened toward his retreating figure, calling to him to stop; but he continued more hastily until he was out of sight, and soon I heard the sound of wheels, which became more faint until it died away."

As may be supposed, I was intensely interested in this recital, interrupting the General with frequent exclamations. He proceeded as follows:

"Overcome with my emotions, I turned back to the grave. It was covered with roses, whose fragrance filled the air. I remained there for a long time,—how long, I cannot say. You can imagine, better than I can describe, the thoughts that came crowding back to me,—sad, sorrowful memories; but still there was consolation. For the first time in all these years of weary waiting, there was hope. He was still in the land of the living. What mattered it that he did not choose to make his identity known? I made up my mind then and there that I would pursue him no further,—that if he did not wish to see me it was my own fault, and not his. I thought that if God willed he would restore the young man to me in his own way and at his own good time.

"After a sleepless night, I repaired early the next morning to the same sacred spot. I saw the flowers, radiant with beauty as the first beams of the morning light fell upon them; and I was happy. Better than ever before in all my life I realized the significance of what is meant by 'the peace that passeth understanding.'

"I went home. I wanted to tell somebody about it. I could

not tell my wife; I could not tell Rose. I have longed to tell them the whole pitiful story; but they could not understand it. It would only bring sorrow and shame to them. I thought how glad I would be to talk with Colonel Besançon, and how much he would be interested. But he was not with me. The last I heard from him he was leaving New Orleans, in the hope of making his way through the lines and coming North. I wanted to tell you. Rose told me that you were still here. I felt that I must see you and tell you; and so I am here."

"But," I said, "General, do you not intend to make further search for the young man?"

"Not at all," he replied. "Now that I know he is among the living, and that he still loves his mother and is devoted to her memory, it is enough. Perhaps he is right, after all, in choosing to make his own way in the world. I will not disturb him in this ambition. For him to be known and recognized before the world, even by me, might do him great injury. I am going from here to Chicago on purpose to see Mr. Pinkerton and tell him to make no further efforts to locate the young man,— to drop the matter entirely."

"Have you any idea where he has gone?" I asked.

"None," he answered; "but he must have gone far away. He could not remain in this region without being recognized. At this moment he is perhaps on the ocean, having come a great distance to render that tribute of devotion to the memory of his angel mother. Could you have known her, and could you have seen them together, you would not wonder at it."

When I returned home I told Davis of the General's having seen the young man, and asked if I might not tell him about his visit to Galesburg, and of his letter; but Davis would not consent to it.

"If you remember," he said, "the letter especially enjoined me from giving the information to the General. Besides," he added, "the General himself has given up the search, leaving the whole question to work itself out as God wills."

CHAPTER VII.

THE EVOLUTION OF A COPPERHEAD

ROSE SILVERTON still wrote me frequently. She took great interest, as did I, in the events of the war. The guerrilla warfare going on just across the river in Missouri interested her deeply. She was impatient with General Fremont for his failure to send reinforcements to the brave Lyon at Wilson's Creek, and for failing to relieve the gallant Mulligan at Lexington. She said, "General Fremont has done only one good and brave thing, and that was his order freeing the slaves that came under the protection of the Union army; but President Lincoln revoked that." Her greatest indignation, however, was directed toward the disloyal men in the North who had became so active and malignant as to be designated by the term "Copperheads," a most significant name. The emblem of South Carolina was the rattlesnake, which always gives warning before making its deadly assault; while the copperhead, although as venomous, gives none. These disloyal men were secretly organizing themselves into bands in various localities, to resist every effort to sustain the Union. They at first called themselves "Knights of the Golden Circle," and afterwards "Sons of Liberty." Theirs was a dark-lantern organization, their objects being to oppose the authority of the government when they dared to do so, and to give all the aid and comfort possible to the enemy. In several localities they secretly drilled for active service. Several murders were committed by them, the most notorious in our part of the State being that of William Randolph of Macomb, a patriotic public officer who was killed while in the performance of his duty. They had, like other secret societies, their charters, grips, signs, and pass-words, which were used in common by the various branches or "circles."

I had learned that Dwight Earle was travelling over the State, organizing chapters of these Knights of the Golden Circle; and Rose wrote me that he had been at Pittsfield, and had tried to get Hobbs to join, but the proposal was rejected with scorn. Earle had doubtless counted on Hobbs's well-known prejudice against the blacks; but he had not counted on his devotion to Douglas

and the power of Douglas's influence over him. Rose wrote: "Hobbs is the most patriotic man I know of. I read him Senator Douglas's loyal and patriotic speeches, and he was deeply interested. When I read him the pathetic account of the Senator's death, and of his urging his sons to 'obey the laws and support the Constitution,' the big fellow actually broke out in sobs. Now he hates Copperheads more than he ever hated negroes. He wants to go into the army, and will enlist if Papa will consent when he comes home. It will not be safe for Dwight Earle to make another attempt to influence him."

Rose never mentioned Paul Percival in her letters. I sent her a clipping from a New York paper, stating that "Mr. Paul Percival, the rising young lawyer of this city, left here a few days ago for St. Louis, to enter the volunteer service there. Mr. Percival is a Lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment of New York, which at the first announcement that the Federal capital was in danger, marched to its relief, and, with the command of General B. F. Butler, was first to enter Washington. Mr. Percival has become convinced that the prospects of active service in the field are better in the West than in the East. It is understood that Hon. Francis P. Blair is interested in the young gentleman, and will try to have him placed in a position where he will have an opportunity to render his best services to his country."

One day a letter came from Rose saying that she wished to see me; and I was soon again at the Grange. As I walked up the great avenue, I was surprised and delighted to find Colonel Besançon upon the veranda with General Silverton. The Colonel explained that he had come up the river through the Confederate lines, which he was enabled to do by means of a letter requesting for him safe conduct, which had been given him by General Leonidas Polk, who had been for a long time the Episcopal Bishop at New Orleans, but upon the breaking out of the war had exchanged his surplice for a Confederate uniform and become a Major General. Bishop Polk was a nephew of President Polk, and had been educated at West Point. He and Colonel Besançon had been friends for many years; and when hostilities came and the Bishop had entered the military service of the South, the Colonel told him frankly that he was a Union man and wanted to

go North. General Polk tried at first to persuade him to cast his fortunes with the Confederacy; but finding him determined, he offered him the letter requesting his safe conduct up the river.

While the Colonel was explaining this, Mrs. Silverton and Rose appeared and welcomed me. After the greetings were over, Colonel Besançon said to Rose: "I met a friend of yours at St. Louis."

"A friend of mine?" asked Rose.

"An old friend," said the Colonel, "Mr., now Major, Paul Percival. The young gentleman now has that rank in a Missouri regiment. He is a *protégé* of Mr. Frank Blair, and is already distinguishing himself. He aided in the capture of Camp Jackson, and is now with the army at Rollo. When he heard I was at St. Louis, he came to see me about some business affairs he has been managing for me in New York, which he had been obliged to turn over to Mr. Evarts. I have never seen anyone more filled with military ardor, and I am sure he will distinguish himself. Few West Pointers are more thoroughly up in military tactics than he, and scarcely one of them is so much in earnest. Besides, he seems to comprehend the situation thoroughly. He said that the control of Missouri by the Union forces is absolutely essential to the overthrow of the Confederacy; that with our control of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, clear down to the Ohio river, we cannot afford to have Missouri, extending clear up to Iowa on the western border of Illinois, away above Quincy, continue in rebellion against the government, and become, as in fact it is already claimed to be, a part of the Confederacy. He said that through the promptness of Mr. Blair and the heroism and dash of General Lyon, St. Louis was already a Union city, and the rebels had been driven from the State Capitol; that Generals Pope and Prentiss and Hurlburt, all Illinois men, were making the State too hot for rebel guerrillas, and that General Curtis, under whom Major Percival is serving, is organizing an army to sweep the enemy from the State."

I observed that Rose was listening attentively to the narrative of Colonel Besançon. The Colonel continued: "Major Percival seemed much elated with the prospect of participating in a battle that is impending in the Southwest. The Confederate troops in

that quarter, including the commands of Generals Price and McCullough, have all been placed under that brilliant officer General Van Dorn, who is massing them along the southwestern border of Missouri. General Van Dorn has about twenty thousand men, besides five thousand Choctaw and Cherokee Indians under the command of General Albert Pike. General Samuel R. Curtis, an experienced Union officer, is massing an army at Rolla, where Major Percival is, to meet Van Dorn. General Curtis has with him such officers as Carr, Sigel, Jeff C. Davis, Osterhaus, Asboth, and Dodge. Van Dorn is determined to drive the Union troops out of Missouri, and General Curtis is equally determined to drive out Van Dorn. Each army is made up of the bravest men in the West, commanded by such brilliant officers as I have mentioned. Major Percival says that the feeling on both sides is such that nothing can prevent a desperate battle."

"Have the rebels really taken those savages into their army to fight our men?" asked Rose, with horror.

"They have," said General Silverton; "but they will be disappointed in them. Indians cannot stand up against soldiers, though they will torture and massacre if they get a chance."

Rose shuddered, and asked, "Will Mr. Percival be exposed to all this?"

"He will," replied the General, "if he falls into their hands."

That evening, as Rose joined me in the drawing-room, she asked me if I still wrote to Mr. Percival. I told her that I did not,—that I could not do so after what had passed between her and him.

"Write to him! Write to him!" she exclaimed. "Tell him that I love him, and that for my sake he must take care of himself, —must not throw his life away. Think of those awful savages! I do not, I never can love him as I might have done; he can never be anything but a friend; but next to my father and mother, he is more to me than any other human being, except—except the one he so cruelly wronged in the words he spoke to me. And yet he is so noble, so generous, so kind! Oh, if only those cruel words could be blotted from my memory! It was so contrary to his whole nature; I cannot understand it."

"Rose," I said, "calm yourself. As you ask it, I will write

to him and tell him what you say. More than this,— I will ask him to come and visit you. It is not far away; perhaps he can get a leave of absence for so short a journey. And when he comes, you will forget all that estranged you from him. I always felt you were suited to each other."

"Do not say that!" she exclaimed. "Never say that again! I never knew my own heart until he revealed it to me so rudely and so cruelly. I can never be more than a sister to him; yet I would go through fire and blood to shield him. But you must not ask him to come here. In the first place, I do not think he would come; and besides, I am afraid my father would not receive him. Papa has become prejudiced toward him; and while he says nothing against him, he feels offended that Mr. Percival so studiously avoided him at New York and Washington. I cannot think this was intentional, yet Papa feels it was so, and feels it deeply."

"Then you do not wish me to write to Major Percival, after all?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Write to him and tell him how anxious we are about him, and tell him to take care of himself,— that his life is precious to us, and he must not throw it away."

"I do not think such advice as that will have much influence with a brave man like Major Percival," I said; "but when I reach home I will write him."

"And ask him," Rose added, "to write to you. I want to hear from him, and I especially wish him to know that we are still interested in him."

CHAPTER VIII.

A MEAL FOR TAURUS

"WE have not told you about Dwight Earle's having been here," said Mrs. Silverton, laughing.

"Has he been here again?" I asked.

"He has," she said. "He came to see Hobbs."

General Silverton, who would never talk about Paul Percival, had all the time been reading, or pretending to read, his paper. When Earle was mentioned, he burst out laughing.

"Tell them about it," said Mrs. Silverton.

The General could hardly suppress his merriment sufficiently to tell the story. "I was writing in the library," he said, "when Mrs. Silverton came in and told me that Earle had come and wanted to see Hobbs, and she had sent him around to the barn to find him. Soon we heard Hobbs swearing as no one but Hobbs can swear, and we went out on the back porch to listen. Hobbs was calling Earle a liar, and applying to him every epithet in his choice vocabulary. We heard him say, 'Yer allow Dugliss was a turncoat an' a traitor, do yer? Thet he sold out to the Ab'litionists, do yer? Yer call Dugliss a Linkern hireling, do yer? I'll put yer whar you'll quit that yawp! Yer won't let on no more about nothin'!' and Hobbs seized Earl by the collar and by the seat of the trousers and carried him bodily down the lane. I thought he was going to duck the rascal in the creek, which would not have been so far amiss; but he turned off with him and went straight toward the pasture where we keep Taurus the bull, and began letting down the bars with one hand while holding Earle with the other. The great bull has grown ill-natured with his advancing years, and nobody but Hobbs and the man who works with him dare go near the brute. Evidently Hobbs had determined, like the old Egyptians, to sacrifice Earle to the bull. Taurus, with head and tail erect, was ready for the attack. It would have been but the work of a moment for the beast to tear the man's body into shreds. I ran down the lane, Mrs. Silverton and Rose following. In another minute Hobbs would have had his man inside and the bars up, and his fate would have been sealed. When I called to Hobbs to desist, he paused, still holding Earle by the nape of the neck with his right hand and caressing the third bar from the top with his left, while the bull was looking impatiently on. Hobbs exclaimed, 'Lemme be, General! lemme be! He called Dugliss a Linkern hirelin', a turncoat, an' a traitor,—said he'd sold out the Democratic party to the Ab'litionists. Leave me an' the bull alone with him, General! We've got him whar we want him!' Earle was pleading for his life, and I could not help pitying him. Hobbs was so determined that I really believe if I had been there alone he would have disobeyed me. But he never would disobey Rose. She

walked straight up to him and looking him in the eye said, 'Hobbs, you have never disobeyed me in your life. You know how I have stood by you. If you disobey me now, you will never have another opportunity,' and pointing her finger at Earle, said, 'Hobbs, let that man go!' Hobbs released his hold, and the man skulked away under the shadow of the fence, bareheaded, his nether garments torn where Hobbs had held him, and without a word to us he was gone. It is safe to say that he will not soon appear again at the Grange."

We could not help laughing at the recital, when we found that Earle was safely rescued. As for me, I had become interested in Hobbs, and forgave him for the little things which had annoyed me. I asked what had become of him.

"Gone!" they all exclaimed.

"Gone where?" I asked.

"Gone to the war," the General replied.

"What regiment is he in?" I asked.

"I do not know," answered the General, "but it is some Missouri regiment. He was determined to enlist, and I tried to get him into an Illinois regiment; but our quota was full, and he went to St. Louis and enlisted there."

"It is certainly surprising," I said, "that Hobbs should become a Union soldier!"

"He is one," said the General, "and will do his duty. It all comes from his devotion to Senator Douglas. He has talked of the Senator's injunctions ever since that great man died, and, like tens of thousands of other Douglas men, he is now in the Union ranks. No one can estimate how much Stephen A. Douglas did to unite the people of Illinois, and of the whole North, in support of the Government."

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE

THE importance of the battle of Pea Ridge was never fully appreciated by the American people, especially by those living east of the Mississippi river. It was one of the most desperate battles of the war, and the issues involved were of supreme import-

ance to the Union cause. Upon them depended the question of our supremacy in Missouri and Arkansas, and finally in all the region west of the Mississippi. In fact, it involved far more than this.

General Grant had already achieved his victory at Belmont; had seized Paducah, thereby precipitating the fall of Columbus; had taken Fort Henry and won his great victory at Fort Donelson, and was now moving up the Tennessee River into the heart of the Confederacy. Had our army been defeated and overwhelmed in Missouri, as the Confederates intended and expected, General Grant would have had an enemy in his rear, and been unable to proceed. Had the Confederates overwhelmed the Union army at Pea Ridge, they would have driven us back upon the Mississippi, and there would have been a struggle on our part to hold St. Louis, if indeed that had been possible.

General Samuel R. Curtis, a graduate of West Point, who when the war broke out had retired from the regular army and was a member of Congress from Iowa, was placed in command of the Union troops. His entire force consisted of not more than twelve thousand four hundred men, with which he was to resist the advance of twenty-five thousand Confederates under command of General Van Dorn. The latter had made such a disposition of his troops as he believed would enable him, when his expected victory should be achieved, to cut off every avenue of retreat, to destroy or capture General Curtis's entire army, and to march on St. Louis. Never was a military commander more disappointed; never was an army or a people more humiliated. Instead of capturing and destroying the Union army, General Van Dorn was himself defeated and his army destroyed. The men of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Indiana, native and foreign born, composing the Union army, proved to be as brave as the Confederate troops whom General Van Dorn led, and more stubborn and persistent, and capable of greater endurance. For three days they fought with such desperate courage as has seldom been recounted in the annals of history.

In carrying out his plan of battle, General Van Dorn adopted a policy somewhat similar to that afterwards attempted by General

Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh. He sought to break through our lines by massing his troops in unexpected quarters. On the second day, such an attempt was made upon the fourth division of our army, commanded by Eugene A. Carr, an Illinois officer, Colonel of the Third Illinois Cavalry, who, like the other division commanders, was an acting Brigadier-General. General Carr's division was composed of two brigades, one commanded by General G. M. Dodge and the other by General William Vandevier, with a few other regiments of infantry and some batteries of artillery. Throughout nearly the entire day, that gallant division bore the brunt of the battle at Pea Ridge. General Curtis was anxious to give General Carr the support he so much needed, but could not do so without weakening his left and centre. It is claimed by the officers and men of General Carr's division that but for the fortitude and perseverance of its commander and his officers and men, the battle would have been irretrievably lost. There can be scarcely a question that if that division had given way or wavered the result would have been disastrous to the Union cause. While giving due credit to all the other commanders and troops engaged, General Curtis recognized the transcendant importance of the action of that division, as affecting the result.*

For his gallantry at Pea Ridge, Colonel Carr was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and was afterwards awarded the medal voted by Congress for distinguished bravery in battle. From that time forward, during the entire war, this Illinois soldier

* In recounting the incidents of the battle and the awful carnage in which the fourth division was all day engaged, contesting every inch of ground, General Curtis says in his official report; "Colonel Carr sent for reinforcements, and I sent a few cavalry and the little mountain howitzer under Major Bowen. These did good service at a most critical period. I urged Colonel Carr to stand firm, that more force could be expected soon. Subsequently Colonel Carr sent me word that he could not hold his position much longer. I could then only reply by sending him the order to 'persevere.' He did persevere, and the sad havoc in the Ninth and the Fourth Iowa, and in Phelps's Missouri and Major Weston's Twenty-fourth Missouri regiments, and all the troops in that division, will show how earnest and continuous was their perseverance. . . . It must have been five o'clock when I brought the force to the aid of Colonel Carr. He had received three or four shots, — one a severe wound in the arm. Many of his field officers had fallen, and the dead and wounded had greatly reduced his force. He had been slowly forced back, near half a mile, and had been about seven hours under constant fire. His troops were still contesting every inch of ground. . . . Colonel Carr's division held the right under a galling fire all day. Colonel and acting Brigadier-General E. A. Carr, who is wounded, was under the constant fire of the enemy during the two hardest days of the struggle."

served with distinction. He has all his life been a soldier, and has devoted himself to a thorough performance of his duties.*

The Illinois troops engaged in the battle of Pea Ridge were the 3d Illinois Cavalry, General Carr's own regiment; the 35th Illinois, under Col. G. A. Smith, who was seriously wounded; the 36th Illinois, under Colonel Greusel, who fought heroically all those three days; the 37th Illinois, under Colonel Julius White, who, unsupported, held his position against McCullough's entire force over three-quarters of an hour; the 59th Illinois, under Major Phillip Sidney Post, who was wounded in the shoulder, but heroically remained on the field until, overcome by loss of blood, he was carried off by his men; and the Peoria battery commanded by Colonel Davidson, who did most efficient service. Among the severely wounded was that brilliant Illinoisan who has since been so distinguished, General John C. Black.

It must be understood that these pages are devoted especially to Illinois men; and it must not be inferred from this that the heroic deeds of the officers and men of other States are not appreciated. All the division commanders at the battle of Pea Ridge,—Carr, Davis, Asboth, Osterhaus, and Sigel,—did their full part in the fierce conflict, and each should have his full share in its glories.†

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* General Carr was appointed a cadet at West Point from Erie County, New York, in 1846, graduating in 1850. While he was at the Military Academy, the family removed to Illinois, and he has since been an Illinois man. He served on the frontier for ten years before the Civil War, and thirty years after that war closed. Scarcely any other of our officers have been in so many Indian battles, and none have borne themselves with greater credit. Few have seen so much hard service in active campaigns. For his services in protecting citizens from the horrors of massacre by savages, and in driving savages from their borders, the Legislatures of Nebraska, Colorado, and New Mexico, by formal resolutions, expressed the gratitude of their people to General Carr and the officers and soldiers under his command.

† In his account of the battle of Pea Ridge, the historian John Fiske sums up the situation of General Curtis's army at the conclusion of that awful day's fighting to which we have referred, and the final victory on the next, as follows: "Curtis's position at the close of that day, the 7th of March, was critical. He had routed and scattered half of the rebel army, but the other half still outnumbered him and cut off his retreat. It was an anxious night; but the next day, with great skill, Curtis so extended his line of battle as to envelop both of Van Dorn's flanks, and subject him to a murderous cross-fire which soon drove him in confusion from the field. The Confederate army had lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, not less than 5,000 men, and was completely shattered. . . . So far as the State of Missouri was concerned, the victory at Pea Ridge went far toward ending the serious business of the war. There was more or less cruel and vexatious guerrilla fighting after this, but the rebels never again succeeded in invading the State in force. Curtis was thus enabled to march at leisure through Arkansas, until he came out at Helena on the west bank of the Mississipi River."

CHAPTER X.

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT

IN that desperate conflict of the fourth division under General Carr was our former acquaintance Major Percival. He cannot be said to have distinguished himself above his fellows of the same rank, for all fought gallantly and well. He was not specially mentioned in the official reports; but it was observed by those about him that he was an accomplished officer, excelling in his knowledge of military tactics. It was a marvel to everyone, especially to his commanding officers, to see this civilian, this New York lawyer, showing such skill and coolness in battle, and such mastery of the art of war.

Soon after the battle of Pea Ridge I received a letter from Major Percival, replying to one I had written him in accordance with the request of Rose. He first spoke of our great victory and of the crushing defeat of the Confederate army, which was then scattered and bewildered, making its way south; and how much this meant to the Union cause. He expressed great satisfaction at hearing from me, and knowing that I was not wholly estranged from him by what he had felt it his duty to do and say at Washington. He was much pleased at Rose's attitude toward him,— that she had so far forgiven him as to send him kind messages; and he wished me to convey to her his cordial and affectionate greetings in return.

"I must tell you," the letter continued, "of a man in one of my companies in whom I think you and Miss Silverton will be interested. He enlisted at St. Louis, and came to us at Rolla. The march was at first hard upon him, as he was very stout; but he has lost over forty pounds, and is now able to tramp as well as anyone. He is a giant in physical strength; in fact, I have never seen his equal. There was something in his appearance, which I will not attempt to explain, when I first saw him, that gave me a shudder. One of his comrades had spoken rather bitterly of the late Senator Douglas, calling him a traitor and a turncoat. This threw the man into such a frenzy of rage that had he not been restrained I fear there would have been one less soldier in the

company. The man holds the memory of Senator Douglas as something sacred, which is true of most of the soldiers of my regiment. Nine-tenths of them, and in fact half of this army, were among the Senator's followers.

"My regiment was on the firing line at the time of the onset, as it seemed, of the entire rebel army upon our division. While I was riding about encouraging my men, I discovered the man of whom I have spoken hiding behind a tree. His hat was off, his musket was lying on the ground, and he was vainly trying to compress himself into a space small enough for the tree to cover him. I rode up to him and expressed my indignation. He was terribly frightened and exclaimed, 'I beg pardon, but I'm sick.' 'What ails you?' I demanded. 'The minute they let on with ther big guns,' he whimpered, 'I tuk the milk-sick. I've hed it afore, an' I'm powerful weak.' Drawing my revolver, I told the man that if he did n't take his musket and get back into the ranks on the double-quick I'd kill him. I was in earnest, and he saw it. Picking up his gun and hat, with his eyes fixed upon me, he turned and started off. 'Double-quick!' I shouted, and in a few minutes he was back in line.

"The most curious thing of all is, that the man turned out to be one of the bravest men in my regiment. As the battle continued, he became interested, exhilarated I should say, and scarcely another man fought so well. There were several sharp-shooters near him, and he proved to be one of the best shots of any of them. He seemed to lose all consciousness of his own danger, and only thought of bringing down his man. Several officers of the Confederate army were seen to fall when he fired.

"Just after noon, as we were being driven back, contesting every inch, I saw one of our field officers fall from his horse severely wounded, and as we fell back he was left there between the two armies upon open ground. Shot and shell from both sides were flying over him, but we could all see him distinctly, and knew by his moving that he was alive. 'Where is the man who will undertake to rescue him?' the Colonel shouted. 'Hyer!' answered the man I am describing to you. He was starting out to go between the lines straight to the officer, which would have been certain death. The Colonel stopped him, and told him that if

he really would go he must make his way under the cover of underbrush that extended to a point near where the officer lay, and then rush out and drag him into it. The man did as directed; but when near the wounded officer he rushed boldly out, and instead of dragging him he took the officer up in his arms and carried him away as easily as I could have carried a baby. The enemy levelled his guns upon the man, but he escaped unhurt, and brought the officer back to us, and his life will be saved. The soldiers cheered the man, but he responded only by swinging his hat and shouting 'Hooray fer Dugliss!'

"After the battle was over I sent for the man in order to commend him for what he had done. What was my astonishment to learn from his own lips that he was no other than Hobbs, General Silverton's man, of whom I had heard Mrs. Silverton and Miss Rose speak! He talked of them, and of you, in his strange vernacular, and also spoke of Taurus. He was especially bitter upon 'copperheads,' and said that 'a copperhead 's wuss than a nigger'; that a copperhead had lied about you, and nearly got him to kill you, and had called Douglas names, and that he was just going to 'feed him to Taurus,' when the General and Rose interfered. Until then I had supposed that 'Taurus' was a person; but he explained to me that he was a ferocious bull. I have made the man my orderly."

CHAPTER XI.

THE TENNESSEE AND CUMBERLAND CAMPAIGNS

WHEN next I heard from Paul Percival, it was by a short note mailed at Cairo, Illinois, written upon a government transport, stating that he was on his way with his regiment to report to General Grant on the Tennessee River. Just after writing me from the Pea Ridge battlefield, he had received an order to proceed to St. Louis with his regiment; and at St. Louis he had been ordered to proceed to his present destination. He said nothing further of himself; but the St. Louis papers announced that he had been made colonel of his regiment, the vacancy having been made by the promotion of his colonel, and he being the choice of the regiment for the position.

Illinois had borne a most conspicuous part in the siege and capture of Fort Donelson.* In every important movement, in every charge and assault, Illinoisans were in the lead. Officers and men performed the most heroic deeds. Many were wounded, among them Colonels John A. Logan, Wm. R. Morrison, and T. E. G. Ransom.†

While General Grant was operating upon the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, General John Pope, another Illinoisan, supported by Admiral Foote, was leading an expedition which resulted in the capture of New Madrid and Island Number Ten. Pope had twenty thousand men under his command, including several Illinois regiments; while among his Illinois officers were Generals John M. Palmer and E. A. Paine and Colonels N. B. Buford and G. W. Roberts. His successes would have engrossed the attention of the public, but for the fact that at that very time a great battle was raging elsewhere, the result of which the whole nation awaited with breathless anxiety.

No one who does not himself recall those days in memory can realize the thrill of joy and exultation that swept over the country in the news that on the morning of the 17th of February, 1862 Fort Donelson had surrendered, with twelve thousand men as prisoners of war, and all its cannon, muskets, and munitions. A General had appeared who did not deem it necessary to wait forever for drill and discipline, for reinforcements and good roads,—a General who realized that war meant battles, and that Americans who go to war, although in a bad cause, will fight, and that the only hope of overcoming them is in fighting also. The name of Grant was upon every tongue. "We have at last found a General! We have at last found a General!" was the exclama-

* General Grant was chief in command, and General John A. McClernand commanded the division on the right. Among other Illinoisans on the field were W. H. L. Wallace, John A. Logan, Richard J. Oglesby, William R. Morrison, T. E. G. Ransom, John McArthur, T. Lyle Dickey, John E. Smith, Michael Lawler, Henry Dougherty, Moses M. Bane, John S. Wilcox, David Stuart, Napoleon B. Buford, C. C. Marsh, A. S. Chetlain, Frank S. Rhodes, James S. Reardon, E. S. Dennis, H. E. Hart, Smith D. Atkins, John A. Rawlins, and J. D. Webster.

† Curiously, a year afterward, Fort Donelson, which had become a Union stronghold, was heroically defended by Illinois troops,—the 83d Illinois regiment, under command of Colonel Abner C. Harding. The Confederate General Forrest attacked the garrison with a large force, expecting to surprise and capture it; but Colonel Harding was ready for the assault, and General Forrest was defeated.

tion of patriotic men from ocean to ocean. "No terms can be accepted except unconditional surrender. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Grant's reply to the Confederate commander was repeated everywhere, and from that time the hero was designated as "Unconditional Surrender Grant."

But the victory at Fort Donelson did not end the struggle. Far from it. Years of fighting were yet to come, and rivers of blood were yet to flow; yet when the news of that victory was proclaimed, sadness gave way to rejoicing, darkness to sunshine, despair to hope.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH

VOLUMES have been written upon the Battle of Shiloh. Military men have disagreed as to the wisdom of the movements made, and have discussed them with earnestness and not always with moderation. Three questions seem to be most considered:

First, Was it not a mistake for our army to be placed on the west side of the Tennessee River, where it would be exposed to an attack from the enemy, instead of on the east side of that river?

Second, Was the attack of the enemy on Sunday morning, April 6, a surprise to the Union commander?

Third, Could our army have gained the victory without the support of Buell?

In regard to the first question, some have taken the position that putting the army on the west side of the river was a great mistake. It will be remembered that General C. F. Smith had temporarily relieved General Grant. It was under General Smith's direction that the army was moved up the Tennessee and located at Pittsburg Landing. General Sherman says: "If this was a mistake, it was not General Grant's,— but there was no mistake." The Count of Paris, in his well-known history of our Civil War, says: "Grant was blamed for not having posted his troops on the right bank of the Tennessee, sheltered from the attacks of the Confederates. This criticism was unjust, because in order to pre-

vent them from obstructing the river with their batteries, and in order to be able to take the offensive against adversaries whom it was his mission to conquer, he could not do otherwise than to take position on the same bank with themselves, and this he could do without imprudence, inasmuch as his force was equal to their own."

In regard to the second question, as to whether the attack made in force by the enemy on Sunday morning, which opened the great battle, could properly be called a "surprise," it is to be noted that General Grant always contended that it could not. The "surprise," if the enemy's assault could be so called, really occurred when the enemy attacked General Prentiss's division, which received the first shock of the battle. It will be remembered that it was telegraphed all over the country that General Prentiss and all his command were surprised and captured in their beds. General Grant says in his Memoirs that this story is without foundation. "I was with Prentiss," says General Grant, "as I was with each of the division commanders several times that day, and my recollection is that the last time I was with him was about half-past four, when his division was standing up firmly, and the General was as cool as if expecting victory."

John W. Draper, in his history of the Civil War in America, who made a careful study of all that has been written upon this question, gives in detail an account of the precautions Grant had taken to be ready for an attack. Mr. Draper concludes: "The Confederate attack was therefore not unexpected, and, properly speaking, there was no surprise. Prentiss had doubled his guards the night before, and had pickets out one and one-half miles. Sherman ordered his troops to breakfast early, and got them at once into line. Grant was perfectly aware of what had been going on. He was in doubt, however, from what direction the blow would be delivered; whether the Confederates would attack his main camp, or cross over Snake Creek to the north and west of him, falling on Lew Wallace's division. . . . For the Confederates, the attack on Wallace's division would have been the proper movement."

In connection with this question of "surprise," General Grant has been criticised for not throwing up earth-works. He says in

his Memoirs, concerning this charge: "The criticism was often made that the Union troops should have been entrenched at Shiloh. Up to that time the pick and spade had been little resorted to in the West. I had, however, taken the subject into consideration soon after reassuming command in the field, and, as already stated, my military engineer reported unfavorably. Besides this, the troops with me, officers and men, needed discipline and drill more than they did experience with pick, shovel, and axe. Reinforcements were arriving almost daily, composed of troops that had been hastily thrown together into companies and regiments,—fragments of incomplete organizations, the men and officers strangers to each other. Under these circumstances I concluded that drill and discipline were worth more to our men than fortifications."

In regard to the third question, as to whether the victory could have been achieved without the support of Buell, it must be said that this is of course a matter of conjecture. General Grant says that "Victory was assured when Wallace arrived, if there had been no other support." General Lew Wallace, it will be remembered, was with his division of Grant's army at Crump's Landing, and reached the field on the evening of the 6th, after the desperate fighting of that day was over, and he took part in the fight on the next day. Whatever opinion may be formed upon this question, it cannot be denied that the real desperate fighting of the battle of Shiloh was done on Sunday, the 6th of April, by Grant's army; and the work of the next day, Monday, the 7th of April, when the Confederates were driven from the field in final and overwhelming defeat, was easy as compared with the bloody struggle of Sunday, lasting from daylight until dark. The Count of Paris says: "Grant's army was beaten, but not destroyed; and its stubborn resistance during the long struggle it had sustained with only thirty thousand men assured the large reinforcements that had just been added to it an easy victory the next day over an exhausted foe."

So far as is known, all the officers of Grant's army recognized and appreciated the support that came, and the glorious work Buell's army performed in the final assault which drove the enemy from the field; but most of them were of the opinion that they themselves could alone and unsupported have achieved the final

victory at Shiloh. General Sherman says: "Upon the arrival of Lew Wallace's division on Sunday afternoon, Grant gave the order all along his lines to advance on Monday morning, confident of victory."

No pen will ever be able adequately to describe the awful struggle between Americans all day Sunday the 6th of April, 1862, on the bloody field of Shiloh. In fortitude, courage, and tenacity, Union and Confederate soldiers alike proved themselves equal to any soldiers that ever fought in war. Neither in ancient nor modern times has their heroism been surpassed. It has scarcely ever been paralleled.

It was the design and hope of the Confederates at Shiloh, as it was of Van Dorn at Pea Ridge, not only to defeat the Union army, but to destroy or capture the entire command. In order to achieve such a result, they expected to drive back the Union army so far that they could turn its left flank, secure Pittsburg Landing, seize the transport boats, and thus cut off the only means of escape. The Landing was their objective point; and there is propriety in calling the battle by the name of "Pittsburg Landing." The Confederates were commanded by Albert Sidney Johnston, concerning whose loss Jefferson Davis said: "The fortunes of a country hung by the single thread of the life that was yielded at Shiloh." Among the great Generals whom the Confederacy developed, he was regarded as only second to Lee. Second in command of the Confederate army was General Beauregard, the hero of Bull Run, who expected as great a victory as he had achieved at Manassas. The division commanders were Leonidas Polk, Braxton Bragg, and W. J. Hardee, with General G. B. Crittenden commanding the reserves.

The Union Generals were — first and always, General U. S. Grant; second, General W. T. Sherman, who then by his conspicuous gallantry so impressed himself upon General Grant that he was from that day forward his most devoted admirer and friend. A most interesting romance of the war is the attachment of those two great military chieftains, Grant and Sherman, to each other, — an attachment which, it may be said, began that day at Shiloh, and continued while they lived. Excepting alone General Sherman, all the conspicuous generals and officers of the Union army who

directed the movements, and who fought that day, were Illinois men. Sherman with his division was on the right. Then came, with their commands, John A. McClernand, B. M. Prentiss, W. H. L. Wallace, Stephen A. Hurlburt, John McArthur, and David Stuart,—*all*, as has been said, excepting alone General Sherman, Illinois officers.

The first shock of battle was received by General Prentiss. Instead of being captured in his bed, he was on the alert as his pickets came dashing in; his men were formed in line and resisted the terrific onset. The battle became general all along the line. Our brave men fought desperately, contesting every inch of ground, but little by little they were pressed back with terrible slaughter on both sides. The enemy gained our camps, seized everything in them, and pushed on. As noon came on, they did not stop for rest or food. Every possible disposition of the forces on both sides to gain some little advantage was made. Johnston and Beauregard, and all the Confederate officers, were constantly on the field directing the movements of their commands. On our side, Grant was visiting divisions and their commanders, giving orders and encouragement, and constantly exposing himself. Sherman's division was almost entirely dispersed; but still he did not falter. His great abilities shone forth, not only in his own immediate command, but also in the assistance he gave other division commanders. Prentiss fought all day at the head of his heroic division, until, when nearly dark, while stubbornly contesting the ground he was holding, the troops about him were forced to give way, and he with the remnant of his command was surrounded and taken prisoner. McClernand fought with desperation, evincing masterly qualities as a soldier; but like the others, he was obliged to give way. W. H. L. Wallace, who, like McClernand, had distinguished himself at Donelson, proved himself here a hero. Had he survived, he would doubtless have risen to a high position; but in the thickest of the fight, he fell, covered with glory. Hurlburt held his division steadily to its duty in the awful carnage. McArthur proved himself worthy of being ranked among the conspicuous heroes of the battle. Stuart was so brave and brilliant throughout the conflict as to receive the highest commendations of General Sherman, to whose division he belonged.

Just when the Confederates seemed to be on the high road to success, Albert Sidney Johnston, their great General, was killed. But Beauregard was there, to assume immediate command; and their men recovered from the shock, and fought on. After nearly twelve hours of constant struggle and the most desperate fighting, in which their men were falling on every hand, as the night was coming on, General Beauregard ordered a final charge. Its course was across a deep ravine. It was the last supreme effort to turn our flank and reach Pittsburg Landing. Grant was prepared for it. Colonel J. D. Webster, of his staff,—also an Illinois man,—had placed upon an eminence overlooking the ravine twenty or more of his great cannon, and when the Confederates charged he hurled death and destruction among them. It was so near the Tennessee River that the gunboats "Tyler" and "Lexington," commanded by Captains Gwin and Shirk, could reach the enemy with their guns, and they hurled a cross-fire of shot and shell upon them. Their further progress was checked, and thus ended the dreadful carnage of that awful day.

General Grant says in his Memoirs, "The Army of the Tennessee lost on that day at least 7000 men." He says again: "I saw an open field in our possession on the second day, over which the Confederates had made repeated charges the day before, so covered with dead that it would not have been impossible to walk across the clearing in any direction, stepping on dead bodies, without a foot touching the ground. On our side, National and Confederate troops were mingled together in about equal proportions; but on the remainder of the field nearly all were Confederates. On one part, bushes had grown up, some to the height of eight or ten feet. There was not one of those left standing unpierced by bullets."

There is no more vivid portrayal of the desperate fighting of that day than the following from General M. F. Force's book, "From Fort Henry to Corinth," published in 1881: "W. H. L. Wallace's line was barely formed, when, at ten o'clock, Gladden's brigade, now commanded by Colonel Adams, moved against Prentiss. Advancing slowly up the slight ascent through the impending thickets, against an unseen foe, it encountered a blaze of fire from the summit, faltered, wavered, hesitated, retreated, and withdrew out of range. A. P. Stewart led his brigade against

Wallace's front, was driven back, returned to the assault, and was again hurled back; but still rallied, and moved once more in vain, to be again sent in retreat. The Confederates gave this fatal slope the name of 'The Hornets' Nest.' General Bragg ordered Gibson, with his brigade, to carry the position. The fresh column charged gallantly, but the deadly line of musketry in front, and an enfilading fire from the well-poised battery, mowed down his ranks; and Gibson's brigade fell back discomfited. Gibson asked for artillery. None was at hand. Bragg ordered him to charge again. The Colonel in command of the four regiments thought it hopeless. The order was given. The brigade struggled up the tangled ascent; but once more met the inexorable fire that hurled them back. Four times Gibson charged, and was four times repulsed. Colonel Allen of the Fourth Louisiana, one of Gibson's regiments, rode back to General Bragg to repeat the request for artillery. Stung by the answer, 'Colonel Allen, I want no faltering now!' he returned to his regiment, led it in a desperate dash up the slope, more persistent and therefore more destructive, and returned with the fragment of his command that was not left strewn upon the hillside."

CHAPTER XIII.

ILLINOIS CARES FOR HER WOUNDED HEROES

WHILE the guns of Shiloh were yet reverberating among the hills and through the forests of the valley of the Tennessee, Governor Yates, always alert to care for the soldiers that Illinois had sent to the field, was arranging an expedition to go to Pittsburg Landing and bring home the wounded.

The Chicago Burlington and Quincy Railway Company then owned a steamboat which plied the Mississippi River between Quincy and Hannibal, to make the connection of their road with the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway. So soon as it was known that a vessel suitable for this mission of mercy was needed, the General Superintendent of the road, Colonel C. G. Hammond, tendered Governor Yates the use of this vessel, "The Black Hawk," which was accepted, Colonel Hammond himself accompanying the boat down the river.

I received, at Galesburg, a telegram from the Governor, telling me that the battle was raging, and giving the hours when the boat would leave Quincy, St. Louis, and Cairo, and directing me to join it at one of these points. I joined the vessel at Cairo, where I found the Governor and several of the State officers, with a full complement of surgeons and nurses supplied with a large quantity of sanitary stores. At the head of the corps of surgeons was Dr. Daniel Brainard, the most eminent surgeon in Chicago, then President of Rush Medical College.

As we were about leaving Cairo a peremptory order came from General Strong, the U. S. Military commander at that post, directing us to remain where we were until further orders. The Governor was very much surprised, but gave directions that the boat remain. A few minutes afterwards, General Strong himself came on board to explain the order. He said he would be obliged to seize our boat and turn it over to another party.

"By what authority?" asked Governor Yates, indignantly.

"By order of the Secretary of War," answered the General.

"When did you receive the order?" asked the Governor.

"Only a few minutes before I issued the order for your detention," replied the General. "It was brought to me by a lady."

"And who may the lady be?" asked the Governor.

"She is the wife of Senator James M. Harlan of Iowa," answered the General. "The order directs me to seize any boat within my reach, not already in the United States service, suitable for the purpose, and turn it over to Mrs. Harlan to proceed at once to Pittsburg Landing to bring home wounded Iowa soldiers. Mrs. Harlan found that the 'Black Hawk' was suitable for her purpose, and was not in the service of the United States; and she demands that under the order it be turned over to her."

"But," answered the Governor, "the boat is already in the service of the State of Illinois, and is on her way to the battlefield on a similar mission for Illinois soldiers."

"That is true," answered General Strong, "but she is not in the service of the United States. The lady insists that I obey the order, and, while it is extremely embarrassing to me, I am obliged to do so."

"Where is Mrs. Harlan?" demanded the Governor.

"At the St. Charles Hotel," replied the General.

"I will go and see her," said the Governor.

Governor Yates was elegant and charming in manners, and always approached ladies with knightly courtesy. We were confident that when he had seen Mrs. Harlan and talked with her she would relinquish her claim upon our boat; but she proved inexorable.

"She was very polite," the Governor said, "but she insisted that it was just as important that the poor wounded Iowa boys be brought home as that ours should be; that her husband, the Senator, had obtained the order, and she felt she had no right to yield, and insisted that it be obeyed."

Finding the appeal to Mrs. Harlan of no avail, the Governor at once telegraphed the Secretary of War at Washington, fully explaining the situation, and asking that the order be so modified as to release our boat. In an incredibly short time, General Strong received an order by telegraph, modifying that of Mrs. Harlan; and we were allowed to proceed. Of course there was a general feeling of indignation among us toward the lady, yet we could not but admire the tenacity with which she held to her purpose. She soon, as we understood, procured another boat, and proceeded on her mission.*

Savannah, five miles below Pittsburg Landing on the opposite side of the Tennessee River, which was General Grant's headquarters when the battle opened, had become one vast hospital when we reached the place. It was on the river bank, with a main street running back through it from the river, I should say about a half-mile, with some side-streets. I never made an estimate of the number of houses in the village, but with scarcely an exception the houses when we arrived were filled with sick and wounded men, the wounded having been removed from the battlefield for shelter and treatment, as there were practically no houses at Pittsburg Landing. The surgeons and nurses of our expedition took up the work of caring for the sufferers, assisting those con-

* Mrs. Harlan long ago went to her reward, but her "poor wounded Iowa boys" do not forget her. Her distinguished husband, Senator Harlan, survived her, continuing for a time in honorable and useful public service, finally returning to his home at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where he lived for several years in dignified retirement. The wife of the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln is a daughter of Senator and Mrs. Harlan.

nected with the army. Surgical operations of every nature were constantly going on. Men were dying on every hand. I realized, as I had never done before, that next to defeat in battle there is nothing more appalling than victory. The wounded were not all helpless; some were able to walk about, and even to help care for their wounded comrades. Among the latter was Captain B. F. Holcomb, formerly of Galesburg, and afterwards on General Logan's staff. As we were walking about, Captain Holcomb said to me:

"There is a man over there in that house back of headquarters whom you must know."

"What is his name?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied the Captain. "He is out of his head all the time. He talks incoherently of many persons, and among others frequently mentions your name."

"Let us go to him at once," I said.

We entered the house through a narrow hallway, passed into what had been the dining-room, and there, stretched upon a bed near a window, open to give as much air as possible, lay our old acquaintance—Hobbs. As we went up to his bedside, he was muttering to himself incoherently, but we could not understand what he said. He spoke my name, and mentioned "Miss Rose" and "The Cunnel." I learned that the poor fellow had been shot through the lungs, and the ball had not been removed, although the surgeons had probed for it as long as they dared; they stated that men similarly wounded sometimes recovered.

I decided to go at once to get Dr. Brainard, our chief surgeon. As I hastened down to the levee, I noticed a boat from Pittsburg Landing approaching the shore. I stopped to look at her, and the first man to come down the gang-plank was Colonel Paul Percival. I was overjoyed to see him, and hastened to him. He was looking more swarthy and rugged than when he had left me at Washington, showing the effects of the exposure and hardships through which he had passed; but he was every inch a soldier. He was as surprised to see me as I was to see him; but our greeting was earnest and cordial. After a few moments of explanation as to the cause of my coming, he expressed his satisfaction at my being there just at that time, and upon such a mission.

"My orderly, Hobbs," he said, "is dangerously and I fear mortally wounded. He is an Illinois man, as are the majority of the men in my regiment. I think he is here at Savannah, and I came down to try to find him." He was going on to explain, when I interrupted him, telling him I had already seen Hobbs, and what I had learned concerning him. He gladly accompanied me on my errand in quest of Dr. Brainard. We were directed to the operating hospital, which had been established in one of the largest houses in the town; and there we made our way. I then gained my first full realization of the horrors of war. We were obliged to enter by the back door. Limbs of men, legs and arms, hands and feet, were from time to time being carried out, while the ambulances were coming to the front door to bring and carry away patients,— men who had hastily been brought down from the battlefield. The surgeons worked incessantly, overtaxing themselves severely; but with all their efforts, many a poor fellow did not receive treatment until too late, and many amputations were doubtless performed that might have been avoided had there been more time for deliberation.

I had been with Dr. Brainard on the journey down the river. Besides being eminent in his profession, he was a man of literary culture and scholarly tastes; and I had come to have a high regard for him. He was making an examination as I approached him at the hospital, but he left the operating-table and listened to what I said, which I made as brief as possible.

"I am up to my ears in work," he said, "and I must have a little breathing-spell. Come to me in about an hour, and I will try to go with you."

Colonel Percival and I went on board our boat to wait. Few of our Illinois people were there, they having, like myself, gone out into the town to look after the wounded men. We seated ourselves together on the deck, overlooking the town. Ambulances were slowly driving through the streets, and wagons whose burdens were the mortal remains of such as needed no further attention were hurrying toward the burying-ground.

"How was Hobbs wounded?" I asked.

"It 's quite a long story," he replied. "The enemy made a supreme effort to break through our lines. They charged over

and over again, up a slope toward us. We repulsed them with great loss on both sides. There was nothing more desperate in the whole battle. Had the enemy then broken through our lines, no one can tell what would have been the result."

"You would have been defeated, would you not?" I asked.

"I cannot say that," he replied quickly. "General Grant, who was everywhere, is a man of wonderful resources, and one can never say that he would have been defeated under any circumstances; but I cannot see how, if they had broken through our lines, we could have recovered our position. We knew that it was a matter of the greatest importance that we hold it. So many assaults were made at that point, with such appalling results that the enemy called the place 'The Hornets' Nest.' Finally they made a supreme effort to carry the position. It was led by the Confederate Colonel Allen, of Gibson's brigade. As I was encouraging my men to stand firm in the awful crisis, my horse was shot under me, and reared and plunged and fell, with my leg under him. In my helpless condition, half a dozen Confederates rushed forward to take me prisoner. Hobbs, my orderly, leaped from his horse to help me, and, opening a deadly fire with his revolver, soon put the men to flight. His aim is unerring, and his strength is prodigious. Putting his right arm under the horse's shoulder, he literally lifted him from the ground so that I could extricate myself. I had bruised my side somewhat in falling, but otherwise was little injured. Hobbs brought up his own horse for me, and I was about to mount, but paused to look at the enemy, whom I found again advancing upon us. As I turned, Hobbs, who was standing beside me, fell, wounded in the breast by a sharpshooter's bullet which was probably intended for me. Calling some men to carry the poor fellow back, I sprang into the saddle, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were again resisting the charge. This last effort of the enemy to break through our lines was not nearly so terrific as those that preceded it. They were exhausted, and we beat back their shattered lines. It was the last desperate encounter in 'The Hornets' Nest.'"

"It must have been a desperate contest!" I exclaimed.

"No more desperate than was the all-day fight of our division under General Carr at Pea Ridge," he answered. "The num-

bers engaged were greater, but the casualties were proportionately about the same."

"Did you see Prentiss and Wallace in the battle?" I asked.

"I saw all the general officers," he said. "We were shifted about in order to hold our positions, which brought every regimental commander into contact with the general officers. One of your brave Illinois men whom I saw wounded was Major John W. Powell. He had an arm shot off."*

"You have yourself gained great distinction," I said.

"No more than dozens of others," he replied. "The fact is, there are so many who gained distinction for what they did at Shiloh, that none but the most conspicuous of them can be rewarded."

"But you will be," I said; "I am sure you will be made a general officer."

"I do not wish to be," he said. "I will not accept further promotion. I had misgivings about being promoted to the rank of Colonel; but the men wanted it, and I accepted. I went into the war to help save the Union, and especially to rid the country of slavery; that is what I want to help accomplish. It was not all for distinction. No," he repeated, "not all for distinction."

"But," I persisted, "think of what it will add to your name!"

"I have no name!" he exclaimed, with a tremor in his voice which I afterwards recalled; then, as if recovering himself, he added, "I mean — I mean that I do not care to win a name for killing and wounding my fellow men. I want to save this nation, and to save it to freedom, — to make my country what it is not in fact, a free country; that is enough for me."

"But," I said, "we are no nearer freedom to-day than we were when the war began."

"It does seem so," he said, "but yet we are. Had we gained a victory at Bull Run the rebellion would have been easily put down, but the slaves would have remained in bondage. Beauregard at Bull Run, Van Dorn at Pea Ridge, and Johnston and Beauregard at Shiloh, were alike fighting for slavery. Had we defeated them easily, slavery would have continued. They do not

* Major Powell afterwards became distinguished as an explorer, especially of the Colorado River, and took high rank among the world's great scientists.

realize it, we do not; but their brave resistance to the Union armies is bringing us nearer to the emancipation of the slave. It is opening our eyes to the imperative necessity of freeing the slave, as the last and only hope of saving the Union. The chief desire of President Lincoln, of the American people, and of the army, is to save the Union; and they will never give up until this shall be accomplished. They will exhaust every possible means to accomplish this end. If the rebels continue to fight as they have done, there will come the military necessity that the great blow be struck, and freedom to the slave will be proclaimed. This is what I am fighting for. But for this hope and faith, I would have never left my office in New York. Do not, my dear friend, entertain the idea that I am fighting to make a name, or for personal glory. But," he said, looking at his watch, "it is time we went for Dr. Brainard, to take him to poor Hobbs. I fear it is too late to help him."

CHAPTER XIV.

GOVERNOR YATES AT SHILOH

AS we entered the room where the wounded orderly lay, he was muttering incoherently in broken sentences.

"He 's dead — dead as a mackerel — an' they — killed him after all. I did n't — see him fall, but — I heared him. He fell awful — powerful — it shuk me — I could n't do — nuthin' — I got powerful weak — was blind as a bat — I 'll never see the Cunnel — no mo' !"

"Evidently he thought it was you who was wounded, Colonel Percival," whispered Dr. Brainard, "and that you were killed. He has no idea that it was himself. His thoughts were no doubt centred on you at the moment the ball struck him. There was no sense of pain. He was stunned, and lost consciousness of everything but you. He was no doubt blinded by the shock, and lost all his senses except such as were aroused by the shock of the fall. He knew that someone had fallen, and he thought it was you, his thoughts being upon you when he went down. We find cases like it in the books, but of course they are rare."

The doctor carefully examined the wound, listened to the man's breathing, counted his pulsations, and took his temperature. Then he said no further examination was needed. Colonel Percival, holding the poor fellow's hand, fell upon his knees with his face upon the bed, well-nigh overcome. Dr. Brainard and I quietly withdrew, and awaited him at the door.

"The bullet has gone through the right lung," said the Doctor, when Colonel Percival appeared. "The wound is not necessarily fatal; many have recovered from similar hurts. The thing I fear most is that there has been too much probing to find the ball. Probing in such cases has itself too often been fatal in its results. I hope that this is not the case here. The ball should have been left to take care of itself. If he survives, it will become encysted, and its presence in the body will do no harm. The harm is done by its piercing the body, which may prove to be fatal; but it can do no good to try to follow its track with a probe. Has he a home where he can be taken and cared for?"

"He has no home of his own," I said, "but he will be as tenderly cared for in the home where he has lived as if he were a member of the family."

"Can he be taken there?" the Doctor asked.

"He can," I said; "I will look to that. He is in a Missouri regiment, but he is an Illinois man, and Governor Yates comes here to take Illinois men home. Captain Holcomb, who is looking after the men from our part of the State, will look after him."

"Tell Captain Holcomb to come to me for the necessary certificate to permit his going" said the Doctor. "Good-bye. I must get back to my work."

Finding it would take a day to get the necessary papers made out for our wounded to be allowed to go, Governor Yates decided that we should proceed that evening to Pittsburg Landing. Upon the Governor's invitation, Colonel Percival joined our party on the boat. The Governor was much interested in Colonel Percival, as were all of us. He was asked many questions about the battle, and expressed great indignation at what had been said in the newspapers, especially the criticisms upon General Grant. He said that when the battle opened Grant was at Savannah, where he was obliged to be to look after the arrangements for the crossing

of the river by Buell's army, but that in an incredibly short time thereafter he was on the field, and seemed ubiquitous; that he went from command to command, constantly exposing himself, encouraging this and that division, giving support where needed, and taking advantage of every opportunity to hold our position and gain advantage of the enemy. He said he had never seen a great man so modest, or a man of such persistency. He expressed great admiration also for General Sherman, who seconded and carried into effect the orders of General Grant all through the day, even after his own division was shattered.

When the boat landed, Colonel Percival bade us good-bye and went to join his regiment, first enjoining me to spare no pains to take the best possible care of Hobbs, and asking me to draw upon him for any expense I might incur. He also asked me to convey his regards to Mrs. Silverton and Miss Rose.

The next day, many Illinois officers came to pay their respects to the Governor. He received them with pride, recognizing the distinction they had given our State, as well as the glory they had achieved for the nation. The Governor had brought with him commissions, completely executed except as to filling in the name and rank of the officer, and his own signature; and he promoted several officers on the field.

Horses were provided for us, and as soon as we could get away we rode out upon the battlefield. The wounded had been removed to Savannah, and most of the dead had been buried — too many of them in unknown graves; but the field was still a sickening sight. Dead horses were on every hand; while disabled gun-carriages, muskets, cartridge-boxes, and all kinds of implements of war, were scattered about confusedly.

The Illinois soldiers had heard of the coming and mission of the Governor, and wherever he was recognized cheers went up for "Dick Yates, the soldier's friend." The ride through the lines was one grand ovation to the Governor.

Early the next morning we steamed down to Savannah and spent the day in loading our boat with our precious freight — a thousand sick and wounded Illinois boys. Some of the men were able to walk, but many of them had to be carried on stretchers. It was a pitiful sight to see them as they were brought on board,

but they were cheerful in the prospect of going home. It was much more pitiful to see the wounded men whom we were obliged to leave. The poor fellows had expected to go, and were greatly disappointed when the physicians decided that they could not yet be moved. Several declared they would be entirely satisfied if they could only go home to die. We assured them that the Governor would soon come back after them.

"Does the Governor say he will come after us?" asked one poor boy, scarcely out of his teens.

"He does," I answered.

"Then he will come," the poor fellow said, with resignation. "Dick Yates never broke his word to a soldier."

When we went back, the young hero had already gone home, to his final reward.

I intended to have Hobbs placed in a stateroom of the steamer with me; but the surgeon said he must be where they could get around him, to dress his wounds and give him needed attention. He was placed in the gentlemen's cabin, near a door which could be opened when necessary. He became conscious the next day, and spoke more coherently; but the surgeons insisted that I keep him from talking.

The operating-table was placed in the ladies' cabin, where there were several amputations. We had a good corps of surgeons, acting under the directions of Dr. Brainard; but there were not enough nurses, and we were all obliged to do our part in caring for the wounded upon this great floating hospital. Everyone worked willingly and cheerfully. People who were accustomed to every comfort, and even luxury, performed the most menial offices for those stricken and suffering men. The Governor himself, and the other State officers, also Colonel Hammond the railway Superintendent, all did their part. Many times in the years that succeeded I have been recognized by men whom I waited upon on those Illinois relief boats, who have expressed their appreciation of the attentions they received.*

* Among the ladies on board our steamer, who were especially active and efficient in the work of taking care of the poor sufferers, was the wife of a lieutenant in the 17th Illinois Infantry, Mrs. Belle Reynolds. When the enemy burst upon Prentiss's command, that Sunday morning, she was with her husband preparing his breakfast. The lieutenant was obliged at once to fall in line with his regiment, and the poor woman was

At Mound City, just above Cairo, there was a hospital fronting the river, high upon the bank above the levee. The building, as I remember, had been a warehouse, but had been fitted up with beds and cots and conveniences for the wounded. To this were consigned such of our wounded as the surgeons decided were unable to proceed by rail upon the homeward journey. We carried them up the bank upon stretchers. The number for this work was few, and all lent a hand. I cannot remember ever working so hard, or becoming more fatigued, than in doing this work.

The Governor had prepared blank passes, or orders upon the railway lines of Illinois, for the transportation of the men to their homes, certifying that the State of Illinois would, on presentation, when the necessary appropriations should have been made, pay the fares of these men. Each pass had a "stub" which was filled out and retained, by means of which every pass could be identified. I was assigned to the task of filling out and delivering these passes to the men. Every railway in Illinois, over which the men travelled, recognized these passes, and the legislature, when it met, made the necesssary appropriation to remunerate the railway companies.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WOUNDED ORDERLY

AT Cairo, I telegraphed General Silverton the probable time when the boat would arrive at St. Louis, telling him of Hobbs being on board, and asking him to have someone meet us there. I had written him from Savannah about Hobbs being wounded.

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left to herself. Bullets were flying all about her, some of them coming through the tent. She did not scream nor run, but began at once to look after the wounded as they were brought back, and with them made her way to the boats at the landing, whence they were to be transported to Savannah.

On hearing this brave lady's story, Colonel Moses, the Governor's Secretary, exclaimed, "She ought to have a commission!" "I will give one to her!" said the Governor; "she has earned it." Colonel Moses brought out a commission, and the Governor directed him to fill in, after her name, the words, "Daughter of the regiment—with the rank of Major," which was done, and the Governor signed it and handed it to the lady. What was our surprise to find in the next issue of "Harper's Weekly" a full-page picture of Mrs. Reynolds, under which was emblazoned the name of "Major Belle Reynolds, the only lady in our country who has ever received a military commission." An enterprising photographer of Peoria, who had taken the picture, had sent it to the publishers of the journal, telling them of the commission. The distinction was regarded as a proper recognition of the services of the lady by those who knew her, but it gave her a somewhat disagreeable notoriety.

When we arrived at St. Louis, both the General and Rose came on board. To Rose's eager inquiry about the wounded man, I answered, "He is hardly himself yet, and must not be allowed to talk too much, as he is inclined to do." I conducted them to him.

"I don't hate niggers no mo', Miss Rose," he said. "I kind o' like niggers now. Ther haint no copperhead niggers, nohow."

"Hobbs! Hobbs!" exclaimed Rose, "we are going to take you home to the Grange. You are to have your own old room, and we will all help to take care of you. Major Percival wrote of how brave you were, and we—"

"He was a Major when I first knowed him," interrupted Hobbs, "but he got to be a Cunnel, Cunnel Percival. I 'lowed he'd be killed, he was thet reckless; an' he was."

"Colonel Percival killed!" exclaimed Rose. "Tell me he is not killed! tell me he lives!" she cried in anguish.

"He is alive and safe," I whispered. "But listen to Hobbs."

"He likes you, an' he likes niggers. Nobody could never sass or abuse a nigger when the Cunnel was thar. I 've heared the Cunnel talk about you, Miss Rose, when he was asleepin'. He was just sot on you. I tole him you would n't let me feed that ar' copperhead to Taurus, as I hed allowed to do, an' he said you did right. It tuk all o' you — you, an' the Cunnel, an' Dougliss, an' the good Lord,— to save Hobbs; but yer did it, an' yer did a good job. . . . Gen'ral Grant, he 'd come 'round a smokin' a cigar, an' when the balls was flyin' round he 'd tell Gen'ral Wallace an' Gen'ral Prentiss, 'Hold yer persition an' I 'll s'port yer,' an' he 'd send a young feller off on a gallop fer suthin'. Thet was all he did; the rest on us did the fightin'. I dunno what happened after the Cunnel was killed. I was stunned like. It shook me as if I 'd hed the ager."

"Is Colonel Percival really safe?" asked Rose, as I drew her and her father away. I assured her that he was, and explained that when Hobbs was wounded he supposed it was the Colonel who was hurt, instead of himself.

The Governor had left the boat at Cairo, leaving us in charge, and hurried on to Springfield. Dr. Brainard advised that Hobbs be taken home without delay. The General and Rose had brought a physician and nurse with them, and we planned to leave St. Louis the next morning and take Hobbs to Quincy, and

thence to The Grange. Before leaving St. Louis, the General received a telegram from Governor Yates, asking him to accompany us on the next expedition up the river. Rose, on hearing this, urged her father to accept the invitation.

"I cannot leave Hobbs," the General said.

"You can," said Rose. "Mamma and I will take care of Hobbs. We have our own doctor and nurse, and I can get all the other help required." She then left the cabin, motioning to me to follow. When I joined her, she cried, "Get him to consent to go! He is in a dreadful state of mind, and must have a change. I cannot explain it to you now, but will as soon as opportunity offers. Get him to consent to go, if you have any regard for me. I have a good reason; it may be the means of saving his life," she added, as she clutched my arm.

When we returned to the cabin the General said, "I cannot go. It is out of the question. I think that Rose, with the help she has and what she can get, can take care of Hobbs; but I cannot leave Colonel Besançon. We have become necessary to each other. True, he is much stronger than I, although so much older. I think that just now he is more necessary to me than I to him; but we need each other. I cannot leave him longer."

As soon as opportunity offered I said to Rose that I thought I could get the Governor to include Colonel Besançon in the invitation. "The very thing!" exclaimed Rose. I at once telegraphed the Governor, and the next morning the General received a telegram from him asking him to bring the Colonel with him.

"That settles it!" said Rose, when the message was read to her. "Now you must go!" She at once wrote the Governor a telegram, in her father's name, accepting the invitation, and one to Colonel Besançon explaining the matter, and asking him to meet the General at Springfield.

"I now have to do everything as she says," said the General, apologetically. "Well, if the Colonel can go with me, I will go. Wait," he added, as Rose was about sending the messages to the telegraph office. "Wait! I wish you would telegraph Mr. Browning at Quincy, in my name, asking him to meet the boat when we arrive."

"Just the thing!" said Rose; and the telegrams were sent.

I had many duties to perform, as we steamed up the great river. Several poor wounded men were landed at Alton, and some at other points. It was quite a task to make out their papers; but I was now familiar with the work, as I had done it all the way from the time we first came to the borders of Illinois. The General, in the mean time, dozed in his chair, or read the papers; while Rose devoted herself to Hobbs, who again so far shook her faith that Colonel Percival was yet alive that I was obliged once more to reassure her. After awhile we went out on the deck together, which recalled that memorable journey on Lake Michigan when we met for the first time as children.

"I want to tell you," said Rose, when we had seated ourselves and were looking out upon the Illinois shore, "I want to tell you about my father. You will remember that I once told you about his strange fits of melancholy. They have come back upon him worse than ever before. There is a strange mystery about it, which neither Mamma nor I can explain. I have come to believe that Colonel Besançon knows about it; but he will give us no information. They are always together, sitting for hours in the Colonel's room, or going for long walks and drives, and they seem to understand each other. But when my father is alone he walks the room and moans. One thing I have found out — there are two persons connected with the mystery, a woman and a boy."

"How do you know this?" I asked, perhaps too eagerly.

"One night," she said, "Mamma had occasion to enter his room in her night clothes. He seemed to awaken, and exclaimed, 'Juliette! Juliette! where is the boy? You have come back to tell me, — I know you have!' and he sprang out of bed and was about to seize Mamma, when she withdrew. She soon returned and found him wide awake, and asked him about it; but the only explanation he would give was that he had had a bad dream. He cannot live this way much longer. We do not know what to do. We are so glad you have come; it always comforts him to have you with him. I hope nothing will hinder his going with you. I think it is best for Colonel Besançon to go also. I have become very fond of the old gentleman; he is noble, kind, generous, and accomplished. I am learning much from him, especially of French literature, which has been his life-study and delight."

I had noticed, when I met the General at St. Louis, that a great change had taken place in him. He seemed burdened with sorrow, more than he could bear. I knew that his sympathies went out to poor Hobbs, but I felt sure this was not what weighed him down. Notwithstanding the assurance he had given me at Springfield, he had become more despondent than ever before.

Rose sat by Hobbs for several hours, and was loth to leave him; but we finally persuaded her to go to her stateroom and take some rest. We also sent the nurse away for an hour, as she also needed rest; and the General and I kept vigil by the bedside of the sufferer. Hobbs was still delirious, and his mind now seemed to run upon Senator Douglas. Had it not been so pathetic, it would have been amusing to hear him.

"Dugliss saved Hobbs," he murmured. "If it had n't been fer Dugliss, Hobbs mought been a copperhead. Think o' Hobbs bein' a d—d copperhead! No, he could n't; it would hev turned his stomick. Anyhow, Dugliss saved Hobbs,—plucked him as a bran' from the burnin'. Axed me fer a chaw o' terbacker, jes' like common folks, an' chawed it the same as if he was a feller like me,—an' him a Senator in Congriss! Dugliss saved Hobbs,—Dugliss and the Cunnel. They 's both dead an' gone now,—sometimes 'pears like I could see 'em together up in the sky."

When the nurse came back, the General and I parted to go to our staterooms. I could not sleep, for the events of the day crowded upon me. There came a tap at the door, and it was opened by General Silverton. The poor old gentleman seemed utterly broken down.

"It will kill me!" he exclaimed. "I must find him! I cannot live without him! I must take up the search again! I will spend all my fortune! I will send men to the uttermost corners of the globe, but he shall be found!"

"Calm yourself, dear sir," I said. "Let us think it over calmly. When I last talked with you, you had decided that it was better for the boy that he be not pursued. You decided to make no further effort."

"Yes," he said, sadly, "I thought so then, and possibly it is still best; but my heart is breaking. I cannot bear it. I want you, who have always stood by me, to help me now. You are

young and strong, and must help me to bear this burden. I care nothing for the cost, but I have no longer strength for the undertaking. You must take my fortune into your hands, and use it to find my boy."

"I will devote myself to the work, if you wish, when I return from Shiloh," I said, "and will do it freely, without regard to compensation." He pressed my hands with emotion. "You have always been my help and support, and I know you will not fail me now."

"I have a suggestion to offer," I said. "It is, that at Quincy we again consult Mr. Browning."

"I leave it all to you," he answered. "Do as you think best." I conducted him to his stateroom, evidently much relieved.

The first person who came on the boat at Quincy was Mr. Browning. He was then United States Senator, holding the seat vacated by the death of the lamented Douglas. When we told him the situation, he at once arranged for everything needed by Rose in caring for Hobbs upon the journey. It was decided that they should go by the first train; and I bade her good-bye on the boat, occupied as I was in caring for the other wounded men, all of whom were put ashore. I was obliged to remain for some hours at Quincy before proceeding to Springfield, and the General stayed with me.

As soon as I could leave the boat, we went together to Mr. Browning's office, where we laid before him the matter in which we were so much interested, the General telling him of seeing the young man at his mother's grave.

"I want to take a little time to consider this matter," said Mr. Browning. "Come back in about two hours and we will talk it over again."

"I wish to take some rest," said the General, "and I will leave the matter entirely to you, Mr. Browning, and to our young friend here. I cannot bear to talk about it. What I want is to have the boy found. I care not what it costs."

The General retired to his room at the hotel. At the appointed hour I was with Mr. Browning. "I have a plan," he said, "that will reveal the young man to us, if he is worth finding. It is to put a personal advertisement in all the leading papers of Chicago,

St. Louis, New York, New Orleans, Cincinnati, and perhaps of other places, addressed to the young man in a way not to be mistaken by him, and appealing to him, if he would save his father's life, to communicate with him at once, and assuring him that in such case he will not be embarrassed in any way, and that if he still wishes to conceal his identity it will be done. We must throw on the young man the responsibility of saving or losing his father's life. If, upon having this brought home to him, he does not make himself known, he is not worth finding."

"It is an inspiration, Mr. Browning," I said. "I believe that this will reveal the young man, if he is on this continent. I know he is not heartless, and feel sure he will respond to this appeal."

As I was not to return from my mission to Shiloh for about ten days, Mr. Browning suggested that the matter might rest till then. The General would now be relieved by knowing something was being done, and would be much easier in his mind. "I am almost sorry," continued Mr. Browning, "that Colonel Besançon is going with you. The trouble is that these two gentlemen, both of whom have the same anxiety and talk of nothing else, brood over this matter too much. They keep it a profound secret from Mrs. Silverton and their daughter, which must trouble them. In fact, no one but you and I, and that noble man Mr. Davis, has been let into the secret; and I am beginning to think this is a mistake. I hope and trust," he added, "that the General will now leave this delicate matter to you and me. I believe that we can find the boy if he is worth finding; and if he is not, possibly we can find a way to convince the General of it, and thus relieve him. Now that he is to be with you, I am sure you will find means to divert his mind. Come to me when you return, and we will see what we can do."

"I am glad, Senator," I said, "that you spoke so kindly of Mr. Davis. He is one of nature's noblemen."

"He is," said Mr. Browning; "and I honor you for so remembering him. I want to add that the part you two young men took in regard to that poor fugitive had a strong influence upon me; it helped me, an old-line conservative Kentucky Whig, to realize the enormity of slavery. I even became dissatisfied with my good friend President Lincoln for not striking a blow at that institution.

I felt outraged when he revoked General Fremont's order freeing the slaves in Missouri, and I wrote him protesting against it."

"What did Mr. Lincoln reply?" I asked, greatly interested.

"He replied," said Mr. Browning, "that such an order, if allowed to stand, would estrange many of the Union people in the Border States; and he argued that Fremont's order was illegal."

"How did the letter strike you, Mr. Browning?" I asked.

"You will think it curious for an old lawyer like me to make such a confession, but I decided that Mr. Lincoln was right — as he usually is — and I was wrong. By his wise course, instead of driving the Border States away, he has held them in the Union. I now see much of the President at Washington. He is wise and just, and we are coming to lean upon him and trust him fully."

"Do you remember, Mr. Browning," I ventured to ask, "when Mr. Lincoln was so persistent in questioning you about his 'forcible entry and detainer' case before a Justice of the Peace, when he took supper with us at Galesburg?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Browning. "He was always so. He never seemed to have any pride of opinion,— never assumed to know anything he did not know. He was always getting what he could out of others — John T. Stuart, Stephen T. Logan, Swett, Trumbull, Palmer, and the rest of us. The result has been that he became a better lawyer than either of us. It is the same now, as President; he gets something out of everybody he meets,— out of Eastern men and Western men, Northern men and Southern men, — weighs it all, analyzes it all, in his clear logical mind, and forms conclusions that are seldom wrong. He learns from everybody,— not only from those who are classed among the great, but from the commonest people."

CHAPTER XVI.

BACK TO THE BATTLEFIELD

IT had been arranged that Colonel Besançon, General Silverton and I were to go from Springfield to St. Louis, to take the steamer there and proceed to Cairo, where Governor Yates and his party were to come on board. We also took on several members of the Sanitary Commission, with a large supply of stores.

On the way down the river from St. Louis to Cairo, our thoughts were naturally upon the Grange, and the charge that Rose had undertaken there. I expressed fear that the care of Hobbs was too great a responsibility for her.

"It is a great responsibility," said the General; "but she has a good physician, good nurses, and plenty of other help. Besides, her mother is with her, and will relieve her very much. She will doubtless spend much of her time in the library, as she usually does. Really," the General added, "I became jealous of Rose, she kept Colonel Besançon so much away from me; always in the library!"

"You perhaps had reason to be jealous," said the Colonel, "but not of me,—rather of our great French authors. It was they who occupied Miss Silverton. I have met but one other American who knew so much of my native land and its literature, and took so much interest in the French people. That was Mr., now Colonel, Percival. He is a fine French scholar, and I enjoy being with him."

At this point the General interrupted by saying, "I beg your pardon, but we have scholars and men of culture in our own country."

The Colonel, who understood that the General wished to change the conversation, shrugged his shoulders and said, "Pardon me, my dear friend, but an old man in his second childhood cannot help prattling of his first childhood," and we walked out upon the deck.

As we rounded the point at Cairo into the Ohio River, I asked the General if he remembered prophesying, on our boat trip around the lakes, that Cairo would be a great city.

"That was before the day of railways," he replied. "Had there been no railways, my prophecy would have proved correct. Cairo possesses more natural advantages for inland water transportation than any other city of the West; but the railways have taken the business elsewhere. There is another thing in which I was mistaken. I thought the great prairies could never be settled, and if they were, the prairie land would be worth far less than the timber land. It now seems that we were all mistaken, that the prairies will all be brought under cultivation, and that the best lands are the prairie lands."

At Cairo the General found a telegram from Rose stating that Hobbs was recovering from the fatigue of his journey. The Governor and the representatives of the Sanitary Commission, with their supplies, cots, and nurses, mostly from Chicago, were awaiting us when we landed; and we were soon off up the river.

The General had not spoken of his personal troubles since we left Quincy. He seemed to have settled down to the plan of leaving the search for his son to Mr. Browning and me. But as the shades of evening were gathering about the boat, he seemed to recur to his sorrow, and could not refrain from exclaiming to the Colonel and me, "If I only knew where he was! If I could only know that he were not suffering! This horrible war, with all its miseries, makes me very sad."

"Do you think the young man may have enlisted in the army?" I asked.

"I have often thought of that," said the Colonel, "but have never suggested it to the General."

The latter was silent awhile, but finally said, in measured words and with much emotion, "I too have many times thought of that; but it cannot be. What has there been in the poor boy's life to make him indebted to the government of the United States? That government has made him an outcast and a wanderer upon the face of the earth. It has deprived him of home and friends, — everything dear and sacred. Even to name his father and mother would bring him dishonor. His only hope of maintaining an honorable position and of being respected is in keeping himself from being known to the world, as he is doing. No, my boy cannot have enlisted in the army."

"I never thought of it in that light," said Colonel Besançon; "but I am inclined to think you are right."

"My feelings and opinions are undergoing a great change," said the General. "I am almost driven to the conclusion that, after all, Rose is right, and has been all the time. I have constantly believed that to make this a war to free the negro would defeat the Union cause; but I think the time has now nearly arrived for a change of policy. The only hope now, as it seems to me, is to put an end to the damnable atrocity of human slavery. I am getting to be almost as much of an Abolitionist as Lovejoy."

We stopped only an hour at Savannah, and then steamed on to Pittsburg Landing. We found at Savannah that everything had been brought under systematic control. Rolls had been made of the sick and wounded, with a diagnosis of each case, and the regiment to which each man belonged, so that it was comparatively easy to locate the Illinois sufferers and designate those to be brought away. We could not, of course, take all who were there; another expedition was necessary, and I was obliged to make still another trip, with Adjutant-General Allen C. Fuller, before all were brought away. But we knew that upon our return to Savannah all that our boat could accommodate would be placed on board. We called upon the chief surgeon in charge and made all arrangements for this during the short time we were there.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CONQUERER OF HIMSELF

SOON after we arrived at Pittsburg Landing, General Grant came down to call on Governor Yates. He stayed with us for the noon dinner, and remained until after dark. He said, "I feel at home here among the friends from my own State, and especially with you, Governor Yates, who intrusted me with the command of a regiment of Illinois soldiers." Then he added, "Out there I have absolutely nothing to do." He went on to explain that General Halleck, who commanded the whole military department, had removed his headquarters to Shiloh; and while leaving Grant nominally in command,—or, as he said, second in command,—Halleck had really assumed the entire command personally. General Grant told us that he was entirely ignored,—that the officers all went past his headquarters to those of General Halleck, where they made their reports and received their orders directly. "I have no more to do with the command of this army," said General Grant, "than if I were hundreds of miles away."

We all expressed our indignation at such treatment; but Grant said it was all right, and spoke very kindly of General Halleck. He did not then know that it was through Halleck's

U. S. Grant

unjust criticism of him that he had been relieved of his command and virtually placed under arrest, immediately after his victory at Fort Donelson.

Something being said about General Grant's not having thrown up breastworks at Pittsburg Landing, he replied, "We had not yet resorted to the pick and spade in the West. I thought of doing it, but decided it was just as well to meet the enemy in the open field; and I still think I was right. I was daily receiving raw and undisciplined troops, and I thought it better to give them military drill and discipline than to set them to digging. General Halleck is at this moment making that mistake," he added. "He is building corduroy roads and breastworks, keeping the soldiers digging instead of fighting. I feel sure that our army of over a hundred thousand men can march against Corinth and capture it in a day."

The result proved that Grant was right. While Halleck was slowly building intrenchments and advancing at a snail's pace, the enemy was quietly evacuating Corinth, with his guns and stores; and when our army finally entered the town, there was nothing to capture.

General Grant told us that he had attempted to advise General Halleck, but his opinion was unheeded. He said that he was very desirous to have Halleck succeed, and that although his own position was humiliating he would do his best in any position where he was placed,— that he was in for the war, and would stay as long as he was allowed to do so; and if it should be thought best for him to shoulder a musket and fight in the ranks, he would do that cheerfully.

I thought of this conversation long afterward, when General Grant, then in command of all the armies of the United States, received me in his office at Washington, with General Halleck in an adjoining room holding the position of chief of staff.

It seems to me that General Grant's action during those days of trial and humiliation was really sublime. I have seen him in the midst of his great generals; I have seen him when surrounded by his cabinet at Washington; I have seen him in the home-circle at Galena and Washington; I twice saw him, in the midst of a vast concourse of people, inaugurated as President of

the United States; I saw him when a hundred thousand people greeted him at Chicago upon his return to his native land; but whenever I try to recall to memory his face and features, he always comes back to me as he sat there on that evening of the early springtime at Pittsburg Landing, serene and self-poised,— the conqueror of himself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COLONEL PAUL PERCIVAL

THE next afternoon, Colonel Besançon, General Silverton, and I rode out to General Grant's headquarters, to return his visit. We found General Grant, as he had said, with practically nothing to do, and he was able to devote himself to us.

After some conversation, Colonel Besançon said that he and I would like to go to call on Colonel Percival. General Silverton was silent.

"I will send for Colonel Percival," said General Grant; and calling an officer of his staff, he despatched him on the errand.

Meanwhile General Grant took us to call upon General Halleck, whose headquarters tent was near by. After what we had heard of General Halleck, we did not much care to see him; but as General Grant had suggested it, we went. We found him busy with profile charts and maps, and surrounded by engineer officers, who were laying out the roads and earthworks to be constructed as the army advanced. Of course we took very little interest in all this, believing, from what we had heard from General Grant, that it was all folly, and that if the army would move upon Corinth it could take it in a day. But we were polite to General Halleck, as was he to us, so far as he could get his mind off from his paper warfare; and we soon came away.

When the staff officer returned he reported to General Grant that Colonel Percival sent his compliments, but wished the officer to say that he was just at that time engaged in directing the construction of some earthworks which General Halleck deemed it important should be completed at once, and that, while it would be a great pleasure to call upon the gentlemen, he hoped that General Grant and they would kindly excuse him.

"We will go and see him," said Colonel Besançon. "I would not for the world interrupt him in his duties. Let us go. General Grant will, I hope, excuse us."

General Grant made no reply. He was silent, as he always was when seriously considering anything. The staff officer was still standing before him, and Colonel Besançon and I had risen, while General Grant, with General Silverton, remained seated.

Finally General Grant said to the officer, "Will you kindly ask Captain Rawlins to step this way?"

Captain Rawlins, who was engaged with his papers in the office tent, at once came out.

"Captain," said General Grant, "you will please issue a peremptory order to Colonel Paul Percival, directing him, as soon as he can make such preparation as he may desire, to report in person to me at these headquarters."

Then he added, to the staff officer, "You will go with the Captain, who will make out the order, and you will deliver it at once to Colonel Percival in person."

Turning somewhat abruptly to General Silverton, General Grant said, "I hope, General, that our people at home are not becoming discouraged. It is of the utmost importance that we in the field have the support of the people at home."

"We were discouraged," replied General Silverton, "very much discouraged, until we heard from Fort Henry and Donelson, and now of Shiloh, which has raised our hopes and expectations beyond measure. Such victories are what are needed, and so long as the army gives them to us there need be no anxiety about the people."

"But," said General Grant, we nave an enemy to fight no less brave than we, and led by officers as capable as our own, and some of them more experienced. The Confederates in one respect have a decided advantage over us; they have only to keep in the field and prolong the war. When they fight, even if they are defeated in battle, they can take time to recuperate and fight again, in the hope of wearing us out in time. Our position is entirely different. We are fighting to overcome and conquer them. It is not enough for us to gain victories; in order to succeed, we must destroy or capture their armies. We must overwhelm them."

"Do you not think," asked General Silverton, "that they will soon become discouraged and give up?"

"I did think so," replied General Grant, "but Shiloh convinced me that they will fight as long as there is any hope. For us to succeed we must take their strongholds, and, as I said, capture or destroy their armies. This means that we must constantly be the aggressors, must take the initiative. We must always be ready to give battle, to push them constantly. This will involve putting more and more men in the field as our armies are depleted, and the expending of vast amounts of money. Great as has been the sacrifice already, enormous as has been the outlay, the war has only just begun. We have the men, and we have the money, — or the wealth from which the money can be had. By an active, aggressive war, constantly making advances and forcing the fighting, we can succeed. This is our only hope; but it is absolutely sure of realization, provided the loyal people are willing to make the sacrifice. This, General Silverton, is why I said to you, as a man of affairs in touch with our people, that I hoped they are not becoming discouraged, and that it is of the utmost importance to us in the field that we have the support of those at home."

We were all very much impressed with what General Grant said. We realized then, as did everyone afterward, that he appreciated the magnitude of the undertaking in which we were engaged, and the means necessary to insure success; and, above all, that he had faith that we could finally conquer the Rebellion and save the nation.

During this interesting conversation we had been seated under the trees in front of General Grant's headquarters. The road was some rods away, and we could see officers passing and repassing on horseback, most of them going to or from General Halleck's headquarters. Suddenly Colonel Besançon exclaimed, "There is an officer whom I know!"

"Who is he?" I asked, eagerly. The old gentleman had risen, and was looking intently at an officer who was riding up.

"No, I do not know him," said Colonel Besançon, "but it is a strange resemblance. That officer is a perfect counterpart of the Grand Marshal Bertrand, of France, as I last saw him."

As the officer reined in his horse, we saw it was Paul Percival,

in the full uniform of a colonel of the United States army. He lightly dismounted, gave the rein to his orderly, and approached us. Colonel Besançon and I hastened to meet him. He greeted us cordially, though evidently with some embarrassment; and as we led him forward, General Grant arose and grasped the Colonel's hand and presented him to General Silverton. General Silverton arose and bowed, but gave no other greeting; then he seated himself, as did we all.

"I must explain to you, Colonel Percival," said General Grant, "that I had only the desire to be courteous to my friends here, in so peremptorily requiring your presence. I felt that it would be proper for you to call upon my friends, instead of their being obliged to make their way to the front to find you, as they proposed doing. I knew I could relieve you from all embarrassment by taking the responsibility of your absence from duty entirely upon myself."

General Grant and General Silverton were seated side by side, and they resumed the conversation; while Colonel Besançon, Colonel Percival, and I conversed together. I told Colonel Percival about Hobbs, how he stood the journey home, and what he had said; of General Silverton and Rose joining us at St. Louis and accompanying us to Quincy; of Rose's interest in Hobbs, and how she was devoting herself to him, and doing everything to make him comfortable and restore him if this were possible. I told him how Hobbs still insisted that the "Cunnel" was killed, and that in his present critical condition we did not think it wise to argue the question with him. I also assured Colonel Percival of Rose's interest in him, and her anxiety for his safety in the ordeals of battle through which he was passing.

I had never before seen Colonel Percival so ill at ease. He spoke in a low tone, as if desiring that General Grant and General Silverton should not overhear him. He expressed his high appreciation of what had been done for Hobbs, spoke of Rose as an angel of mercy, and especially thanked me; but instead of speaking in his usual frank, open, hearty tones, his voice was low and mechanical, and his expressions of gratitude seemed perfunctory. I could not understand it.

After awhile General Grant arose and said that he was going

to the headquarters of some of the divisions of the army, and would leave us for a time. General Silverton arose as if to go also; he glanced at us, and then, evidently reconsidering the matter, sat down again. As General Grant was about moving away, he turned to Colonel Percival and said, "I wish you would reconsider and let me make that recommendation. It is not now too late. I have heard more commendations of you since I spoke to you. I really think you deserve promotion."

"It is most kind of you, General," said Colonel Percival, in a low tone, "but really I beg of you to drop it. I cannot accept the commission."

"It is for you to say," said General Grant, as he moved away; "but I think you are making a great mistake."

CHAPTER XIX.

A SURPRISE AND A REVELATION

ALMOST as soon as General Grant had left us, Colonel Percival turned to Colonel Besançon and me, as though to bid us good-bye, when General Silverton, addressing him for the first time, said, "I beg your pardon, Colonel Percival, but I have a word to say to you. I would have been glad long ago, had you given me the opportunity, to express to you my thanks for your assistance to my wife and daughter when you were with them abroad. Both Mrs. Silverton and Rose believe that the advice and attention you gave Mrs. Silverton, and your bringing the specialist to attend her, saved her life. For this I cannot feel otherwise than grateful to you; and I take this opportunity to thank you."

"It was nothing," said Colonel Percival. "I only did what any man with ordinary feelings of humanity would have done. But I appreciate your expressions highly, sir, and return you my thanks. Good-day, gentlemen!"

"Wait, sir! wait!" exclaimed General Silverton. "I have not ended. I wish to finish now what I have to say, as it is apparent you will give me no other opportunity. I wish to say to you, sir, that your conduct is far from pleasing to me. I do not regard it as the mark of a gentleman for a man to be upon

social terms with a married lady and yet keep aloof from her husband, or upon social terms with a young lady and yet avoid her father. Do not seek to explain!" said the General, sternly. "There can be no explanation. Of your intimacy with Mrs. Silverton and my daughter when abroad, there can be no possible doubt. When I arrived at Weisbaden, expecting of course to see you, you suddenly left the place. As I appeared at your office and at other places in New York, you always made it convenient to be absent. You could always see Colonel Besançon, but you could never see me. On the platform at the inauguration of President Lincoln at Washington, you saw Mrs. Silverton and my daughter and started to come to them; but when you discovered me with them, you instantly turned in another direction. You made it convenient to call upon them, always when I was absent. You waited until you knew I was gone to Virginia, and then visited them at my hotel. The climax came just now. General Grant sent you a polite request to come here to call upon us; but learning that I was here, you made an excuse and refused to come, and nothing but a peremptory order from your superior officer brought you to see me. And this from a young man who made it convenient to get himself presented to my wife and daughter on shipboard, when they were crossing the ocean, and who pursued the acquaintance to the health-resort where they were domiciled!"

I had never before seen the General so excited. He spoke low, but as he proceeded he became more and more wrought up. Colonel Besançon and I looked on in amazement. I knew that every word in the General's indictment was true; I knew of Colonel Percival's intimate relations with Mrs. Silverton and Rose; and I was aware that during all those years he had studiously avoided the General. I looked at Colonel Percival, hoping to hear from his lips something to exculpate him. I never saw a man so completely overwhelmed. It was pitiful to see a colonel of the United States army, with his sword at his side and the eagles gleaming upon his shoulders, so bowed down and crushed with shame. For some moments he was unable to speak, but finally stammered some broken sentences. "I did not seek — sir — an introduction — to your wife and daughter. I was uninten-

tionally — brought into their presence. Had I but known — that they were your — wife and daughter — I would not have come — into their presence — for all the world. I confess — to the truth — of all else — you, sir, have said."

"You confess, then," exclaimed the General, "that you, being upon intimate terms with my wife and daughter, have all these years studiously avoided me?"

Colonel Percival hung his head, and could find no words for reply.

The General's excitement increased. He was beside himself with rage and mortification. "I will leave you with my curse!" he cried. "I call these gentlemen to witness,—"

"Hold! hold! I beg you, I pray you, do not curse me! Were I not in the uniform of the United States, which I am unworthy to wear, I would fall upon my knees before you, sir, and beg you not to pronounce that word!"

Colonel Percival was trembling from head to foot. His head hung down, and he seemed the most abject human being I had ever seen.

Colonel Besançon now interposed. "I know Colonel Percival to be a high-minded, honorable young gentleman. I have known and respected him for years. Think, dear General, I beg of you, of his chivalry, his heroism, of what he is doing and suffering for his country! Think of the esteem in which he is held by General Grant. There must be some mistake. I am sure it can all be explained."

Colonel Besançon's action encouraged me to speak. "I too have known Colonel Percival, and know him to be an honorable, high-minded gentleman. I too feel sure there must be some mistake."

"Mistake! mistake!" exclaimed the General. "Has he not confessed it all? Do you not know that during all these years he has ignored and shunned me, treated me with contempt, while courting the society of my wife and daughter? What excuse, what palliation, can there be for that?"

Colonel Besançon and I were in despair. We realized what an appalling thing is the wrath of a good-natured, kindly, generous man who believes himself deeply wronged.

Colonel Percival stood like one in a trance. Suddenly he raised his head and stretched his arms upward, exclaiming in a voice of earnest entreaty, "Mother, dear, dear mother, help me in this bitter trial!"

The General regarded Colonel Percival more intently than before. Looking straight into his eyes, he presently exclaimed, "My God! my God!" and fell back into his chair, covering his face with his hands. Then he looked again into Colonel Percival's eyes, and cried, "I was about to pronounce a curse upon you which could never be recalled; a curse upon" — he arose and fell upon Colonel Percival's neck, exclaiming, "My son! my own son! Yes, my poor boy, whom I have loved and sought so long; you whom I have left to wander up and down the earth, bereft of home and friends and kindred, — you who have so long been deprived of a father's love and care. I was about to pronounce a curse upon you, — you who have, notwithstanding all these hardships, heroically made for yourself a name of honor and renown. I know now, my dear son, why you would not make your identity known,—why you would not let your father meet you and recognize you. I would have known my boy at first had I really looked at him. But I was so enraged, so blinded, and so dull." The General was silent for a moment; then he raised his head, with his left hand on Colonel Percival's shoulder, his right hand extended toward heaven, and turning to Colonel Besançon and me exclaimed, "I call upon you both to bear witness that this is my only son, born in lawful wedlock to my first wife, Juliette Besançon Silverton, and me!"

Colonel Besançon, who had been waiting somewhat impatiently, now embraced the young man, exclaiming, "I am indeed the happiest of men. I have esteemed you, dear sir, from the hour I first met you; and now I find that you are the son of my only daughter,—my grandson. I searched the world over in vain to find my lost daughter, and General Silverton and I have searched no less earnestly for her son; and now I find him a worthy representative of the Besançons, and as worthy a representative of the Bertrands, a perfect reproduction of his uncle the Grand Marshal of France, who sleeps beside the illustrious Emperor."

"My dear sir," stammered Colonel Percival, "I have loved you from the moment I first saw you. I saw the lineaments of my angel mother in your face, and when I heard your name I knew that you could not possibly be other than her father."

"So you knew me all the time!" exclaimed Colonel Besançon.

"I knew you perfectly," said the young man. "It was hard,—you can never know how hard it was for me,—when I found how good and generous you were, to refrain from throwing myself into your arms. But I had resolved to conceal my identity, and in order to do so I was obliged to restrain myself."

"Sit down here," said the General. "I want you near me. You must never leave me again, my boy."

"I will do as you wish, sir," said the young man.

"Call me father!" demanded the General.

"I will do as you wish, father."

"Draw your chair nearer, Colonel Besançon," said the General. "He is your son and mine. I will not claim him entirely to myself."

I was absorbed in what was taking place around me, when suddenly Colonel Percival looked at me, sprang up and led me to the two gentlemen. "We must not forget our dear friend here," he exclaimed. "He saved my life. He helped me to freedom. Except for him, I should not have been here to-day. This young man is more to me than I can express. I love him as a brother."

"I thought, Colonel Percival," I said, "when I met you at the Chicago Convention, that I must have known you somewhere before. There was something familiar in your voice; I tried hard to recall it, but could not place you. I had seen you only a few moments, when you were sore beset; but later, in the darkness of the night, I heard your voice as you told your sad story out there on the prairie. Who could have imagined that the brilliant young New York lawyer whom I met at Chicago had any connection with the poor fugitive slave who so long before was fleeing from his pursuers!"

"It is a horrible story," said the General. "Let us not recall it. I am going to devote my few remaining days to doing penance for it all. I shall devote my life to your happiness, my dear son.

I cannot hope to expiate the wrong I have done you, but I shall try. You will go home with me now, will you not, my son?"

"I should indeed like to do so," said Colonel Percival, "but how can I? Shall I give up my position and leave the army? I will do as you say, my dear father. This recognition and reunion must dissolve my relations with my regiment and with the army. I must give up the name I bear, and with it my commission — everything. Now that it is known who I am, I can no longer serve under the name I have borne."

"Your name is Silverton," said Colonel Besançon, "and you must be proud of it."

"More proud of that than I could be of any other," said Colonel Percival; "but I am commissioned and serving under another name, and when that is known I must give up my position in the army."

"I have no foolish pride about the matter," said the General. "Do what is best for yourself."

Colonel Percival reflected, and said, "The war has, in my opinion, but just begun. It will go on for years. I want to do my part in it,— to continue in some capacity in the service. I am sure that the war must result in the overthrow of human slavery. This is my heart's desire. When this shall have been accomplished, the Union will be far better worth preserving than ever before. It is worth all the sacrifices we can make. I must, my dear father, if you will consent, continue in the service."

"I consent," said the General, "if it will please you, my son." Then turning toward me, the General said, "In many difficulties I have advised with our young friend here, and I would like to have his opinion now as to what is best."

I was much flattered, yet somewhat embarrassed, to be thus addressed; but I had for a long time hoped that the young man would be found, and had carefully considered what would then be best to do. "It is very kind of you to ask me for my opinion," I said, "and as you ask me, I will give it. I think that so far as the public is concerned, and so far as any are concerned to whom it is not our duty to reveal the real situation, Colonel Percival's relations to the world should remain *in statu quo*. No one living, except we four, knows of Colonel Percival's relations to General

Silverton and his family, and to Colonel Besançon. I think that, for the present at least, it should simply be given out, when necessary, that General Silverton and Colonel Besançon have learned that Colonel Percival is nearly related to them through his mother. This will make it proper and natural that he and General Silverton's family should have intimate relations with each other. This may be understood during the war, or so long as you may desire; and you can at any time reveal the real relationship if you choose. This will permit you to continue your intimacy, and will not imperil Colonel Percival's position in the army; nor will it embarrass him in any business or other relations."

"You are right," said both General Silverton and Colonel Besançon. "Under the circumstances, it is the best thing to do."

Colonel Percival fully concurred with them. "Of course," I said, "General Silverton's family must know of this at once, and there is one other to whom I feel it my duty to confide it. That person is Mr. George Davis."

"There is also another," said General Silverton. "It must be confided to Mr. Browning, who has been my guide, counsellor, and friend, through all my troubles."

This course was settled upon, and all seemed satisfied and happy.

CHAPTER XX.

A HEADQUARTERS DINNER PARTY

THERE was a clatter of hoofs and jingling of accoutrements, and looking up we saw General Grant and his staff approaching. Upon dismounting, General Grant joined us saying that he had given directions to have plates put on for us, and that he would expect us to take "pot luck" with him. He added that he had already sent an invitation to Governor Yates to come, and that no excuses would be considered. We were, of course, glad to accept.

"You find us a very happy company, General Grant," said General Silverton. "Colonel Besançon and I have learned that, through his mother, Colonel Percival is closely related to us."

"I congratulate you both," General Grant replied, "and I

congratulate Colonel Percival. But I hope it will not result in your taking him away from me. I have just been the rounds, and find that we have too many 'green' officers, who know little or nothing of their duties. They will be all right in time, but meanwhile such officers as Colonel Percival are greatly needed, and I want to keep them."

At the camp-dinner Governor Yates was in his happiest mood. He was very proud of his Illinois troops, and could not say too much in their praise. "I have seen many of our Illinois officers," he said. "Generals McClernand, and Pope, and Logan, and Hurlbut, McArthur, and Colonel Bob Ingersoll, and many others, have come to see me and I have talked much with them. They all wish, General Grant, that you were given permission to march them on to Corinth. Pope says he can take Corinth with his command, if General Halleck will allow him. Logan thinks he can take it with his brigade. Ingersoll says that 'with Halleck, spades are trumps,'—that Halleck is going to build breastworks behind us to keep the snails from running over his army."

We all laughed except General Grant. He was too wary to be led into public criticism of his superior officer.

"I am glad Pope was sent here," he said. "He made a fine campaign in the capture of Island Number Ten."

"Another Illinois boy who won!" said the Governor.

"I am also glad," said General Grant, "to have Logan back with me. He was wounded at Donelson, you know. And I am glad to have Oglesby, also."

"All Illinois men!" exclaimed the Governor. "General Grant, I believe that if our Illinois soldiers were let loose under you, they alone could whip General Beauregard and his whole army."

"I will not argue that question, Governor," said the General. "I believe in Illinois soldiers, but I think we had better keep the soldiers of other States with us also, at least for the present."

"Now that I have found Colonel Percival," said General Silverton to General Grant, "I would like to have him go home with me for a few days. I have not consulted him about it, but if you could let him off, and Governor Yates can take him, I would like to have him go."

"How are you as a nurse, Colonel Percival?" asked the

Governor. "We want those who can help take care of our wounded men."

"I had not thought of going," said Colonel Percival, modestly. "I would like to go,— but I do not want to shirk my duties. I have never asked for a leave of absence."

"I have been informed of what you did at Pea Ridge, and have learned of your gallantry here, Colonel Percival," added Governor Yates, "and I can assure you that I shall be glad to have you return with us. Illinois will appreciate you as highly as does Missouri."

"Captain Rawlins," said General Grant, "can we spare Colonel Percival for twenty days?"

"I have never heard of the Colonel's excelling in a pick-and-spade campaign," answered Captain Rawlins. "But if there is any fighting to be done, we want him."

General Grant reflected a moment, and said, "I think we can spare the Colonel for twenty days or so."

"Then," said Captain Rawlins, "Colonel Percival will be kind enough to make his application through the proper channel, and have it sent up here, and I will approve it."

We were about to rise from the table, when a telegram (the wire followed the army) was handed to Adjutant-General Rawlins. He opened and read it, and sent it up to General Grant, who sat at the head of the table with Governor Yates at his right. General Grant read the telegram with evident satisfaction. "It is sent over by General Halleck," said he. "I think I will show it first to our friend Colonel Besançon," and he passed it to him. The Colonel leisurely adjusted his glasses, and upon reading it he sprang up from the table shouting, "Glory, glory! All my happiness comes in one day! My cup of joy is full and overflowing!"

"Give it to Captain Rawlins and he will read it to us all," said General Grant. The Adjutant-General read as follows:

"Admiral Farragut has received the surrender of New Orleans, and the United States flag is flying over the city. General Butler is landing troops which are being distributed through the town, under his orders."

We were all enraptured, but good old Colonel Besançon was wild with delight. "Now," he exclaimed, "I can return to New Orleans. It will be a grand pleasure to me."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HOME-COMING

"DO you really wish me to go home with you?" asked Colonel Percival of General Silverton, as we all came out of the tent.

"I really do," said the General; "and I asked it in that way in order that you should have no excuse."

"It is enough," said Colonel Percival. "I will go to my quarters and make my official application for leave of absence, and have the necessary packing done."

"And will you come down with us to the boat?" asked the General.

"Really, I cannot to-night," replied the Colonel. "I have to make my preparations for the journey, and look after my application for leave. As I understand, you leave at noon to-morrow; and it will take all my time to turn over my duties to the Lieutenant-Colonel and make other necessary arrangements to join you."

"It seems a long time to be separated from you, my dear boy," said the General; "but I will try to be patient. You will not fail us?"

"I will not," said Colonel Percival; and bidding us all good-night, he rode away in the darkness, leaving Colonel Besançon, General Silverton, and me, to make our way to the boat, the Governor having preceded us.

"I can see it all," said General Silverton, as we sat out on deck that evening. "The poor boy realized there was no hope for him to succeed if it were known he had been a runaway slave. He knew that his only hope of success was in abandoning his old self and appearing as another person. He believed that if he came into my presence I should recognize him; and so he avoided me. He did not expect to meet Mrs. Silverton and Rose,— they told me that he did not seek their acquaintance, but I could not believe it. When he unexpectedly found himself with them, he could not help being interested in them. Knowing as he did his own relation to them, and that they could not possibly recognize him, he could not refrain from helping them in their need. I think

I would have recognized him at once," continued General Silverton, "but I was so indignant that I scarcely looked at him until he made that passionate appeal to his mother. Then I looked into his eyes, the truth flashed upon me, and I was spared that dreadful curse which I was ready to utter,— the curse of a father upon his son, which once uttered can never be recalled."

Colonel Percival came on board the next day at the appointed time, and we moved down the river to Savannah. We were expected there, and arrangements had been made for taking on board such of our Illinois sick and wounded as were to go with us. Colonel Percival proved to be a great addition to our corps of helpers. He made friends with many of the wounded men, for each of whom he had a word of encouragement. He wrote letters and telegrams for them, and aided in many ways. Governor Yates was a constant inspiration. He passed about among the sufferers, always having a pleasant word for them. The Illinois men who were brought home from battlefields by Governor Yates can never forget him.

In the evening, when the lights were turned down and all was hushed, as the regular nurses were noiselessly moving about, we gathered on the deck back of the cabin to converse in low tones. The Governor grew eloquent in extolling the patriotism and bravery of the soldiers of Illinois. He recalled what Illinois men had done in Missouri, at Wilson's Creek, Lexington, and Pea Ridge; he spoke of Belmont, and Donelson, and Island Number Ten, and especially of Shiloh; he talked of Lincoln and Douglas and Grant and Logan, and of all our great heroes and statesmen. As the talk proceeded, we spoke of other influences which Illinois was exerting upon the country in this time of trial and danger; of the songs that were inspiring the people from ocean to ocean, cheering the soldiers in camp and on the field of battle,—songs written by two Illinois men, George F. Root and Henry Clay Work.*

* Among the well-known war-songs written by Mr. Root may be named: "The Battle-Cry of Freedom," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "On, On, On, the Boys Come Marching," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "Lay me down and Save the Flag," "Stand up for Uncle Sam, Boys," "The Vacant Chair," "Who 'll Save the Left?" "We 'll Fight it out on the old Union line, if it takes all Summer." Mr. Work wrote: "Marching through Georgia," "Kingdom Comin'," "Babylon is Fallen," "Grafted into the Army," "Song of a Thousand Years," "Wake, Nickodemus," and many others.

In our conversation, something was said of the "Copperheads." "We have some of these pests in Illinois," said the Governor, "but we are taking care of them. Only a few days ago one was sent as a prisoner to Fort Lafayette. He has made us a good deal of trouble, but he is now where he can do no more harm."

"Where was he sent from?" I asked.

"I think," answered the Governor, "from down in the neighborhood of Christian County; but very little of his work was done there. He had been going all over the State organizing 'Knights of the Golden Circle.' He is a Chicago man, I believe."

"What is his name?" I asked.

"Dwight Earle," answered the Governor.

I was very much surprised, as was General Silverton; and we told the Governor what we knew of the fellow and his antecedents.*

CHAPTER XXII.

STORY OF THE WANDERER

THE next day, as our steamer proceeded on its voyage down the river, I asked Colonel Percival how it had been possible for him to disappear as he had done and reappear as an entirely different person. He answered that it was a long story, but he would tell it to me if I wished. I gladly assented, and he told me the story of his wanderings and of his romantic career. It was a most interesting tale, and I would gladly reproduce it in full, but can only give its substance in abridged form. After leaving Canada, he said, he made his way to South America, and found employment with a great coffee-planter in Brazil. This planter was a man of vast wealth but of limited education, and needed someone to take charge of his accounts and look after his

* Dwight Earle served his term as a prisoner in Fort Lafayette, and when discharged he returned to Chicago, where he remained. Curiously enough, he became a Republican in politics, and after the war he was elected Alderman. He was generally regarded as a "boodler," but no proof could be got sufficient to convict him. While the better element in the Republican party was always against him, for a long time he was able, through his political henchmen, to get the nomination, and then always received enough Democratic votes to elect him. He remained in office until the Municipal Voters' League was organized, when, through the efforts of that splendid organization, which has made the position of Alderman of Chicago respectable and even honorable, he has been retired to private life.

correspondence and other business affairs. Fortunately for our young friend, he was well able to do this; and the planter was so well satisfied that he finally gave him a full partnership in the purchase and development of a large plantation. Their success was so great that the second crop paid for the plantation, and made quite a fortune besides. It was not an unusual thing in those days in that region for a single crop to pay for the land. Our friend was not ambitious to remain in business of that kind. While teaching in Canada, he had studied law, and was confident that if he could appear among men upon an equality with them he could make his way in that profession. He had a great desire, also, to return to his native land,— a desire which was increased by the news of the political situation there. He became satisfied that the "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery was to be continued until one power or the other dominated the country, and that a crisis could not long be delayed. He felt that he must return and champion the cause of freedom.

Fortunately for his plans, his patron and partner had a promising son who had just returned home from his graduation at an English university, and was ambitious and capable in business affairs. Our friend proposed to sell his interest to this young man, giving as a reason that he had been attracted by the glowing accounts from Peru of the enormous fortunes that were being made in the mines in that country. The kind planter sought at first to dissuade him, but finally yielded and paid him a liberal sum for his interest in the plantation.

He next considered plans for permanently hiding his identity in his new career. He had found the name of Paul Percival in a work of fiction, and decided to adopt it. He put his money — nearly six thousand pounds — into Bank of England notes, which were current all over the world. This money he carried in a belt concealed beneath his clothing. At Rio de Janeiro he found a British sailing-ship bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia, which was to touch at Charlotte Amalia, the port of the Danish Island of St. Thomas. He engaged passage on this ship, and went on board just as she was about to leave port, registering as "Paul Percival, New York." The voyage was long, which was probably not unfortunate, as it gave him time to become

accustomed to his new name, and to plan carefully for the future.

While at Charlotte Amalia he learned of the celebrated claim of the United States against Denmark, known as the Butterfield claim, which had long been a subject of diplomatic correspondence between the two countries. He became much interested in this claim, taking sides strongly, as was natural, in favor of the United States. A number of New York capitalists on the ship were also interested in the claim, and the impression was created that he belonged to one of the families of New York capitalists who were pressing it.*

From St. Thomas our friend sailed on a ship bound for New York. Among the passengers were several with whom he had discussed the Butterfield claim. One of them, a retired New York merchant, was especially polite, and they were much together. Our friend had read much about the business and social as well as political life of New York City, in books and newspapers; and the knowledge thus gained was very useful to him now. He confided to the gentleman that he had entered upon the study of the law, and was at once asked if he knew William M. Evarts, who was perhaps the best-known lawyer in New York City at that time. The gentleman said he was a client of Mr. Evarts, and offered to introduce our friend and recommend him for a position as student in Mr. Evarts's office,—an offer which, needless to say, was speedily accepted. The favorable introduction that followed led to his securing a very advantageous position in the office of the great New York lawyer, where he remained until he left it for the army, having meanwhile been admitted to the bar.

He told me many interesting details of his life in New York City. He lived well, but without ostentation, and went but little into society, yet managed to give the impression that he belonged to the better class. It had been a hard life, he said. Though naturally frank, and opposed to any manner of deception, circumstances compelled him to act a part and to be always on the alert. This he was compelled to do, through no fault of his own, or abandon his whole scheme of life. The most embarrassing

* The Butterfield claim was a subject of controversy and diplomatic negotiations between the United States and Denmark for forty years. It was finally disposed of by arbitration, during the first administration of President Cleveland.

thing of all, he said, had been his relations to his own kindred,— to his father and Mrs. Silverton and Rose; but he had always conducted himself so as to shield them from trouble on his account. Now that his identity was revealed through no fault or action of his own, he said that he felt no longer responsible, and should accept the situation and act for the happiness and welfare of those who were so near and dear to him.

When Colonel Percival's story was finished I expressed my interest in it, as well as my admiration for the part he had played. "One thing I would like to ask you," I said. "You need not answer unless you feel perfectly willing to do so. I would like to know something of the lady of whom you spoke that night at the Capitol, who has gone before, upon whom all your love was bestowed."

"That lady," he answered, "that loved one gone before, is — my sainted mother."

There was a silence, which it almost seemed a desecration to break. After awhile I remarked that I wished to ask him one thing more, which was whether he recognized Hobbs when he first saw him in the army.

"I am glad you asked me this," he replied, "because I could not speak of it in my letter to you from Pea Ridge without revealing my identity. I did not at first recognize the man,— but, as I said in my letter, my first sight of him gave me a shudder. When I talked with him after his heroic service in that battle, and found that he was General Silverton's man, the truth flashed upon me; I knew he could be no other than the man who had so brutally seized me in the Bureau Valley. I regard it as fortunate for me, as well as for him, that before I made this discovery I had come to realize that he was a patriot and a hero. With my feeling toward him, and with the power which my position gave me over him, I might not have been able to restrain myself. I was indeed glad to know he had redeemed himself so nobly."

At this moment the hoarse whistle of the steamer resounded in our ears. We were approaching Cairo. As Colonel Besançon, General Silverton, Colonel Percival, and I were descending the gang-plank, a telegraphic message was handed to the General. It read: "Poor Hobbs is dead.— Rose."

We left the boat at Cairo, and went by rail as rapidly as we

could travel to the Grange. On the journey, General Silverton wanted to keep his son constantly near him; and Colonel Besançon and I left them together as much as possible. It was beautiful to see with what rapture father and son communed with each other after their long separation.

On the way from Cairo, Colonel Besançon confided to us that his birthday was very near, and the General declared that it should be celebrated by us all together at the Grange. As we approached the dear old place, my heart beat quick with memories of the past. How many times I had been welcomed there! How many happy hours I had enjoyed! I remembered with what misgivings I had come, when a mere lad, to visit these great people, when my dear mother had taken so much pains to prepare my wardrobe and fix me up to be presentable. I remembered how bashful I was, and how awkward I must have seemed. I remembered how Rose and I had wandered about and ridden about on horseback; how we had attended the meeting of the colored people; how astonished I was at Rose's transformation after reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and how devoted she had since been to the cause of freedom. I remembered the conspiracy of Dwight Earle, and how he had incited poor Hobbs against me. I remembered how interested General Silverton had been in me from the time he had learned that I had befriended his boy, and how faithful and true he had always been to me. I thought of the skeleton he had always had, and guarded so resolutely, in the closet of his heart. All these thoughts, and many more, forced themselves upon my mind as we approached the great house, bringing with us the lost one, the restored wanderer, who was henceforth to be the household's pride and strength and joy.

That hospitable mansion, the scene of so much happiness and life, whose portals had been entered by so many of the great and good and wise of Illinois, no longer exists. Many years ago it was destroyed by fire, and its location even is forgotten. I think I could go to the place, but nearly forty years have passed since I was there, and many changes must have occurred. Perhaps it is just as well that the old place has not survived the dear friends I have known and loved, so many of whom have also turned to dust.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WELCOME TO THE GRANGE

AS we approached the Grange, General Silverton said, "I prefer that no hint of any kind be given to Mrs. Silverton and Rose of what has been revealed to us. I wish them to receive us in the usual manner, and I will break the news to them in my own way. I shall do this soon, but I wish to take my own time. Mrs. Silverton and Rose will receive you, my son, as Colonel Percival; and for the present I must address you in that way. They know you, and will receive you as an old friend, which will not be at all embarrassing."

Mrs. Silverton and Rose were on the veranda, and hastened down to meet us. They were of course surprised at meeting Colonel Percival; Mrs. Silverton was enthusiastic, and one could see that Rose was really delighted, yet she refrained from manifesting any marked feeling toward him.

"Why, my dear husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Silverton, "how well you look! Look at your father, Rose; do you not see how much he has improved?"

"Yes, Papa, you are looking very much better," said Rose. "Your journey has really done you good."

"I am very happy, very happy indeed," he said; then checking himself, he added, "Our friend, Colonel Besançon, has heard such good news! New Orleans is taken, and the American flag floats over the city. He is so happy over it that I have caught the infection."

Colonel Percival asked about Hobbs, who had died four days before our arrival. "Up to the last moment, Colonel Percival," said Rose, "he thought it was you who fell. Your name was always upon his lips,—yours, and the name of Douglas, and also my name. He prayed most of the time, and constantly declared that he no longer hated 'niggers,' as he always called the colored people, but that he hated 'Copperheads.' I had come to believe that he was a Christian, but his last words were blasphemous. He died with the most horrible imprecations upon his lips, such as I cannot repeat. Think of a man going into the presence of his Maker with an oath!"

As we sat on the veranda listening to the account of Hobbs's death, Colonel Percival seemed much moved, and remained for some time in silence. "Hobbs was a singular character," he said at last. "He was ignorant, and in many things stupid. Yet in his peculiar way he was conscientious. In his early life he was no whit above the negroes in ability and development; but he was white and they were black, and he believed that the distinction which nature had made should be carefully guarded, and that it was the right and duty of white people to 'keep the nigger in his place.' He thought slavery was of divine origin, and that a slave could commit no greater crime than to run away—*steal himself*, as he called it; and that it was the bounden duty of every white man to do his best to recover the property and return it to its lawful owner, and incidentally to receive the reward for the virtuous act. This should not seem so strange when we reflect that these were really the views of the representatives of the great political party to which Hobbs belonged. Senator Douglas realized this prejudice, and took advantage of it; and thus he became the leader and idol of such ignorant men as Hobbs. But when the crisis came, and the Union was in real danger, Douglas rallied to its support, and called upon his friends to rally with him. They responded by thousands and tens of thousands, and became loyal and patriotic men under his leadership. Their prejudices were turned from the Abolitionists and the negro to the disloyal men of the North, whom they called 'Copperheads,' and whom they hated and despised. Hobbs was an illustration of this type of men. He followed and trusted Douglas implicitly; and having been for years under the influence of Miss Rose here, to whom he was always devoted, when his prejudices were turned he remembered her teachings, and his heart opened toward the negro whom he had formerly despised. I myself had some influence with him in this matter; I showed him how loyal to the government the negroes were, and he came to be their champion and friend."

"There is the Doctor driving up," said Mrs. Silverton.

"I am glad," said Rose. "He will repeat to you Hobbs's last words, if you want to hear them."

While Colonel Percival was speaking, the family physician, who had attended Hobbs in his last illness, drove up and joined

our party. Colonel Percival, to whom he was presented, said to him, "Doctor, the ladies have been telling me of Hobbs's last words, which they dared not repeat. I would be glad to know what they were."

"Hobbs's last words were," said the Doctor, "G—d d—n a Copperhead, and G—d d—n any man who won't d—n a Copperhead!"

"It probably seems awful," said the Colonel, "to you who are not accustomed to such intense feeling as prevails in the army. Soldiers may be brave and devoted men, and yet not very choice in their stores of adjectives. They are, however, very much in earnest, and must express themselves as best they can. Their oaths, such as Hobbs used, are really the most effective expressions in their limited vocabularies for giving utterance to their feelings. I deprecate profanity, and try to keep my men from it; but I believe that half my soldiers would endorse those last words of poor Hobbs."

"I am sure they are the sentiments of every wounded soldier of Pike County whom Governor Yates has brought home from Shiloh," replied the Doctor, as he drove away.

After dinner, we all repaired again to the veranda. When we were seated, the General began as follows: "As they say in Congress, I rise to a question of privilege. I want the floor for a few moments. As Rose and her mother have felt for some time that I have worried a good deal of late, I want to explain to all of you why I was worried, and what I was worried about. When Mrs. Silverton and Rose started on their trip abroad, I 'rested in the belief,' as Mr. Lincoln would say, that everything was going swimmingly with Rose and our young friend here, whom we first met on the steamer on the lakes, coming from Buffalo. They had known each other a long time, and I knew,—do not be agitated, Rose,—I knew they were fond of each other. This was not disagreeable to me. I had watched the young man from boyhood, and knew he had the right stuff in him. Hence I was entirely satisfied with the relations of these young people, as they existed at the time Mrs. Silverton and Rose went abroad. However, the very first letter I received from Rose, written on the ship, and posted after they landed, was filled with accounts of a

new-comer, a Mr. Percival, whom they had met on the ocean voyage; and from that time forward the letters abounded in references to that gentleman. Of course I was interested, not to say a trifle disturbed. I said to myself, 'Can it be that my wife and daughter have taken up with an adventurer?'"

"Yes, but my dear —" interrupted Mrs. Silverton.

"I have the floor," said the General, playfully, "and cannot yield. It will be taken out of my time, as they say in Congress. You may take the floor, if you wish it, when I have finished. To resume my story: Rose's interest in the strange young gentleman continued during all the time she was abroad, and even after her return, until about the time we left Washington, after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, where he had several times seen Mrs. Silverton and her. For some strange reason, Rose's enthusiasm for the gentleman subsided about this time, and she went, as they say, back to her first love. She said nothing in disparagement of Mr. Percival,—she simply said nothing about him. When the war came, and Mr. Percival entered the service and attained high rank, and behaved so gallantly on the field of battle, Rose's interest in him decidedly revived, and now,—now I am beginning to be worried again. What say you, Rose? Can you throw any light upon the problem? Which of them are you *now* for?"

"Don't be silly, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Silverton. "I never saw you when you showed so little sense. Don't you see how embarrassed Rose is?"

"Which are you for, Rose?" persisted the General, not heeding the interruption. "Tell me which you choose."

Rose had risen from her chair; her lips were quivering and her whole frame shook. She stood for a moment looking alternately at Colonel Percival and at me; then suddenly she advanced to Colonel Percival and extended her hand to him, which he grasped, we all looking on in silence and with breathless interest. "Colonel Percival," she said, in a broken voice, "Colonel Perciva , I love you more than words can express. I have loved you from the day I first saw you. I shall always love you." Then, releasing his hand, she came directly to me. As I arose, she put her arm about my shoulders, imprinted a kiss upon my cheek, and laid her head upon my breast. "We will love Colonel Percival

together, so long as we live, will we not, dear? He shall always be welcome at our home,—the same as Papa and Mamma, and dear Colonel Besançon; and we shall be so happy!"

General Silverton was wild with delight, and gave unrestrained vent to his emotions. This usually dignified gentleman cut a "pigeon-wing," danced the "juba" and the "Highland fling," gave us specimens of the stately minuet as danced at Mount Vernon in the days of Washington, threw his arms about both Mrs. Silverton and Rose at once hugging and kissing them alternately, embraced Colonel Besançon, Colonel Percival, and me, and finally broke out singing,—

"Oh, I'm so glad to git out o' de wilderness,
Out o' de wilderness,
Out o' de wilderness;
I'm so glad to git out o' de wilderness,
Down in Illinois!"

We all screamed with laughter, as the servants came running out to learn what was the matter.

"We are celebrating the capture of New Orleans," said Rose, quietly.

Later in the evening, while Mrs. Silverton and Rose were entertaining Colonel Percival in the drawing-room, Colonel Besançon, General Silverton, and I were seated together on the veranda. Presently we heard Mrs. Silverton's sweet voice singing the old familiar words:

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."

As the last notes died away, Colonel Besançon said: "General Silverton, Colonel Percival tells me that you are to take him about your place to-morrow. You expect to show him everything, and give him the idea that it will all belong to him and Rose some day, and that he is to come home and settle down in the noblest of vocations, that of an Illinois farmer. I want to say to you, my dear sir, that he is to do nothing of this kind, and that Colonel Percival shall receive none of your property. You may, if you think it necessary, as a mark of affection, give him a few thousand dollars; but this property is to descend to your daughter Rose, whom everyone understands to be your sole heir, and whom everybody expects will inherit everything from you and Mrs. Silverton. Hear me through," said the old gentleman, waving his

hand, as General Silverton was about to interrupt him. "Colonel Percival knows nothing of farming and of fine stock,— that herd-book of Lewis F. Allen, which you and your friends study with such assiduity, can have no charms for him. He is a lawyer rising to eminence in his profession in the metropolis of this country. He must not be taken away from his vocation."

"Yes," said the General, "but he is my son!"

"True," answered Colonel Besançon; "but he is also my grandson. I too have rights in the matter! I repeat, the young gentleman must not be taken from his chosen vocation, which he will expect to go back to when the war closes. You might as well expect one of your enthusiastic Illinois stock-raisers to settle down in the city, as for him to be satisfied with the country. Wait," said the Colonel, as the General was again about to interrupt him. "What I have said is merely preliminary. I am just coming to the point. You may have all the direction and control and guidance of your son, in so far as he and you are concerned; but I must be permitted to make all the provision for him,— everything, absolutely everything. Now, what I propose is this: I intend, first of all, as a token of my regard, to settle upon your daughter Rose a hundred thousand dollars in United States bonds. I intend to make over to my grandson and your son, Colonel Paul Percival, all of my New York City property. He has been managing it for years, and knows all about it. It is so rapidly increasing in value that I do not know at what sum it will be estimated. It is enough to say that no one except the Astors will have a greater rent-roll."

"Yes," said the General, "but you will impoverish yourself!"

"Do not alarm yourself, my dear sir," said Colonel Besançon. "I have been too prudent a manager all these years to do anything like that. I shall keep in my own hands, during the short time allotted to me, my New Orleans property and my other holdings, the revenues of which will far exceed my requirements; and I shall arrange to have this go finally to charitable objects in the city where I have spent my mature life."

"What a noble, generous man!" exclaimed General Silverton, embracing his old friend. "But you would deprive me of the pleasure of what I have intended doing all these years."

"Colonel Percival," said Colonel Besançon, "is the only person living in whose veins courses my blood. My fortune should rightly go to him, as it would have gone to his mother, my daughter, if she had survived him. It shall go to him; and, General Silverton, I will be frank with you. You wooed and won the lovely lady who is now your wife. You have kept from her all these years the information that you had ever before been married. She has given you a daughter in whom all the virtues of her mother are exemplified and intensified. You have kept from both, during all these years, the knowledge that you have another child to share your inheritance. You have no moral right to take from either mother or daughter any portion of their patrimony. I am right in this matter," persisted the good old gentleman, as Colonel Percival and the ladies joined us, "and I shall insist upon my prerogative as a grandfather, and shall expect my wishes to be respected."

The day following was Colonel Besançon's birthday. Mrs. Silverton and Rose made elaborate preparations, in which not only they but the General manifested deep interest, and I was called upon to assist. In the morning horses were saddled for the General and Colonel Percival, who were to ride out together. As they were mounting, Josh drove around with the carriage. The General gave him some instructions which I did not hear, and he drove away.

Colonel Besançon spent the morning in his room, and we saw nothing of him until luncheon. In the meantime Mrs. Silverton and Rose and I were left free for the decorations which we had planned in honor of the auspicious event.

"We have a great quantity of *fleur de lis* in the garden," said Mrs. Silverton, "and fortunately, as you will see, it is now in blossom. Rose and I got the bulbs in France when we first went over. We will have the library decorated with the beautiful flowers, which cannot fail to recall to the dear old man his native land, of which they are the emblem."

She brought a French flag,—the tricolor of France,—and an American flag, and said, "We will festoon them together above the mantel of the great fireplace."

It was important to keep these arrangements from Colonel Besançon, and I was commissioned to go to his room and tell him that the ladies were making some changes in the library and would

be occupied there for some time, and I was to help them,— that there would be considerable dust, and the doors would be kept closed during the forenoon. As I entered the old gentleman's room he was looking intently at the miniature of his wife in the locket found among the effects of Juliette Besançon, his daughter. "I want you to see this," he said, handing it to me. "She was and is an angel of light." I looked at it, and at once recognized in the beautiful face a marked resemblance to Colonel Percival.

"She was his grandmother," said the Colonel, in response to my comment. "She never ceased to mourn for our lost daughter, so cruelly torn away; but she bore it all with Christian resignation. Ours was a sad life together, after our bereavement. I do not know how we survived it all, but she tried always to be cheerful, and hand in hand we went on together bearing our burden. Here are some of her letters. See how elegant they are — all in French. She wrote English perfectly, but she always wrote to me in French."

"The writing is beautiful," I said, as I looked at it.

"I am reading them over," said the old gentleman, "selecting some to show to my dear grandson whom we have found. Ask the ladies, please, to excuse me." I gave him my message, and withdrew.

It was a labor of love to decorate the library. I had never enjoyed any work so much. The conversation was almost exclusively about Colonel Percival.

"I knew the General would like him," said Mrs. Silverton, "if he could only meet him; but his enthusiasm exceeds my expectations. Did you notice that he cannot keep his eyes off the young gentleman? Did you see them as they rode away, so companionable and confidential?"

"It was just the same with us, Mamma," said Rose, "when we met Colonel Percival on the ship. I cannot see how anybody can help being captivated by him. He is so frank and generous and resolute and brave and considerate, and so well informed. I always wondered that you," turning to me, "were so persistent and obstinate,— yes, obstinate, that is the word,— as to refuse to become jealous of him. I think I would have liked you better if you had only shown a little feeling of jealousy."

"You know the reason, Rose," I said. "You know that it was because I believed him, in character and attainments, your equal, and therefore fitted for you. And thinking you really preferred him, I could not stoop to the meanness of blaming him or being jealous of him."

We had completed our work and closed the library, and Colonel Besançon had joined us in the drawing-room, when General Silverton and Colonel Percival arrived. Just then we heard the sound of wheels, and the General hastened out into the hallway and down the steps. Josh had arrived with two gentlemen in the carriage. One was Mr. Browning; and the other, to my astonishment, was George Davis. In the meantime Rose had asked Colonel Percival, as a favor to both her mother and herself, and as an especial mark of recognition of Colonel Besançon's birthday, to appear at luncheon in his uniform; and he had withdrawn to dress.

When the gentlemen came in, the General, in presenting them, stated that he had telegraphed them from Cairo begging them to come. He said that they were both his warm friends, and he expected them to be present on Colonel Besançon's birthday. Then, looking around, he inquired for Colonel Percival.

"I asked him," said Rose, "as an especial favor to Mamma and me, and to do honor to Colonel Besançon's birthday, to appear in uniform, which he kindly consented to do."

"I told Colonel Percival," replied the General, "that I had sent Josh to the train for Senator Browning and Mr. Davis, and he knows I expected them."

When we all assembled in the drawing-room, Colonel Percival was resplendent in his colonel's uniform; and, after he was presented to the gentlemen, we went out to lunch together. We all drank the health of Colonel Besançon, wishing him many happy returns of the day. The General proposed the health of Senator Browning, and said, "I wanted very much to give Colonel Besançon the pleasure and distinction of having Senator Browning take part in the celebration of his birthday, and I wished also to have Colonel Percival meet the Senator; and, my dear young friend," he said, turning to me, "you have told us so much of Mr. Davis that we all wanted to meet him. Some of us know Mr. Davis,

but I wished especially to present him to Colonel Percival, and to Mrs. Silverton and Rose."

Mr. Browning was profuse in his declarations that the gratification was all upon his side; while good George Davis could only stammer out his thanks. Mr. Browning stated that Mr. Davis had come to him and made himself known on the railway train; and they had had a delightful journey together.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LILIES OF FRANCE

AS we entered the library, everyone was in raptures at the bewildering beauty of the lilies, which, under the magic hands of Mrs. Silverton and Rose, had been arranged to adorn the handsome apartment. Colonel Besançon could hardly contain himself. "The *fleur de lis!*" he exclaimed, "so exquisite, so beautiful! How kind and considerate to arrange them for me! I am back again in La Belle France after all these years!" He pressed both of Mrs. Silverton's hands which she extended to him, imprinted a kiss upon Rose's forehead, embraced us all, and fairly danced with delight. When his eyes fell upon the tri-color of France, festooned with the stars and stripes, he broke out again with, "How grand! how glorious! how appropriate! You have brought me back to life, and made me young again!"

We all pressed around the good old gentleman, congratulating him and expressing our satisfaction at being permitted to witness so enchanting a spectacle. He extended both his hands to us as we congratulated him in turn. Colonel Percival was the last to approach him. When his turn came, the old man threw both his arms about him, exclaiming, "Praise God! praise God for all this happiness!"

"We are all French to-day," exclaimed General Silverton.

"Yes," said Colonel Besançon, "we are all French, and we are all Americans." Then he talked of Lafayette and Rochambeau, and of how the French and the Americans had been united; of the help France extended us in our war for independence, and of the vast domain she practically gave us in the Louisiana Pur-

chase; and he fervently hoped the tri-color and the stars and stripes would forever be united.

We seated ourselves, the General in his big arm-chair at the library table, with Colonel Besançon on his right hand and Mrs. Silverton on his left, Colonel Percival and I with Rose between us, and Senator Browning and George Davis sitting near.

"Tell us of your home in beautiful France, and of your life, Colonel Besançon," pleaded Rose.

Colonel Besançon hesitated for a few moments, and then began, speaking slowly but distinctly as his mind gathered up and reproduced the memories of the distant past. "I was born and reared in one of the oldest towns of France," he said. "Mine was one of the oldest families of the town, and had the same name — Besançon. The town was the capital of the department of Doubs, in the old province of Franche-Comté, bounded on the east by Switzerland. The town is situated on the Doubs River, which rises in the Jura Mountains. When I was a boy we used to ascend these mountains, from whence on a clear day we could see the snow-capped summit of Mont Blanc.

"Besançon presents many attractions. It abounds in remains of the Roman occupation of Gaul. It was at Besançon that the cross suspended in the heavens, bearing the legend '*in hoc signo vinces*,' appeared to the Roman emperor Constantine, as he made his triumphant invasion of the country. A vast Roman amphitheatre has recently been excavated there. It is a walled town, and when a boy I used to climb the old walls. An object of great interest to me was the ancient palace of Cardinal Granville, once Archbishop of Besançon. Victor Hugo was born in Besançon.

"The valley of the Doubs, in which the town is situated, is very beautiful, with its swift river of clear cold water coming from the mountains. The valley was then a scene of husbandry. I used to enjoy wandering about in the fields and vineyards, gathering luscious fruit. The sweet odors of the *fleur de lis* in this room recall the perfume of the flowers of my native valley.

"When a young man, I vas sent away to school. I am hastening, you observe. The full story of my life would fill a volume.

"At school my best friend was Henri Gratien Bertrand, the noblest young gentleman I had ever seen. He was handsome and

brilliant beyond expression; but to me his most admirable characteristics were the sincerity and loyalty of his character. His home was at Chatereaux, on the head-waters of the little Indra River which empties into the Loire,— not so picturesque as the Doubs, but possessing much quiet beauty. The school which we attended was in the neighborhood of this young gentleman's home, and he invited me there to spend the Christmas holidays. I went, and had a delightful visit. I there met his sister, Juliette Bertrand. I became enraptured with her, and soon found that my feelings were reciprocated. She had the dignity and elegance of a queen, combined with the gentleness and tenderness and sympathetic devotion of a true sister of mercy. We have not the time, if you had the patience, for an account of our courtship. Suffice it to say, that when I had finished my studies we were married and I took my young bride home with me to Besançon.

"In the meantime, Henri had attended the military school, and had received a commission in the army. He came to visit us; and my dear wife and I were proud to go about with our brother, this brilliant young officer. We rode much on horseback together through the valley and up the mountain paths. At length he left us. I shall never forget how handsome he was in the uniform of his rank, mounted upon a splendid horse, as he rode away. We never saw him afterwards. He became, under Napoleon Bonaparte, a Grand Marshal of France, Count and Governor of Illyria, and Major-General in the French army. He distinguished himself at Austerlitz and in many other battles, and with Soult saved the Emperor's life at Waterloo. No one, not excepting his own kindred, was nearer to the great Emperor than was Marshal Bertrand. He followed him to Elba, and was with him when welcomed back to France by the whole French people. He accompanied him on his last sad journey to Saint Helena. He was the closest and most devoted friend of the Emperor during the six years of bitter exile, and was at his bedside when he died. He was one of those commissioned to bring the sacred remains of the great Emperor home to France, and was beside his coffin during the voyage by sea and the triumphal ascent of the Seine to Paris, where, in the presence of a vast multitude at the Palace des Invalides, by oral command of the king and as a recognition of his devotion, he laid the

Emperor's sword upon his coffin. When Marshal Bertrand died, his remains were laid beside those of the Emperor, by direction of the French Assembly.

"I must proceed rapidly with my story," continued Colonel Besançon. "My father had invested a large amount of money in a manufacturing enterprise, which has since proved to be very profitable, employing a large number of operatives and adding greatly to the wealth and population of the town. While the enterprise was in the end successful, the time was not yet quite ripe for it, and my father, who was the pioneer, lost heavily. I had quite a sum of money, inherited from my mother, but not sufficient for us to live upon in a style that befitted our station in life. There was at that time much emigration to the West Indies, where fabulous fortunes were being made. I had sufficient money to embark in business there, we had some friends going, and after mature deliberation we decided to emigrate. We had then never considered giving up our allegiance to France, or going to any other than a French colony. The Island of Martinique presented extraordinary attractions, and we sailed for St. Pierre, its capital. It is a beautiful island; the climate suited us, and I prospered in business. There were some of the most cultivated and agreeable people about us I have ever known, among whom was the family to which the beautiful Empress Josephine belonged. You know that she was born on that island. There were occasional hurricanes there, but the people had learned to prepare for them and guard against them, so that they were no longer greatly dreaded.

"I was prosperous in my business affairs, and we were well and happy in our island home. We had a child born to us, a daughter, who bid fair to be like her mother,—which was all that I could ask.

"Suddenly a great and unexpected danger threatened us. It was not a hurricane, it was not a volcano. It was the British. The Napoleonic wars were then raging, and the British were striking French territory and French interests wherever opportunity offered. We heard much about their depredations, some of it doubtless greatly exaggerated or altogether false. But we were thoroughly alarmed. The United States opened an asylum for us. New Orleans, near the mouth of the Mississippi, was a

most inviting city. French people had occupied many of the best locations on the great river. Illinois was then in good degree occupied by the French,— Kaskaskia, or 'Kasky' as it was called, the capital of Illinois, being practically a French town. I sold out my business, and with my wife and little daughter took ship for New Orleans.

"Among our cargo were quite a number of our slaves. After being out a few days, we were overhauled by a slave-trader, really a pirate ship, which fired across our bows, and being unarmed we were at her mercy. The pirates swarmed aboard our ship and demanded our slaves, which we surrended to them. The ships parted, and we were sailing away, regretting the loss of our poor slaves, when what was our consternation and grief to see our own daughter on the quarter-deck of the slave-ship, extending her little arms appealingly to us. It was too late. The scoundrels had taken her with the slaves. We never saw her again.

"That night a great storm came up; the ship was despaired of. Mrs. Besançon and I would have welcomed death, such was our grief and despair. But after great hardships we reached New Orleans. The rest is soon told. We established our home in that lovely city, and I finally went into business there, dealing in cotton and sugar. I bought property which appreciated in value, and I became what was called well-to-do. My business often brought me to the city of New York, where I found opportunities for investment, of which I availed myself, which have been profitable beyond my most sanguine expectations. The bulk of my fortune is in that city. While Mrs. Besançon lived I never ceased seeking for our child; but my efforts were of no avail. My poor wife never recovered from her loss, but she became resigned, and sometimes even cheerful. She spent her life doing good."

"What an interesting history!" exclaimed Rose. "I never heard anything so thrilling."

"I remember," said Mrs. Silverton, "hearing the sad account of the loss of the little girl when I was a child; but I never supposed I should see her father. How could you bear it?"

"We have to bear what comes to us in this world," said the good old gentleman. "We never know how much of sorrow we can bear until it really comes."

CHAPTER XXV.

AN HUMBLE CONFESSION

WE all crowded about Colonel Besançon, thanking him for his story and expressing our sympathy for him. The company seemed about to break up, when General Silverton, looking at his wife as though with some misgivings, said, "I also have a story to tell, if you will kindly listen to me."

We all seated ourselves as before, and the General began as follows: "My story is not of France, but of America. There was once a young gentleman of good family, who became enraptured with a beautiful girl, who, although apparently white, was a slave. She belonged to his sister, who was much older than he; and she had been reared almost as a member of this sister's family. The slave girl was remarkably accomplished,—so much so that she was made the governess of the children, teaching and directing them from infancy. Besides her proficiency in modern languages, especially French, and in literature and general scholarship, she was skilful in embroidery and other domestic arts so important to the cultivation of young ladies in those days. Withal her bearing was elegant and her ways charming.

"In his intimate relations with the family of his sister, the gentleman of whom I am speaking was thrown into company with this lovely young woman. His acquaintance ripened into admiration and finally into ardent love. He loved her with all his heart and soul, and she reciprocated it, but resolutely repelled his advances, declaring that if he persisted it would be the ruin of them both. He declared that he would buy her and set her free, and urged her to marry him and go with him to Canada or somewhere in the British Empire where slavery was unknown and she would be his equal. She still resolutely refused. He was in despair, and finally resolved to make a confidant of his sister, the girl's mistress, telling her the whole story. His sister, while recognizing the superiority of the slave girl, was overwhelmed with shame and mortification that a relative of hers should for a moment think of such an alliance. Marriage with a slave was something not to be thought of. There would have been no serious objection to such rela-

tions with the girl as were then not uncommon in the region where they lived between young men of good family and slave women; but this girl was too pure and noble, and he held her in too high regard, for such a thing to be considered. Finding the situation unbearable, the young man sold his property and went west, bought a large tract of land in a new country, and devoted himself to bringing it under cultivation. He himself, as well as his friends, thought that perhaps in this way his mind might be diverted from his troubles, and he might forget the object of his affections. But it was all of no avail. He soon went abroad, and listlessly wandered about Europe for a year; but returned more disconsolate than before, to find his sister with her family,— including the slave girl, who was taken everywhere with them,— in New York City.

"When he appeared before them, he was so sad and despondent, that they all, especially the young girl, became so alarmed that they despaired of his life. He made a will providing for the purchase and setting free of the young woman, and bequeathing all he had to her, in the expectation that he could not survive her. At the same time he resumed his appeals to the girl to become his wife. At last, almost in despair, she consented to marry him privately, upon one condition,— that the relation should never be revealed, as it would dishonor and disgrace him and all his family to have it known. It was in vain that he urged that if kept secret the relation would dishonor and disgrace her. She was only a slave, she said, and such relations as would be supposed to exist were too common in the South to be much regarded. Finding there was no other way, he finally consented and made the promise she required, and they went together to the old Trinity Church on Broadway, at the head of Wall Street, and were married."

"Did the young man marry a negro slave?" exclaimed Mrs. Silverton. "I cannot believe it!"

"He married the young woman I have described," replied General Silverton.

"Surely," said Rose, "the young gentleman was noble, high-minded, honorable, and did what was right. I admire him for it. Did you know the gentleman, Papa?"

"I knew him," said the General, "and you all know him."

"Who is he? Who is he?" exclaimed Mrs. Silverton and Rose together.

The General was silent a moment; then he replied, slowly and deliberately, "I am that man."

"You! you!" almost screamed Mrs. Silverton. "And do you mean to tell me that you were married before you were married to me?" she demanded.

"I do," answered the General.

"And that you never told me of it, and during all these years you have kept me in ignorance of it?"

"I do," answered the General again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CLOUDS AND DARKNESS

MRS. SILVERTON arose and stood before her husband in a menacing attitude, her eyes flashing, her arms extended, all her Southern spirit aroused. "Where is that woman?" she exclaimed. "I demand to know. If you do not tell me, and tell me now, you will never see my face again!"

There was profound silence in the room. The General sat motionless, looking steadily into his wife's flashing eyes. Twice he attempted to speak, but his voice failed him. Finally he found words and said, sadly and brokenly, "That woman,—that angel of light,—is at home, in heaven. She is looking down now, as I believe, upon this scene, loving us and caring for us as she did when she directed my footsteps toward you."

"And do you tell me," persisted Mrs. Silverton, "that you were married to a negro slave?"

"Let me explain," said the General. At this moment Rose threw herself into her father's arms, imprinting kiss after kiss upon his cheeks, as she exclaimed, "Dear Papa! I am sure that what you did was right and needs no explanation."

"Yes, my dear," said the General, gently disengaging himself, "but your mother wants explanations, and she has a right to have them. She should have had them long ago. I thought it might never be necessary to pain her by the revelation; but events have

happened which make it imperative that the whole sad story now be told her."

Mrs. Silverton seated herself, and the General proceeded: "From the time our first and only child — a boy — was born, I again begged her to let me make known our marriage. She would never consent, declaring that it would be the ruin of us both to have it known that I was married to a slave. I then proposed that our boy be made free and sent away to school; but to this also she objected, wishing to keep him by her, and saying that she herself would teach him. This proved the best thing possible for him, and under her careful and loving training he grew to be a well-educated and highly intelligent young man. In figure and feature he was all that could be desired, resembling more his mother than me; but he had also the best characteristics of my family."

The interest in the General's narrative had become intense. Mrs. Silverton, who had at first assumed an air of cold indifference, became more and more absorbed. Rose could not repress her impatience; she sat holding her mother's hand, but looking intently at her father. Colonel Besançon, seated in a cushioned arm-chair, looked on in serene contentment, regarding General Silverton with a kindly and affectionate expression. Davis and I were seated side by side, absorbed in the General's story. Colonel Percival, apparently as if to withdraw himself sowewhat from a purely family matter, had seated himself in the little alcove of the library, which was usually Rose's retreat for her reading and study; but I could see that no word from the General's lips escaped him. Mr. Browning stood leaning against the mantel looking at the General, the picture of dignity and self-composure.

Rose was the first to break the silence. She rushed to her father, threw her arms about him, and exclaimed, "Dear Papa, tell us,— tell us now,— is the dear young man alive? Where is he? Shall we not see him and have him with us as one of our own family."

"Do not be impatient, my daughter," the General said. "Wait and listen, or my confession will never come to an end." She resumed her seat beside her mother, and listened as the General went on: "Suddenly I was called abroad by urgent business. I hastened across the river to bid my wife and son farewell. I

found her cheerful and apparently happy, encouraging and sustaining me in the hour of parting. I shall never forget how beautiful she was, as she stood with one hand upon my boy's shoulder waving me her farewell. I never saw her again. When I returned she was dead and buried. I learned from my son the story of her death and her parting injunctions and messages of affection to him and me. She had left a letter for me, written at intervals during her last hours of feebleness and suffering, and blotted with her tears. She told me she knew she was about to die, and was ready and willing to go; that it was far better that it should be so. She wished me not to grieve for her, but to live and be happy, and she hoped in time I would marry a good woman, my equal in character and station, with whom I might find the happiness of which we had necessarily been deprived. She asked me to spare this future wife, if it were possible, any knowledge of my previous marriage, which might only give her pain; but if I must tell her, I should also say that although I married a slave, she was a woman whose father was a gentleman and whose mother was a real lady. She said she had enjoined upon our dear son that he remain with our good master and mistress as long as they live. She wished me to place his free papers in his hands, so that when his kind master and mistress were no more he could become a free man, and find some place upon the earth where the stigma of slavery would no longer rest upon him, and he could make his way to the station in life to which his ability and attainments entitle him. The letter closed with prayers and blessings for him and me,— the only kindred, as she believed, left her upon the earth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DAWN

THERE was not a dry eye in the room, as the General paused. Even Mr. Browning was hardly able to restrain his emotion. Colonel Percival's whole frame quivered. Rose was blinded by her tears, but her mother's feelings quite overwhelmed her. When she found words to express herself, Mrs. Silverton rushed to her husband exclaiming, "How hard and cruel I have been, and how

deeply I have wronged you,—you who could never harbor an ungenerous or ignoble thought! Forgive me, my dear husband; I fear I can never forgive myself!"

"Tell us about the boy, Papa!" exclaimed Rose. "We want to know more about him!"

"In accordance with his mother's dying instructions," said the General, "I proffered my boy his free papers; but he said they might be spirited away from him on the plantation, and he wished me to keep them. Soon after, my brother-in-law died, and much of the care of the estate devolved upon me. In this my son was a great help to me, as he was apt in business affairs and familiar with the management of the estate. He was especially helpful to my sister, who was very fond of him. Meanwhile he continued to improve his mind by constant study and wide reading. In this way two years went by, and then I married the lovely lady who in all my years of anxiety and care has been to me a constant companion and solace. Her virtues are too many and her charms too great for me to recount them in her presence. Soon after the birth of our little daughter we went abroad, chiefly to visit my wife's brother in Paris, who was then our Minister to France. Before going I spent considerable time with my sister and my son. The overseer upon her plantation, a just and humane man, had died; and upon the recommendation of a man in my own employ, I sent her another. This man proved to be a brute; he treated the slaves with great severity, and became jealous of my son on account of his relations with and devotion to my sister. I returned from my trip abroad, to find my sister dead, my son gone, and the place in charge of that monster. I found that after my sister's death the scoundrel had brutally assaulted my son, who had left the place forever, and, having no free papers, was a runaway slave. I learned that he had crossed the Mississippi River, and after much hardship had reached Galesburg. Here he found a gentleman who befriended him, and, notwithstanding the peril to himself under our rigorous fugitive-slave law, helped him along on the road to liberty, toward Canada. He hid the boy in his own wagon, and drove with him nearly sixty miles. By an unfortunate accident the boy's identity was discovered, and he was seized to be dragged back into slavery; but by an almost miraculous interven-

tion, he was able to break away, and made a dash for liberty. The ruffian who had held him was an adept with the revolver, and had never been known to miss his aim. He drew his weapon and levelled it deliberately; but just as he fired, a friend, a mere lad, threw himself with all his force against the would-be murderer and sent the bullet wide of its mark. The poor fugitive escaped in the darkness of the night, to rejoin his Galesburg friend; and with the boy who had saved his life they drove on together to a place of refuge, from which the fugitive was again aided by friendly hands, and after a long journey and many hardships he reached Canada and was safe."

"Did you see your son afterwards?" asked Mrs. Silverton.

"I did," answered the General. "I visited him in Canada, where I gave him his free papers, and placed abundant means at his disposal. This offer he declined, as he was now gaining his own livelihood; and while he fully appreciated my love for him, he was loth to accept anything from me, declaring that his ambition was to be entirely self-supporting, as he found himself able to be. It was not until urged that it would be ungracious for him to refuse, that he would accept anything at all from me."

"How glad I am," exclaimed Rose, "that the boy reached Canada! Now I understand better than ever before what was meant by the 'Underground Railway.' I am glad, too, that my sympathies were awakened for the poor slave. It all came from reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' But what about the young gentleman who befriended my dear brother and helped him to liberty? You said, Papa, that he lived at Galesburg. Did you know him?" she demanded, turning to me. "I would gladly go to Galesburg to thank and bless him."

Davis would have fled from the room, if I had permitted. I did not wish to interfere with the General's narrative, and as Rose looked appealingly to me I glanced from her to her father.

"Present him," said General Silverton, in response to my questioning look.

"This, Mrs. Silverton and Miss Rose," I said, leading forward George Davis, "is the gentleman who aided and defended the poor fugitive on his way to liberty."

George Davis was a modest and even bashful man, but I had never seen him so confused as when Mrs. Silverton and Rose

showered their expressions of gratitude upon him. He finally found words to say, "I did my duty, that is all. I never helped a poor fugitive but I thanked God for the opportunity. Thank God, all the slaves will soon be free."

"Did you become well acquainted with the young man?" asked Rose.

"He was with me for several days," replied Davis, "and I came to know him well. He was a gifted and noble young man, and I loved him more than I have ever loved a friend,— excepting only one," he added, laying his hand upon my shoulder.

"After I left my boy in Canada," said the General, resuming his narrative, "I went to work earnestly to discover, if possible, something concerning the antecedents of his mother. I was convinced that she did not belong to the same race as our common slaves. For a long time I sought in vain. Finally, after years of waiting and effort, Providence placed a clue in my hands. I will not go into the details, but only say that I found in a gentleman of high character, noble lineage, and great wealth, her father and my dear boy's grandfather."

Colonel Besançon, no longer able to restrain himself, arose and approached the two ladies. The General paused, and every eye was fixed upon the venerable man. "I was her father," he said, simply. "She was our child, who was stolen from us as I have told you, and whose loss I mourned for forty years. Her poor boy is my grandson, and the only near relative I have upon the earth. By what seemed an accident, but now seems providential, General Silverton found me in my loneliness, and told me of her, — of the cruel injustice of her life, of her patience, her fortitude, her devotion, and her death. He told me also of her boy, which gave me the first gleam of hope. General Silverton is the noblest man I ever saw,— and I knew Marshal Bertrand!"

The old gentleman's emotion was almost too much for him. He tottered toward his chair, and seemed ready to fall, when Colonel Percival sprang to his support. As soon as he was seated and composed, he exclaimed, "I am well now. I am strong and happy! Praise God, I can die happy, and go to her, go to them both, and with my own eyes see mother and daughter at peace in each other's arms."

There was a solemn and impressive pause, after which General

Silverton proceeded: "I thought it would be proper that this revelation should be made on Colonel Besançon's birthday, and in the presence of my family and dearest friends. I thought it would be appropriate that Mr. Browning be present, for his wise counsel has been a constant help and encouragement to me, and also to Colonel Besançon. I thought that George Davis, who befriended and cared for my poor boy, should also be present; for I owe him, and we all owe him, more than I can express.

"And now," he continued, "I want to speak of Colonel Percival. Some of us in this room know that he too has a right to a part in these festivities. For a long time my wife and daughter knew him, and admired him greatly; but he constantly avoided me. This hurt me, and in time angered me. In reality, I was jealous of him, and distrusted him; I thought he was seeking to wean away the affections of my daughter from one upon whom I had set my heart. Finally, only last week, at Pittsburg Landing, General Grant, whose command he is under, sent him an invitation to come to his headquarters, where we were, to call upon us. He replied, making an excuse,— as I knew he would do when he learned that I was there. This irritated General Grant, who determined that he should come; but it took a peremptory official order from the General to bring him into my presence. After having been so long shunned and seemingly insulted, I could scarcely look at him. When opportunity offered, I called him to account for avoiding a gentleman with whose wife and daughter he was so intimate. He could offer no excuse for his conduct. I became more and more indignant, and finally was in an ungovernable rage. Colonel Percival, brave as we all know him to be, did not resent what I said, but humbly begged me to spare him. I became almost beside myself with anger, and was about to pronounce a curse upon him, when, with eyes turned toward heaven, he prayed, 'Mother, dear mother, save me!' His voice was so pathetic, and seemed so like one I had somewhere heard before, that I paused and looked straight into his eyes. What I saw there overwhelmed me with remorse. I was about to pronounce a curse which could never be recalled, a curse—" the General arose and threw his arms about Colonel Percival,—"upon my own son!"

"Your son!" cried Mrs. Silverton.

"Papa! Papa! Your son,—Colonel Percival,—my brother!" Rose exclaimed.

"You do not say, General Silverton, that this noble young man is no other than the poor fugitive?" exclaimed Davis.

Even Senator Browning seemed excited, as he exclaimed, "Do you say to me, my dear friend, that the distinguished Colonel Percival is the young man we have so long been seeking?"

"He is indeed my son, the only son I ever had," replied the General.

Colonel Besançon strove to arise, and I assisted him. "He is truly his son," said the old gentleman, placing his hand upon Colonel Percival's head; "his son and my daughter's son, and my own grandson."

"Then," exclaimed Mrs. Silverton, coming forward, "he is my son also. Who could have supposed that the noble young man who saved my life was my own step-son?"

"And you are my brother," exclaimed Rose, throwing her arms about Colonel Percival's neck and kissing him. "I have always loved you, from the day I first saw you."

The room resounded with exclamations of surprise and joy, as circumstance after circumstance was recalled and discovery after discovery made.

"I know he is the same poor boy who saved us from the prairie fire," I said, "and whom we took to Mr. Lovejoy's house at Princeton. He has told me many things, since we found him at Pittsburg Landing, that no one else could know."

"Did you know of your relationship to us, and of ours to you, when we met on board the ship?" asked Mrs. Silverton.

"Not until I heard your names," answered Colonel Percival; "and then I knew you at once. Had I known in advance who you were, I would have avoided meeting you. I knew that General Silverton had married again, and that there was a daughter named Rose; and the moment I heard your names it was all clear to me."

"Mamma and I noticed that you seemed embarrassed," said Rose. "But why would you have avoided us?"

"I had for years kept my *incognito*," said Colonel Percival,

"and I was determined to maintain it. After I learned your names I would have avoided you altogether; but I found that you needed me, and that I could help you. Besides, I knew there was little chance of your recognizing me, as you had never seen me before."

"Did you not feel in constant danger of being recognized?"

"Not so much as one would suppose," he said. "The only persons I wanted to see, who I felt sure would recognize me, were my father and Mr. Davis there. I had no fear of my young friend here," he said, turning to me, "for although we were together several hours in the dark, he saw me only a few moments by daylight, and that was in the midst of great excitement."

"Yet you were taking chances," I said. "You cannot imagine how your voice thrilled me, when you spoke to me at the Chicago Convention. I was sure I had heard it before, but could not recall where. You know that we talked together for several hours in the darkness that night."

"You see how safe I was, when my father did not at first recognize me," said Colonel Percival.

"I scarcely looked at you," said General Silverton.

"My dear friend, George Davis there, hardly recognizes me."

"I do not" said Davis. "I cannot believe that the poor boy whom I helped, and of whom I became so fond, is the distinguished officer before me."

"Do you not remember how you hid me away in the hay-loft, and brought me food from the house?" asked Colonel Percival of Davis. "Do you not remember telling me about Galesburg and Knox College on our journey? Do you not remember the prairie fire and how I was seized to be carried back to slavery? Do you not remember the rattlesnake, and how I ran down the valley? Do you not remember how I was fired upon, and came near being killed?" He paused, and then added, "Do you not remember this, Mr. Davis?" We all listened intently, as Colonel Percival gave first a perfect imitation of the drum of a prairie chicken, then of the bark and whine of a prairie wolf, and then of the screech of an owl.

"I am convinced," said Davis. "You are the very boy."

"I am glad you are here, Mr. Davis," said Rose. "I have

heard much of you, as has Mamma; but we could never quite understand your relations with our friends."

"It was he," exclaimed the General, "who helped my poor boy,—your brother, Rose,—to escape from slavery."

"I see now," she exclaimed, turning to me, "why you were always talking of your friend Davis."

"I am not the only fugitive," said Colonel Percival, "whom this good man has helped to freedom, at great peril to himself."

"I am so glad," said Rose, "that I became interested in the poor slave, and that I came to honor men like Mr. Davis, who befriended them. It all came from reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I always wondered who sent that book to me."

"It was I who sent it to you, dear Rose," said Colonel Percival. "I sent it to you from Canada."

"You sent it to me!" she exclaimed.

"I sent it," he repeated, "in the hope that my dear sister, to whom I could not raise my eyes, might through reading it be moved to a feeling of sympathy for the poor wretch who was her brother."

"My dear brother," she exclaimed, "I am so thankful! The book wrought an entire change in me; it made me an Abolitionist. But did you," she continued, "ever learn anything more of the wicked man who seized you and tried to kill you?"

"It was Hobbs," replied Colonel Percival.

"Hobbs? our Hobbs?" exclaimed Rose. "How could you ever forgive him? How could you ever befriend him, after so great a wrong?"

"Because," answered Colonel Percival, "because, dear Rose, he lived to become a patriot and a hero."

"Poor Hobbs!" said Rose; "he nobly redeemed himself. Another thing I wish to ask. It has been said that a boy, a mere lad, saved your life by heroically throwing himself against the man who fired to kill you. Who was that?"

"This is the lad," said Colonel Percival, turning to me. "It was he who saved my life. Do you wonder that I love him?"

"Do you mean to say that the little boy I then knew," demanded Rose, "saved your life? Why, he was only a child, in knickerbockers and roundabouts!"

"I mean to say just that," said Colonel Percival.

"And now, my dear brother, I must ask you one thing more," said Rose. "How could you so cruelly and unjustly denounce him to me as you did in the National Hotel at Washington?"

"Because," said Colonel Percival, "I knew that you loved him. I had learned it in Europe. I heard you talk of him. I knew with what interest you watched for his letters. I knew that you yourself did not realize how intense your love for him was, and in order to make known to you your true feelings toward him, I took the surest way possible, in assailing him. I felt that as your brother, loving you as I did, it was my duty to lay your heart open to a realization of its own depth of feeling; and so, with no little pain to myself, I purposely attacked him in your presence. The result was precisely as might have been expected. From that moment you, my dear sister, have known your own heart; you have realized that you love him."

"It is true," she said. "My dear brother, you are as wise as you are brave. I loved him, indeed, better than I knew." And the dear girl stood beside me, her hand resting tenderly on my shoulder and her eyes looking lovingly into mine.

Good old Colonel Besançon arose and came beside us. "I have a right," he said, "to be called the father, or the grandfather, of all who dwell beneath this roof. What could be more gratifying to an old man upon his natal day than to make it the occasion of celebrating also the betrothal of these dear children?"

General Silverton, addressing Colonel Percival, said, "It is for you, my dear son, so happily restored to us, to assume the responsibilities of your heritage — to represent your father. I commission you, in my name and that of her mother, to bestow upon your friend the hand of your sister."

Colonel Percival placed Rose's hand in mine, while General and Mrs. Silverton greeted me as a son. "It is indeed a happy day," said Colonel Besançon. "I have found at last the grandson whom I so long have sought, and you, dear friends," addressing General and Mrs. Silverton, "have found two sons instead of one. We are more blessed than we dreamed."

THE END.

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